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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

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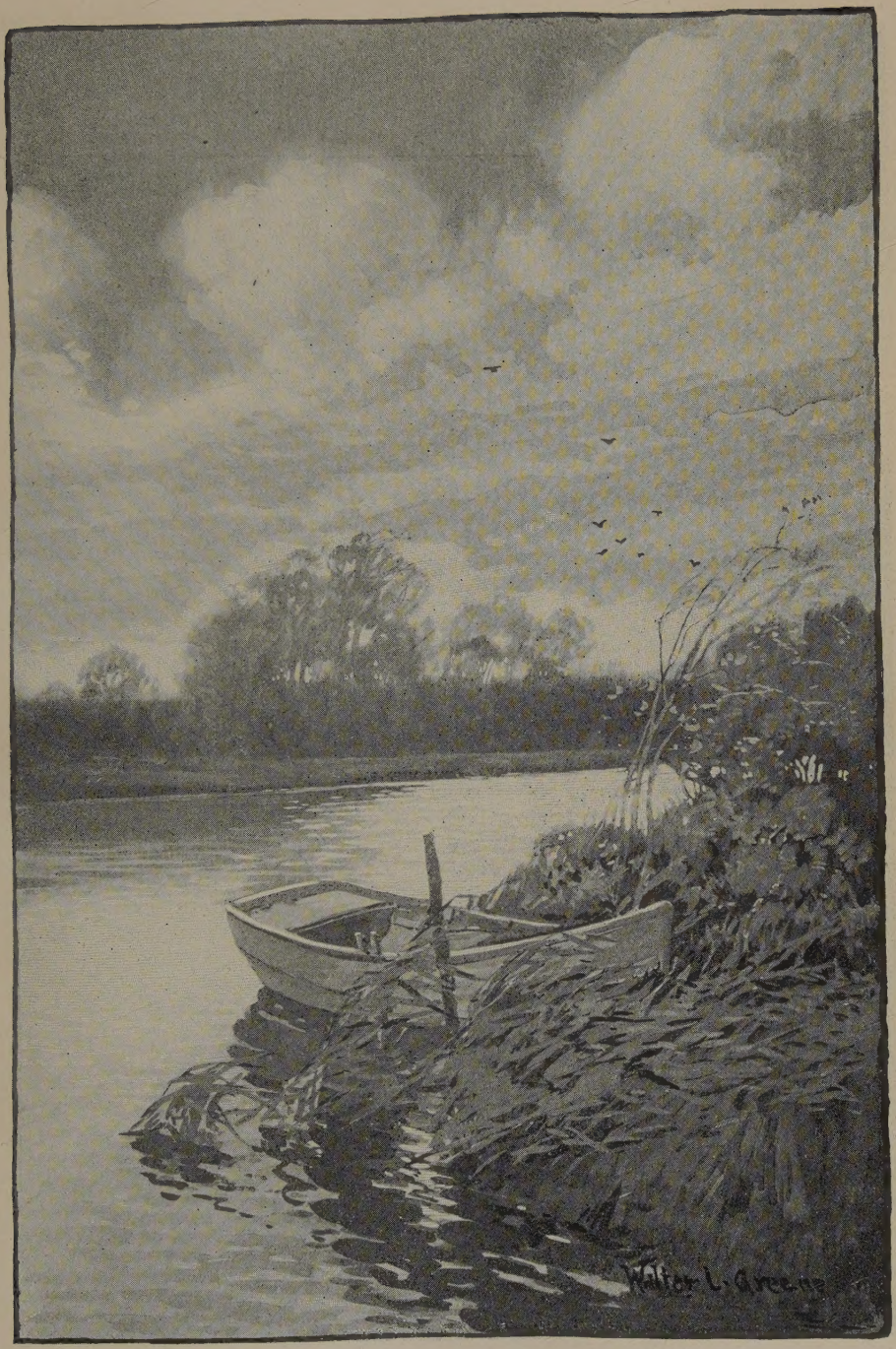

Drawn by Walter L. Greene

ON THE RIVER'S BANK

Drawn by Walter L. Greene

THE EASTER ANGEL

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XII. APRIL, 1900 No. 1

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ALTHOUGH cabinet meetings are to-day an important factor in the executive branch of our government, it is a term not known in the Constitution. The president's cabinet evolved from the authority given him to call upon the secretaries at the heads of the various departments for "an opinion in writing on any subject relating to his department." To-day the opinions are chiefly given verbally on cabinet days, in the seclusion of an executive session of three hours: 11 a. m. to 1 p. m.

A Friday was for once my lucky day, for I was at the White house during a regular session of the cabinet of the United States of America. Tuesdays and Fridays are the "busy days" at the Executive mansion, yet an impressive atmosphere of quietude and simple dignity prevails. Callers are not expected on these days, but a number of senators and congressmen arrived from ten to eleven, bringing with them persistent constituents who feel that their office hunger can only be appeased by calling "in person."

* * *

The cabinet meetings are entirely informal, yet the fact that they are secret gives them a peculiar glow of interest. No one is allowed to be present in the cabinet room except the secretaries of the various departments, and none are permitted to enter while the session continues except the president's secretaries and the veteran doorkeeper. All this may appear to give it an air of official formality, but it is a very business-like proceeding, quite in keeping with American methods and ideas.

* * *

My point of observation was near the rack containing files of newspapers, where the administration "scorchers" and the administration supporters are ranged with impartial fairness. I raised my eyes from a newspaper article crying "conspiracy" against the president and administration, to observe the assembling of the "cabal." Secretary J. Addison Porter was absent from the city, and Assistant Secretary George B. Cortelyou was performing double duty. The callers continued arriving from ten to eleven, despite the rules. The senators and congressmen, after a greeting from Colonel Loeffler, who guards the door at the head of the stairs, were ushered up a few more steps and into the president's office. The other visitors waited outside in the long, alcove-like room, where each was seen by the secretary and their business stated. It was indeed interesting to note the peo-

WHITE ROOM AT THE CAPITOL

ple who call on cabinet days. Secretary Cortelyou, in his pleasant way, was always an interested listener and reached a decision quickly, keeping in mind the fleeting minutes and the physical limitations of the president.

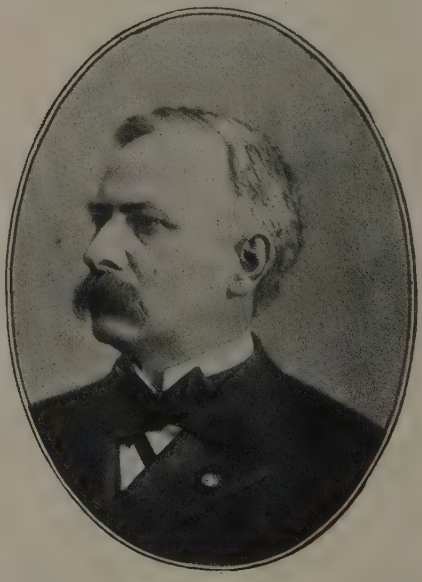
* * *

But there was always such an air of sincere frankness about Mr. Cortelyou that even those unable to gain admittance to the president departed without the least feeling of an official "snubbery." The "rapid-fire" questionings elicited the heart-wringing appeals of mothers and sisters who plead for their soldier boys in distress and trouble; the complaints of foreigners and diplomats who, with excited gestures, recite their grievances; the persistent, monotonous claims of the office seeker; the requests of the autograph collector and kodak fiend; the curiosity of personally conducted tourists; pretty college girls, to pay respects, and old friends who knew the "major" a long time ago—"back in Ohiah!" Every phase of American life is represented, and in it all is the essence of American simplicity and democracy. How the president manages to talk with all who gain admission, hundreds of people every day, besides the legislators who float in and out, is beyond mathematical calculation, but it proves that a president of the United States must have a constitution of iron to endure the strain. The cabinet meeting is a relief from the routine.

* * *

Precisely one-half minute before eleven, Secretary Hay appears with his new square leather portfolio, stepping over the threshold with the air of a punctual and exact man. Closely follows Secretary Long with a "green bag," wearing the silk hat which has seen valiant service in many political campaigns. The postmaster-general, Charles Emery Smith, with true editorial instinct, comes with both hands full of newspapers and pockets likewise well filled. There is a hearty

SENATOR FORAKER



"Howdy" greeting from Secretary Wilson, catching his breath, remarking that climbing stairs was worse

SECRETARY GAGE, TREASURY SECRETARY LONG, WAR SECRETARY HITCHCOCK, INTERIOR

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS SECRETARY WILSON, AGRICULTURE POSTMASTER-GENERAL SMITH

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SECRETARY HAY, STATE SECRETARY ROOT, WAR

than "crossing ploughed ground." Attorney-General Griggs bustles in like a lawyer who fears the reprimand of a punctilious judge. Secretary Hitchcock's "interior" and exterior pockets are bulging with be-ribboned documents. Secretary Gage, the last to arrive, walks leisurely in about a quarter past eleven, as if still "keeping banking hours." Secretary Root is absent in Cuba, getting at facts first hand in his usual thorough way.

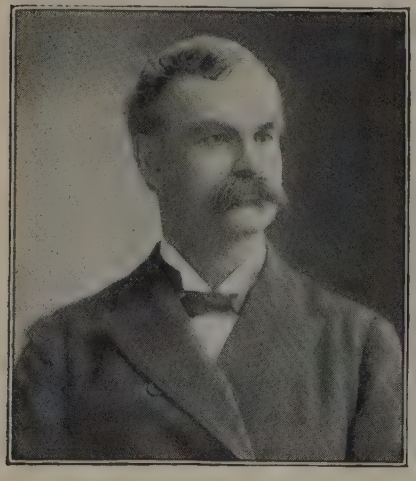
* * *

I hope I may be forgiven for saying that it suggested a lot of big boys going to school, with the penalties of tardiness abrogated. The first arrivals were met by President McKinley with that hearty handshake and greeting that is so characteristic of him. He wore a dark suit and a bright red carnation *boutoniere*. It is all so unaffected that it is difficult to realize that these men are facing in a quiet and deliberate way the greatest and grimmest questions of the century.

* * *

The members of the cabinet gather about the long table, each in position according to rank as shown in the recent picture published in this issue.

REPRESENTATIVE LITTLEFIELD



SENATOR MASON

The rank alternates across the table. First, secretary of state at the President's right; at his left, opposite, the secretary of the treasury; next the secretary of war; then the attorney-general, and so on to the foot, and if more members are to be added a larger table will be necessary. And on that table always rests a pair of shears—a kindly hint for brevity in reports.

The President sits in a small, plain, revolving chair with yellow arms, and his attitude is that of one who listens. There is no formal call to order. The queries begin with the secretary of state.

"Mr. Secretary, what have you to report?" And down into the leather portfolio Mr. Hay goes for his perplexing data. Then the question is informally discussed in a conversational tone, and the speakers remain seated. Only once in the present cabinet has forsenic eloquence burst forth, and that was when Attorney-General Griggs, with patriotic enthusiasm, pronounced legal conclusions in emphatic rhetoric,

and the confirmed habits of an advocate for a moment overcame the dignity of the cabinet officer. Notes are rarely taken, and if taken are destroyed before leaving the room, as it is the unwritten law that no one outside should even know of the proceedings; only results are to be made public. In fact the jury system seems to possess about the same code of procedure as a cabinet meeting.

* * *

The present cabinet is a most harmonious working body of strong men, of settled convictions. The moment there is a stubborn conflict of judgment in the cabinet, the result is a resignation. This explains why, with reason, there are so many rumors of cabinet resignations, as they come with very little warning, and the fixed precedent prevails — that the moment a cabinet secretary is not in harmony with the general policy, he resigns. Of course there are other reasons for resigning. But in these brief sessions of three hours there is a chance for a goodly number of resignations to incubate.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, ASSISTANT SECRETARY

JOHN ADDISON PORTER, SECRETARY

* * *

Singular as it may seem, the cabinet of the President of the United States are only advisers, while the English cabinet are the absolute rulers and are in fact the government, as even the Sovereign is not permitted to attend sessions.

* * *

Secretary John Addison Porter, who was the first to occupy the newly created office of secretary to the president, is a gentleman of attainments, peculiarly fitted for the position. A Yale graduate, his experience in public life serves to good purpose. Born in Connecticut, and thoroughly familiar with the peculiarities and precedents of public life at Washington, he has filled the new honors with distinction.

* * *

Mr. O. L. Pruden, assistant secretary to the President, was appointed by President Hayes, assistant secre-

O. L. PRUDEN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY

tary to the President, the position he has held ever since.

Colonel Pruden carries all the messages and state papers from the White House to the capitol, receiving them direct from the hands of the President. When attired in his frock coat and silk hat and walking along the White House corridors, he is very often taken for President McKinley by visitors.

* * *

The lull which has usually followed the office-seeking epidemic, during the regime of former presidents, has not been granted President McKinley. The comparative quiet which should have marked the third year of his term of service has been utterly broken by the pressure of momentous problems, growing out of the question of Insular possessions.

* * *

Congressional political fences have been a matter of some concern to members of congress during the month. Early conventions were sought, to anchor the nominations before the Puerto Rican tariff agitation had blown up too many complications. The Republican members were trying to focus the sentiment of their districts on the shifting questions and phases of the issues. At times, party lines were confusing. The Democratic members naturally enjoyed very much seeing their distressed colleagues grappling both horns of the dilemma. The majority were inclined to feel safer within party lines, and depend upon the disturbances to subside when a better understanding of the inside facts were generally known. But the sentiment of the country at one time suggested a party upheaval, involving the question of whether the president or the ways and means committee were right. There is no doubt that justice will be done to Puerto Rico.

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER AND DAUGHTER

Photo by W. H. Stalee, Washington

COLONEL MONTGOMERY IN THE WAR ROOM

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When my turn came to pay respects to the President, Colonel Loeffler, the doorkeeper, motioned to me, and a delegation of sturdy, honest looking country people sitting near me thought he had intended that official wave of his arm for them. As they had started, it was thought best not to tell them of the mistake, for they had waited a long time. As we entered, the gentleman leading the party was asked his name for the introduction. He was so excited that he could only mutter:

"I'm from Indiana—I—I—forgot. This is my—"

He had forgotten his name, and the others, in looking about in open-eyed wonderment, were also struck dumb for the time, but when they had hold of the President's hand they were soon at ease, chatting in a pleasant way, and the names were recalled. As they passed out I explained matters, and the President replied in a hearty, cheery manner: "Oh; that is all right. There are the kind of people I like to meet." On coming out, I was accosted by my friend from Indiana.

"By Jinks, I was excited! The President's just the kind that makes a fellow feel at home, ain't he? Say, I forgot to tell him what we cum for—we've got twin boys, named William and McKinley. I tell you, they're busters! She's the mother of 'em." he whispered to me, pointing to his wife. There was an honest look of affection and pride in his eyes; and it is these sincere people—close to the soil—sturdy and patriotic—who are the bulwarks of the nation's strength.

* * *

Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, is already one of the leaders of the House. Two speeches, masterful, eloquent and powerful in logical argument, already have put him to the front on the Republican side and stamped him as one of the coming potential

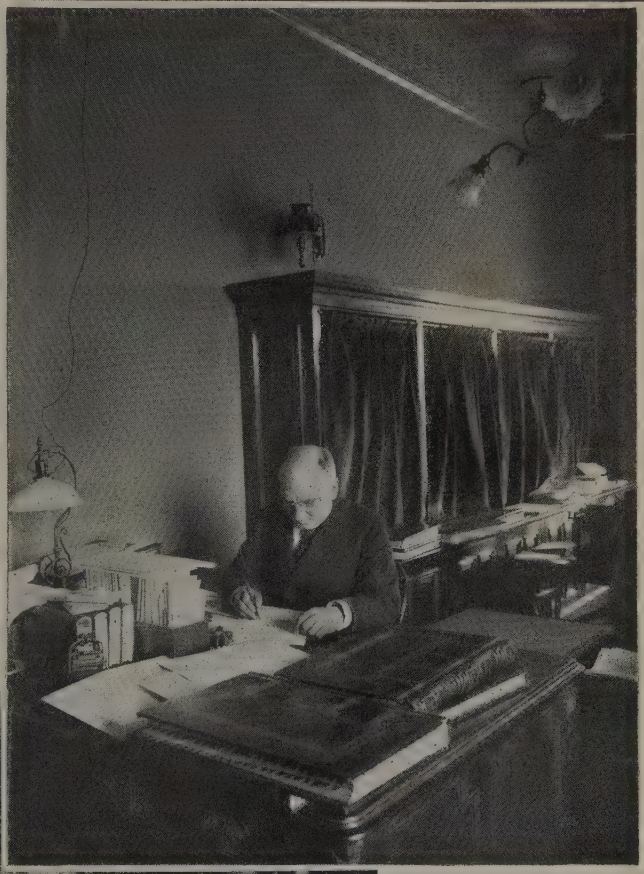
"THE SWEET AND DEMURE WASHINGTON BELLE IN LENTEN MOOD"

Drawn by Charles E. Heil

factors in congress. He first won his laurels in his eloquent and dauntless speech against a Puerto Rican tariff. In the House Mr. Payne, of New York, championed the measure. In the senate Mr. Foraker, of Ohio, had it in charge to conduct it through the vicissitudes of a senate enrollment.

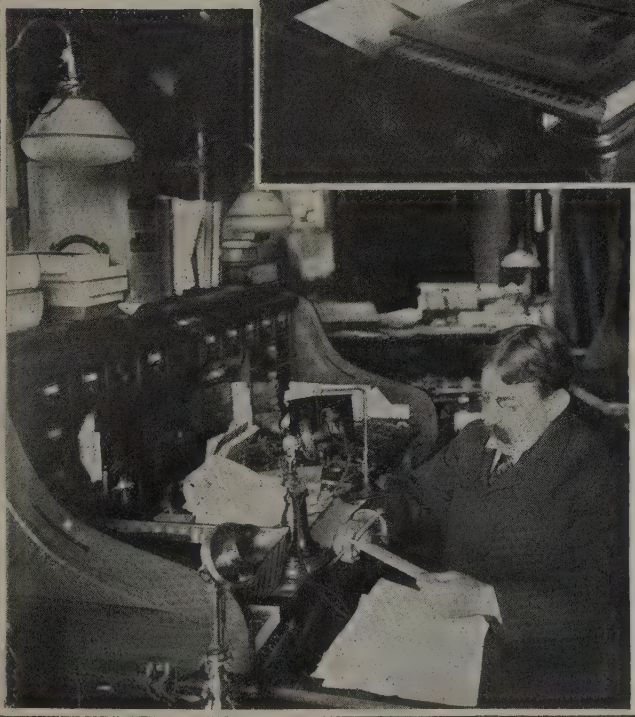
Returning from the Philippines, where she went with her father, the Spanish war hero, General Joe Wheeler, Miss Wheeler is once more a familiar figure in Washington. When her father went to Cuba she executed a clever *coup* and surprised him with an army nurse's commission. Through-

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY O. L. PRUDEN AT HIS DESK



out the Cuban campaign she was at work, spending much of her time on horseback with her father; accompanying him at times when he reviewed the troops under his command. Miss Wheeler has been *feted* by her friends since her return. She is one of the brightest and wittiest young women in Washington society, but she is more fond of a quiet chat or stroll with her father than the gayest of all the functions in the winter calendar. She is slight and graceful, with blue eyes and waving brown hair, a fair representative of the most charming southern type.

COLONEL MONTGOMERY AT THE WAR DESK



* * *

Quite as interesting intelligence as any in the past month is the exten-

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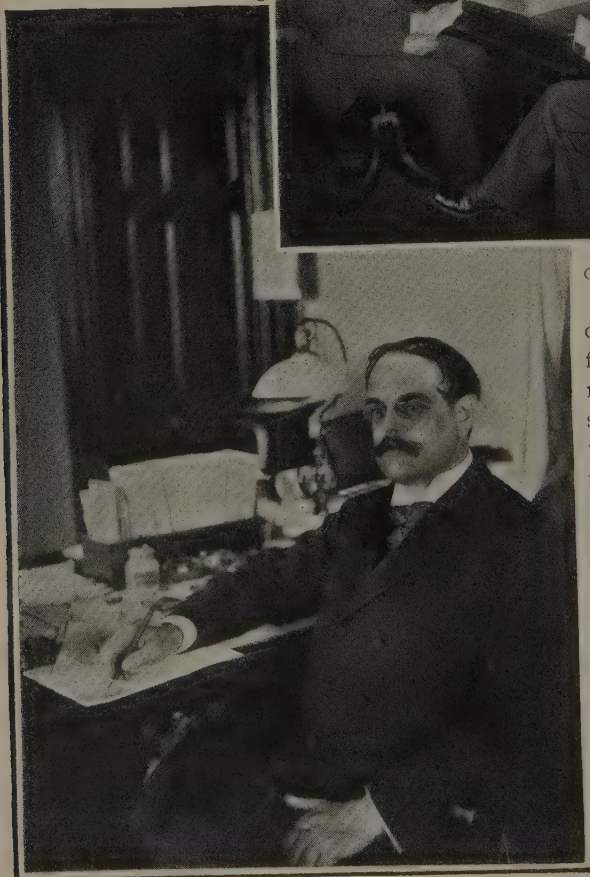
ASSISTANT SECRETARY CORTELYOU AND THE EXECUTIVE CLERKS

sion of the term of Ambassador Paucefote here. That means that the Pauncefote family will remain residents of the city for a few months longer, and those who know so well the hospitality of the embassy can join with the ambassador's political and diplomatic admirers in their expressions of appreciation of the act.

SECRETARY PORTER



The ambassador and his daughters were familiar figures on the city thoroughfares, attracting considerable attention while the bicycle fever was at its height by their appearance on a compromise between a tricycle and a bicycle, sturdily traveling several abreast, to the great interest of the spectators. They did not long remain devotees of the wheel however, and then fell back upon driving.

* * *

An interesting bit of news is the engagement

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of Miss Edith Morton, eldest daughter of ex-Vice-President Morton, to William Corcoran Eustis, son of the late chief justice of Louisiana. The Eustis's are well known and were prominent among the entertainers during Mr. Eustis' father's senatorial term. Miss Morton is a popular society belle of Washington.

* * *

The single "White House wedding" of the McKinley administration is the gagement, just announced, of Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the president, and Mr. Hermanus Ludwig Baer, of Somerset, Pa. The marriage will occur next autumn, and it is not improbable that the nuptial ceremony will be performed within the walls of the executive mansion, where the bride to be is so constant a guest of the mistress of the White House. Miss McKinley has many accomplishments, and Mmes. Melba and Sembrich have expressed their admiration for her charming voice. Mr. Baer is twenty-five years old and a medical student.

* * *

On a street car, recently, I met ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, more hearty and droll than ever, and lively as a schoolboy in vacation. He bought six street car tickets for a quarter, and drolly remarked in that drawling, high nasal tone, fumbling for change:

"These public institutions must be supported, you know."

When told that he was needed down at the capitol to tell them what to do, he replied in his characteristic, sarcastic way:

"Well, they don't seem to need me to tell them whom to do."

I could not help thinking how much public curiosity in a man shrinks when he steps down and out of public life. Plain Thomas Reed now rides in a street car; whereas Speaker Reed was compelled to seek the seclusion of a cab in going to the capitol.

* * *

All through the debates in both houses there was a constant parliamentary wrestle and a ghost of serious party bolt on both sides stalked frequently through both halls. The financial bill discussion opened with a rush and ended in the quietest possible fashion. A long set speech on the Philippines is becoming a daily event. And in all this crowding of one measure close upon another the constant plea of Senator Mason, of Illinois, the champion of the Boers, for an expression of the senate's sympathy for the warring republic down the African veldts gave a variety to the routine. Mr. Mason long ago sought action along this line, but got no further than the preliminary step of filing his resolutions. which were promptly pigeonholed in committee. Since then he has been trying to get them out of that body, *vi et armis*, into the open senate, and has not hesitated at times to cudgel some of his colleagues in his remarks on the subject. Mr. Mason has left no stone unturned in his effort to gain moral assistance in the Boer struggle.

* * *

Secretary Root's recent visit to Cuba was timely, and he has reassured the timid that this country will carry out its pledge in giving Cuba complete independence when a stable policy of rule had been established. The moment there is stability in its government, Cuba will prosper. The Spooner bill grapples the question of government in detail on the same basis as that founded for Louisiana, and a speech from Senator Spooner will be an important event. Senator Lodge, in his recent address, presented the insular issues in a masterly and comprehensive manner.

AN APPRECIATION OF JULIA MARLOWE

By Ernest N. Bagg

PUBLIC morality, from a recent Topekan standpoint, sees no place in the modern newspaper for the Drama and its self-evident influences for good. It is wholly within the province of magazine editing to include comment upon current and cleanly dramatic happenings. It is not mere idle speculation to assert that Christ, under modern conditions, whether or not His duty lay in reporting mankind's doings once a day or monthly for city paper or national magazine, would countenance, gladly, the higher forms of dramatic art. Pleasing to the Higher Life must be art, which is so intensely human, so actually uplifting as is that of which Julia Marlowe is America's most rational exponent.

It was Christina Rossetti who said "The flower will preach to us if we will hear." From a pulpit quite as real as that of any preacher, Miss Marlowe and her company are nightly giving lessons in pure patriotism, honest love, worthy sorrow and moral courage, more applicable than most sermons to mankind's daily needs. Hers is a wholesome, genuine womanliness quite foreign to the degeneracy proclaimed in clarion tones from the housetop of certain journals *not* run as Christ would run them. She makes her art drive home truths which the dramatist were otherwise powerless to impress. She makes it paint vivid pictures of historic scenes. If her latest admirers go into raptures over her undeniable genius and her cleverness in making it known, so also be it remembered, have good judges like Lester Wallack and Robert G. Ingersoll. He who seeks to know Julia Marlowe's histrionic rank will find excellent company on the side which enthusiastically insists upon repeated calls before the curtain.

The little "Heinrich" of "Rip Van Winkle" (1881) has taken her place suc-

JULIA MARLOWE

Courtesy of L. C. Page & Co.

JULIA MARLOWE AS COLINETTE IN "COLINETTE" (1899)

Courtesy of L. C. Page & Co.

cessively in such widely different roles as graceful "Colinette," "Mary" in "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "Rosalind," "Juliet," "Charles Hart," "Lydia Languish" and "Chatterton," giving all along graphic pictures of the eras represented. One prominent critic of her much-talked of "Barbara Frietchie" has said, with all the conviction of a final word, "It is taking Whittier's apples of gold and leaving us—the peelings!" Rather is it a graceful tribute to Whittier's prior right to use the name, to have it thus preserved in connection with a strong, new, tender tale of the slave-time South, which the poet suggested to the dramatist—a drama touching and wholesome, and as worthy as the original story of the gentle Quaker, whose every thought was pure and patriotic.

That voice!—no straining of vocal chords, but absolute ease of utterance; low, soft, sweet, full of pleading intensity; now fraught with suffering, now coquettish, now ringing roundly with the fervor of real daring, now choked with sorrow's storm. It is a voice of a thousand, and there is none which more perfectly matches the music of true poetry. Who has not heard it knows not what human speech can do. Hers rises naturally and with artistic grace through newly awakened love, paternal opposition, desperation, to hysteria, madness and death, in what is perhaps her most remarkable role—"Barbara Frietchie." And it may be truly said that in this play not a breath occurs to which a heart (and there are many such) still suffering from the wounds of Civil war, could reasonably take exception. The tale is a wise, thoughtful use of conditions as they were in actual history. It immortalizes anew the splendid courage in the strife of both the Gray and the Blue. With gentlest, most subtle comedy the tenderest memory spots are bridged over. The cementing of the Union is not defamed, and there is a singular fitness in having the words of Whittier, the preacher of Brotherly Love, used as its title.

The drama of to-day is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water," springing from the ancient day mystery and miracle plays, and thriving through

many completed lives spent in study and hard work, as conscientious as has been that of the little member of Colonel Miles Juvenile Pinafore Company when, a timid child in her teens, her career of triumph began. From the soil of the quaintly rigid, mechanical, and uninspired stagings of the "Moralites," centuries ago, has grown this goodly tree whose branches are now breaking into ten thousand blooms. Accidents may cause a faulty growth occasionally to appear, but as a whole

JULIA MARLOWE AS "CHATTERTON" (1894)

Courtesy of Robert Howard Russell

JULIA MARLOWE

Courtesy of Robert Howard Russell

it is a tree greatly enhancing the landscape; a tree that grows bravely on through storm and shine, and which fulfils its mission against tremendous odds. Part of its crown of glory, the flower and the fruition of its long years of patient growing, and a not antagonistic part of the same forest verdure in which has been planted the Church of God itself, is the work accomplished by such art as that of Julia Marlowe, the memory of whose pleasing power will still be fragrant when a new forest shall have appeared. Wayfarers may well pause in its shade to consider how large a part it plays in the commonwealth; may well recognize that high up in its foliage "Life is not less, but Heaven itself is nigher."

CALLISTRA'S CALLAS

AN EASTER STORY

By Celia Eliza Shute

PRAYER meeting was over. The people were returning the hymn books to the racks and putting on their wraps. The hum of conversation that had started up in all parts of the vestry was interrupted by the voice of the new minister, who had been intercepted as he stepped down from the platform by the wife of his senior deacon.

"I find that I have overlooked one of my duties," he was saying. "I understand that the decorating of the church for Easter Sunday has customarily been deputed to a committee of three ladies selected by the minister. I have so recently come among you that I am ignorant how such an appointment would best be made, but as there is so little time left I will ask Mrs. Trenk, Miss Jessie Donald and Miss Alcina Peck to take the matter in charge this year, and I would furthermore suggest that these ladies meet me at Deacon Peck's house on Monday evening next for the purpose of formulating plans."

A thin little woman with a protuberant chin, upon whose face amazed incredulity had dawned as the names were announced, turned upon a pale old lady, who stood beside her, eyes so full of indignation that the older woman shrank visibly. She did not know what Clarice Ryder might not do or say with such a look as that on her face. Clarice's lips worked convulsively for a moment. She was evidently struggling to get command of her feelings before she spoke. "Sister Peck worked that well," she finally ejaculated, fiercely.

"Oh, now, Clarice, don't talk so," said benignant Mrs. Hood. "Perhaps she ain't any more accountable than you or I."

"You know better, Miss Hood," burst out Clarice, with scorn. "You know what she's got in her mind. She ain't taken the minister to board an' hovered him the way she's been doin' for nothin'. You know she's workin' to git him for Alciny. I hope she won't do it. I hope she'll be disap'inted. Nice lookin' church we'll have with such a committee as that! I guess there ain't three women with poorer taste than them in the whole sassiety. It's lucky that sunflowers an' pinies ain't in bloom or we'd have 'em stuck round by the bushel."

"I guess it wouldn't be quite so bad as that," said the older woman, still gently. She knew what had caused this passion of bitter criticism, and she pitied Clarice Ryder.

"'Twould," asserted Clarice, unflinchingly. She had been twisting an old-fashioned cloud about her neck as she talked, and now gathered up her prayer-book and the missionary leaflets that she always carried home to her sister. "I want to git out of doors," she gasped, as if the air of the vestry stifled her. "When I git a chance to speak to the minister he'll find out a thing or two he ain't suspected yet. I can tell you that."

Mrs. Hood looked after her with a face of pitying forbearance.

"Poor Clarice," said she to herself. "I don't wonder she feels it. I guess Callie ain't been left off a decoration committee before since the church was started."

She was relieved to see that Clarice Ryder left the vestry at once. Mrs. Peck fluttered up to her at the same moment. "I fancy that was neatly done," she said, before passing on. "I've never seen the necessity for sadling our committees with Callie Ryder year in and year out, even if she is uncommon tasty. I guess folks with all their wits are bound to do better anywhere than those that ain't got more than half."

"O, Mis' Peck!" exclaimed Mrs. Hood rebukingly.

Clarice had not missed the glances that had been cast at her as she left the room. Some had been pitying, others openly curious. She did not care for herself. She was thinking of her sister Callistra. She caught her shawl about her in a sort of hopeless abandon and walked fleetly on. It was not until she had reached the outskirts of the town that she slackened her pace and soon stopped before an unpretentious little house. The sound of the swinging gate brought a woman to the window, who looked out with her hands pressed closely to the sides of her face. Clarice saw the joyful start with which her sister recognized her. "Oh dear," she groaned, "how can I ever tell her?"

The front door opened, and Callistra stood there with a lamp in her hand. "Clarice," called she, in a slow drawling tone, "that's you, ain't it? Why don't you come into the house?"

"I'm comin', " said Clarice. As she went down the long passage behind Callistra she noticed that her sister walked with more spring than usual, and held her shoulders more erect. Clarice stopped to hang her wraps in the little closet under the front stairs. She had never, in the course of a hard and uneventful life, felt more desperately happy than she felt now. Her sister was her one earthly treasure. Her own deprivations had mattered little to her. She took them as she had taken all the rubs of life, grimly, with a determination not to be crushed by them that had done much in the way of strengthening her for the daily battle. Clarice sewed by the day. She was swift and honest in her work, and consequently was not often idle. Callistra kept the house, and in their season sold flowers, slips and seeds and vegetables. She had a wonderful knack with all growing things. Flowers bloomed for her when they did for no one else. She loved them and devoted herself to them. There was something lacking in Callie, but to Clarice she was the most wonderful person in the world.

Callistra was bending over a large sheet of paper outspread on the sewing table when Clsrice came into the sitting room. Her eyes brightened when she saw her sister.

"Come right over here," she called eagerly. "The most beautiful idee I ever had came to me after you'd gone. I'd set my heart on havin' somethin' different this year, but I couldn't seem to git holt of it till to-night. My callas are goin' to be full of blossoms. I'm goin' to fix 'em in the shape of a cross and bank 'em in with green for a centerpiece, an' then out here at the sides—"

"It would be beautiful," Clarice interrupted, desperately. "But, Callie dear, they're goin' to do different this year."

Callistra looked up with a preoccupied air. She had not heard what Clarice had said. Her mind was full of her idea. "I told Mittie Featherington that if she an' Jim 'd git me a

lot of ground pine I'd pay 'em for it. I got real worked up over it."

Clarice went over to the stove and sat down, with her face turned from the light. She pretended to be warming her feet. Suddenly Callistra turned to her. "I declare I ain't thought to ask who the others are," said she. "Who'd they choose, Clary?"

"Mis' Trenk an' Jessie Donald," answered Clarice, in a hushed tone.

"That's cur'us," said Callistra, abstractedly. "I didn't know Mis' Trenk could tell a flower from a weed, an' as for that Jessie Donald, I allers thought she had real highfalutin' notions. But I guess we'll git on all right, though I ain't never worked with either one of 'em before. You ain't no idee, Clarice, how I look forrard to these times. From Christmas to Easter, and from Easter back agin to Christmas, I'm a-thinkin' an' plannin' about the church a good part of the time. It's lots of company for me when you're away."

Clarice began to shiver suddenly. Her eyes filled with the infrequent tears that sting the eyeballs like needle points. The last remnant of courage deserted her. She found it simply impossible to blight this innocent content. "To-morrow, to-morrow," she said to herself. "I can't do it no ways to-night."

The shaking increased until at last Callistra's wavering attention was arrested. "I'm afraid you've took a chill, sister," she said, anxiously. "I'll make you some hot lemonade, an' you must take a tumbler of it right off an' git straight into bed. Was the vestry cold?"

"'Twas pretty cold," answered Clarice, feebly.

Clarice pondered feverishly over her problem for hours. Toward morning she came to a desperate resolve, and then got her first troubled sleep. She was awakened by the noise Callistra made shaking down the kitchen stove. She dressed quickly and went downstairs.

"Why, Clarice Ryder!" exclaimed Callistra, as she entered the room. "I was hurryin' to git your breakfast ready to take up to you. What you down here for?"

Clarice forced a surprisingly successful laugh. "'Twasn't nothin' but a fit of the shivers," she answered lightly. "I'm all right agin now, an' I want to git started bright an' early this mornin'. I've got to match that silk of Mis' Speer's before I can set another stitch in it, an' probably I'll have to go to every store in town before I can do it. It's an awful queer shade."

Callistra, in the habit of deferring to Clarice's judgment, immediately forgot her fears. While they ate their breakfast Clarice so exhaustively discussed a bit of news she had heard the day before that there was no chance for reference to the dreaded topic of the decoration committee. A sharp pang pierced her heart as she caught sight of the callas. They filled the south window, marvels of purity and perfectness. Callistra was watering them and wiping the dust from their glossy leaves when Clarice came in to say good-bye. "Won't they show off elegant in there back of the pulpit?" she asked, laughing aloud in her childish pride.

"They'd be a sight anywheres," answered Clarice, hurriedly closing the door.

She went down town at once and matched the silk, as she had said that she must do. She was an eminently truthful woman, scrupulous in matters small and great. The deceit she had been led into practising upon her sister hurt her as few things could. "I ain't said an untruthful word," she said to herself. "I've told things just as they

are so far as I've told 'em at all, but the thing I'd ought to have told I've held back. I ain't lied, but it's as bad as if I had. How could I tell her, though, an' she as unsuspectin' as a baby?"

When her mission had been performed with scrupulous exactness, Clarice walked resolutely toward Deacon Peck's house.

"Your ma at home?" she asked of pretty Alcina Peck, who opened the door.

"Yes," answered Alcina, pleasantly. "Come in, Miss Clarice."

The sitting-room which they entered was separated by portieres from the room beyond. Clarice heard Alcina Peck tell her mother who was waiting. She also heard Mrs. Peck's distinctly spoken reply. "Tell her I'm busy. I can guess what she's after, and I haven't time to waste arguing with her."

Clarice stepped swiftly to the portieres and swept them back. Her flashing eyes met Mrs. Peck's startled glance steadily.

"I can't help it if you are busy," she cried passionately. "I've got to see you, and I've got to see Mr. Marr, too."

The glance that Mrs. Peck gave her daughter, Clarice interpreted as a signal for preventing the appearance of the minister, and she hastened to render it futile. "He saw me," she added rapidly. "He was up at his window an' I beckoned to him to come down. He nodded back, so I guess he understood all right."

"It seems to me to be better manners for folks that want to see Mr. Marr to come to the door properly and ask for him," replied Mrs. Peck, coldly. " 'Taint quite the proper thing according to my ideas to go making signs up to his windows."

The resentful color tinged Clarice's cheeks at the undeserved thrust. "If you want me to speak out plain I can, Mis' Peck." she returned sharply. "I was pretty sure you'd fix it so's it wouldn't be convenient for him to see me, so I made sure he would."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Peck, aghast.

At this critical moment the minister's tap was heard at the door. Mrs. Peck's face cleared as if by magic, and she subjected Alcina to a rapid scrutiny to assure herself that her appearance was such as to prejudice an observer in her favor. Mr. Marr came in hesitatingly. He did not feel quite sure that he understood Clarice's signal. Clarice still stood in the space made by the withdrawal of the portieres. Her face was as undeciperable as a hieroglyphic, but he saw that she was deeply moved.

"Did you wish to see me, Miss Ryder?" he asked, somewhat at a loss how to proceed.

"Yes, I did," answered Clarice. "I want to see you an' Mis' Peck both together. I'd like to have Alciny stay too, if she will. It's about that decoratin' committee," she added.

A concerned expression overspread Mr. Marr's face. He had surmised that the selection suggested to him by Mrs. Peck had not been a happy one. Experience had prepared him to look for a certain amount of criticism on the occasion of any exercise of his ministerial prerogatives, but it had struck him that the surprise and disapprobation manifested on the faces turned toward him on the previous evening had exceeded what he had been in the habit of discerning.

"Alcina, perhaps you hadn't better wait," said Mrs. Peck uneasily.

"I'd rather, please," returned Alcina, unexpectedly. "Miss Clarice's sister has been on the committee so many years that I'd like to hear what she has got to say about it."

"That't jest it," declared Clarice, impetuously. "I lay awake about all last night tryin' to git up my courage to tell her she was left off this year, an' I couldn't do it to save my life. What do you think! I hadn't fairly got into the house before she was a-tellin' of me what she'd been plannin'—a cross of callas at the back of the pulpit, an' I don't know what all. She was so sure she was on she didn't even ask. But after a while she did ask who else was on, an' then I jest the same as lied to her. I told her Mis' Trenk an' Jessie Donald, an' I never said but what she was the third one. I never mentioned Alciny."

She stopped, looking from one face to another in an agony of shame at the disclosures she had made. To discover that the minister was looking compassionate instead of accusing, and that Alcina's sweet face was aglow with sympathy, was an unspeakable relief. Mrs. Peck's position was less defined. Her eyes were lowered to the carpet, but her fingers tapped the arm of her chair nervously. No one spoke, and Clarice caught her breath and hurried on.

"You ain't but jest come to town, Mr. Marr," she said, more quietly; "so 'tain't likely you know that my sister Callie's been on every decoration committee in that church since 'twas started fifteen years ago. She's got the greatest knack about such things you ever saw. Folks say it's wonderful."

"It certainly is, Miss Clarice," interrupted Alcina, warmly.

Clarice's faded face brightened, as a polished surface reflects a kindling flame. The girl's sympathy gave her courage to make an admission that she had never been heard to make before. Hearing it now, Mrs. Peck and her daughter partially comprehended the depths of the slough through which Clarice was struggling.

"Mr. Marr," said Clarice, lowering her voice, "my sister had an awful sickness when she was about twenty years old, an' when she got about agin she wasn't—she wasn't—quite right—not quite like other folks, I mean." She stopped, sobbing hysterically. Alcina Peck came and put her arms around her. "There, don't say any more; don't, Miss Clarice," she begged, sobbing too.

"I must," declared Clarice, passionsionately. "About the only pleasure Callie's had since is fussin' with flowers, an' trimmin' whenever an' wherever she gits a chance. She said to me only last night that she thought an' planned from Christmas to Easter, an' from Easter back agin, an' no one knew how much company it was for her. She can't go about much. She can't even go to church because she's too restless to sit still. But when she's doin' anything of that kind she's about the happiest mortal you ever see, an' she's got tastier idees than all the rest of the folks put together. I decided last night that you an' Mis' Peck had got to tell her. I can't do it, an' I ain't goin' to try. If you'd watched her tendin' them callas, an' plannin' an' drawin', lookin' most as young an' pretty as Alciny here, you couldn't do it either, not if you was her sister an' loved her."

Mr. Marr cleared his throat vigorously. He did not look toward Mrs. Peck. "It won't be necessary for any one to tell her," he said, with decision. "I haven't understood the situation, I see. I regret it deeply, but it is not too late to remedy the mistake, and I will see these ladies and secure the resignation of one of them immediately."

Alcina Peck lifted her face from Miss Clarice's shawl-covered shoulder, and disclosed two wet but indignant eyes. "Why, of course I shall be the

one," said she, tremulously. "Nothing would induce me to serve after hearing that piteous story. Set your heart at rest, dear Miss Clarice. Miss Callistra shall have her old place, and she need never know that any change was made."

Clarice looked quite dazed. "Why, Alciny!" said she brokenly. "I hadn't such a thought in my mind."

"I know you hadn't," returned Alcina, "but I have no business there any way, and it will be a real relief to me to escape. I haven't had a bit of experience in trimming, and I've been quite disheartened since I overheard Mrs. Allyn say last night that it was a burning shame to put a chit of a thing like Alciny Peck in Callie Ryder's place."

The merry laugh with which she ended was like balm to Clarice's wounded soul. Mrs. Peck, mollified by the conviction that Alcina was appearing to quite as much advantage as would probably have been the case had she officiated on the committee, considered that it was now time for her to take the matter into her efficient hands.

"We'll fix it all right, Miss Clarice," said she, with a heartiness that was genuine, for, though an ambitious woman, she was not an unfeeling one. "There shan't be any talk about it, and no one shall know you've been here. You just let Callie go on planning all she wants to. Tell her I've got a lot of plants she can have if she wants green, but there ain't a blossom on a single one of them. It's a mystery how she manages the way she does with hers."

Her matter-of-fact way of ignoring the unusual in the interview helped Clarice wonderfully in regaining her self-command, and soon, with her heart at rest, and she was able to go contentedly about her daily task.

That night when she reached home, too glad for her sister's happiness secured to feel her own weary bones ache, Callistra ran as far as the front gate to meet her, eagerly bearing a pot of calla lilies in her arms with the touch of a mother as she cried out: "The baby calla has bloomed, sister! Look at it! It's bloomed for Easter Sunday! 'Twa'n't due for a week or so more. It's risen same's Christ! Ain't I happy, though!"

Clarice bowed her head over the great white flower and down into its delicate chalice fell covert tears of joy.

THE POEMS THAT NOBODY WRITES

O, many and fair in the work-a-day grind
Are the songs that the generous hearts shall find;
And oft shall they garner the dear delights
Of the beautiful poems that nobody writes.

The grip of the hand to the man who is down,
That encourages hope 'neath Adversity's frown;
The patient endeavor to balance a wrong
That a brother endures—each one is a song.

The flower bestowed on a giftless child;
The word of defense for a wretch reviled;
The charity given where want invites—
All these are the poems that nobody writes.

Frank Putnam

ANDREW JACKSON AND NULLIFICATION*

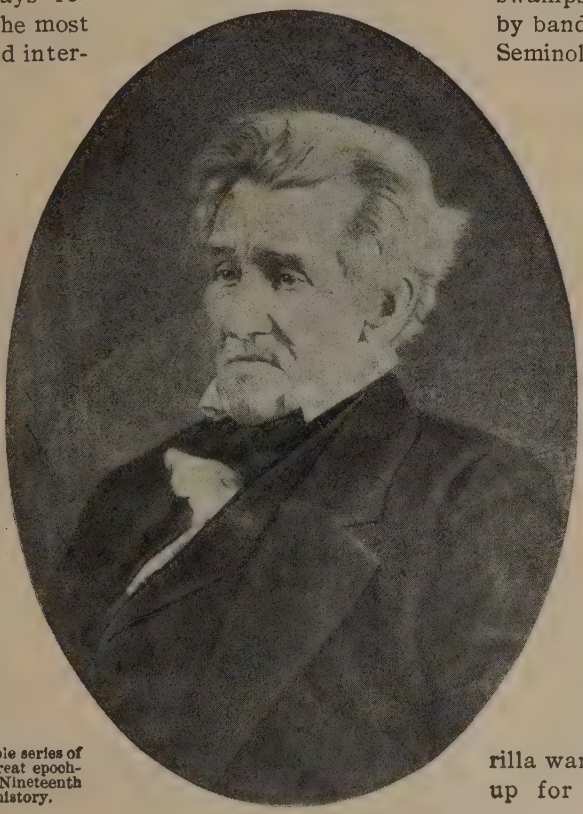
By Maitland Leroy Osborne

THE period of Andrew Jackson's presidency was one of the most eventful in the history of the United States. Abolitionists and other reformers were agitating the public mind; a steady immigration from Europe led to rapid expansion of the country, and the resulting evolution in ideas and ways of living brought to the surface much crudeness of thought and action. As the typical popular hero of such a period, "Old Hickory" must always remain one of the most picturesque and interesting figures of American history. His ignorance of the principles of statesmanship, crudeness of methods, and the evils that followed in the wake of some of his measures are obvious enough to the mind of the later day student of statecraft, and have had their due meed of disparagement. But in having a president of this type and at such a critical time of our country's formation, we were fortunate in the choice of a man so sound in most of his impulses, of such absolute probity, truthfulness and courage, and unflinching loyalty to the Union.

* * *

A condition of affairs analagous to the present day situation in the Philippines existed in Florida during Jackson's administration. Though ceded to the United States by Spain in 1821, and organized as a territory the following year, the vast swamps were infested by bands of insurgent Seminoles, who, under the leadership of the noted Osceola (the Aguinaldo of 1832), bid defiance to Federal authority, and ravaged and despoiled the scattered plantations of the whites. Runaway slaves and renegades from Georgia and the Carolinas joined the Indians, and a harrassing guerilla warfare was kept up for an extended

ANDREW JACKSON



*Fourth of a remarkable series of articles dealing with great epoch-making events of the Nineteenth Century in American history.

period. The wild fastnesses of the Black Water and other great swamps afforded hiding places that the troops sent against them could not penetrate.

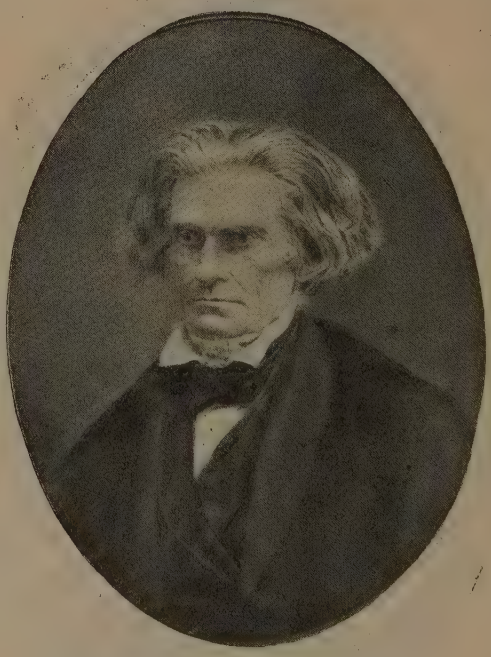
Though Jackson's vigorous measures resulted in a salutary chastisement of the Indians, it was not until several years later that they completely ceased harrassing the whites and retreated before the advancing wave of civilization to the depths of the Everglades, where the foot of the white man has never trod. There, in the inaccessible region south of the Okechobee, where the tropical verdure, untouched by frost, flourishes in rank profusion; where the deadly miasma rises at nightfall like a funereal pall, and swift death, in hideous guises, lurks beneath the surface of every quiet pool and behind every rotting log; where the air is heavy with the odor of magnolias, and horrid reptiles bask in the sunlight—there, eternally secure from the molestation of the paleface, the lordly Seminole still broods over the downfall of his race.

* * *

Hardly had Jackson assumed office when he was confronted with a condition of affairs that was the forerunner of the nullification movement. Under their treaties with the United States the Cherokees occupied lands in Georgia that were coveted by the whites, and Adams had made himself very unpopular in Georgia by resolutely upholding their treaty rights. Immediately upon Jackson's election the state government assumed jurisdiction over their lands and proceeded to legislate for them. Laws were passed that discriminated against the Indians. Complications and disputes at once arose, in the course of which Georgia twice repudiated the ruling of the supreme court of the United States.

The politicians of South Carolina were anxiously awaiting Jackson's course of action. In his sympathy with the people of Georgia on the question at issue he seemed to connive at the dangerous principle of nullification. Acting on the request of the governor of Georgia, he withdrew the Federal troops from the Cherokee country and refused to enforce the rights guaranteed to the Indians by the provisions of their treaties with the United States. Jackson, with the hardships and dangers of his campaigns during the Indian war still fresh in his memory, held toward them the feeling of the frontier fighter. Of those in the north who remonstrated against his course of procedure he asked: "Would any of the eastern states tolerate the nuisance of independent Indian states within their borders?"

JOHN C. CALHOUN



In view of the stand which he took

Floridas Libres. *Patente de Corso.* *N. 8. Ocho.*

EL CIUDADANO

GREGORIO MAC GREGOR,

GENERAL *de Brigada, de los Exércitos de las Provincias Unidas de la Nueva Granada y Venezuela, y General en Gefe, del destinado á libertar las Provincias de ambas* Floridas, *con Comision de los gobiernos supremos de* Mexico *y la* America *del Sur, &c. &c. &c.*

EN VIRTUD de los Poderes competentes que se le han confirido, y con arreglo á las reglas que generalmente se observan entre las naciones, de hacer la guerra á sus enemigos por todos los medios lícitos, y bajo aquellos reglamentos del caso

CONCEDE permiso al Ciudadano Capitan de la Goleta nombrada *Lady Mac Gregor* con *Ocho* toneladas de Manga *Diez pies* de Puntal, con una Calibre de *Doce* Figura; cuyo armamento consiste de *Dos Cañones* Pieza *y quatro* Pedreros *Pistolas, Carabinas* Pedreros del Calibre de á 12 *Cinco* Fusiles *Sables y demas* Armas blancas, y las municiones correspondientes, y con la Tripulacion constante del Rol, para que haga el Corso por el termino de *Seis* meses contra la Nacion Española; aprehendiendo toda embarcacion hasta aquella bandera, que encuentre sobre las Mares, ó en las puertas pertenecientes á la misma Nacion Española; ellas entendido, que no se interferirá con las costas ó puertos de los poderes neutrales ó amigos, ni acercandose á ellos, siempre que las urgencias de la Navegacion no lo exijan, á la distancia de tres millas de la tierra; y que respetará toda bandera que corresponda á los poderes nombrados, que no hacen la guerra contra las Repúblicas de Mexico y la America del Sur; sobre lo cual encargo, usará de toda actividad con sus buques que encuentre en el transito, y procurará que los reconocimientos indispensables se efectuen con la consideracion debida á la neutralidad.

DADA, firmada por mi, Sellada con el sello provisional, y refrendada por mi Secretario, en el Quartel General, de la Villa de Fernandina (Isla Amelia) á *Primero de Setbre.* de mil ochocientos diez y siete, *Setimo* de la Revolucion y *Primero* de la Libertad de las Floridas.

Gregorio Mac Gregor

Jh. de Iribarren
Secretario

The Free Floridas. **Letter of Marque.** **No. 8.**

The citizen Gregorio Mac Gregor, Brigadier-General of the Armies of the United Provinces of New Granada and Venezuela, and Gen.-in-Chief of that destined to liberate the Provinces of both the Floridas, with commission of the Supreme Governments of Mexico and South America, etc., etc.

In virtue of the authority conferred on him, and in accordance with the customs generally observed between nations to wage war against their enemies by all legitimate means and under those rules of the case grants permission to the citizen captain of the schooner named Lady Mac Gregor, of 199 tons burden, 80 ft. keel, 24 ft. beam and 12 ft. draught, with one deck; whose armament consists of twelve cannons, of No. 12 caliber, fifty guns, twenty-five pistols, fifty sabres, with corresponding munition and with a crew as shown in the ship's articles, that he may navigate for the course of twelve months against the Spanish nation; capturing every embarcation under that flag that he may meet upon the sea or in the ports belonging to the same Spanish nation; always understood that he will not interfere with the coasts or ports of neutral or friendly powers, not approaching them unless the urgencies of navigation require it nearer than three miles from land; and that he will respect all flags belonging to aforesaid powers not waging war against the Republics of Mexico and South America; but on the contrary will use all urbanity with their ships met in transit and will see that the necessary searches are made with the consideration due to neutrality. Given, signed by me, sealed with the provisional seal and countersigned by my secretary at General Quarters of the city of Fernandina, Amelia Island, on the first of September, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, seventh of the Revolution, and first of the Liberty of Florida.

GREGORIO MAC GREGOR.
Jh de Iribarren, Secretary.

Preceding the cession of Florida by Spain to the United States, several persons, claiming to act under the authority of the revolted Spanish colonies, undertook an expedition against East Florida and took possession of Amelia island, at the mouth of St. Mary's river, near the Georgia boundary line. The letter of marque and reprissal, issued by the leader of the movement, as reproduced above, is now in the State Department at Washington, and is here published for the first time.

upon this question, the nullification party of South Carolina felt that their opportunity had come, and that from Jackson they need not fear any insurmountable opposition.

The protectionist policy, which since the peace of 1815 had been looked upon with growing favor at the north, had culminated in 1828 in the "tariff of abominations." As the result of a wild scramble of rival interests it deserved its name by reason of its discrimination against the people of the south. Jackson opposed the principle of protective tariffs, and from his course with Georgia it seemed unlikely that he would strongly oppose extreme measures on their part. The new tariff passed in 1832 modified some of the most objectionable features, still it failed of complete justice to the southern states.

During Jackson's first term the subject obtruded itself into every con-

versation. At a public dinner, on Jefferson's birthday, after many of the regular toasts that had been offered seemed to indicate the drift of sentiment to be in favor of nullification, Jackson suddenly arose with a volunteer toast, "Our Federal Union; it must be preserved." Calhoun promptly replied, "Liberty, dearer than the Union," but the nullifiers were greatly disappointed and chagrined by this expression of Jackson's sentiments.

In spite of this warning, South Carolina held a convention on November 19, 1832, and formally declared the tariffs of 1828 and 1832 null and void in that state. State officers and jurors were required to take an oath of obedience to this edict. Appeals to the Federal supreme court were prohibited under penalties. The Federal government was warned that any attempt to enforce the existing revenue laws would provoke South Carolina to secede from the Union.

The ordinance of nullification was to take effect February 1, 1833, and preparations for war were set on foot.

Jackson's action was prompt and vigorous. On December 16 he issued a proclamation declaring that he would enforce the laws at any cost. Lieutenant Farragut with a naval force was sent to occupy Charlestown harbor. General Scott was ordered to have troops ready to enter South Carolina at any moment that they should be needed. Jackson's course met with the approval of the public opinion of the north, while the people of the south were not in unity on the question at issue. The Georgians were willing to elect delegates to a southern convention in common with the other southern states, but they repudiated the doctrine of nullification, and deplored the action of South Carolina as "rash and revolutionary."

"Well do I remember the day when I waited upon President Jackson. He sat there in his arm chair," said one, who in the midst of the nullification struggle, visited him with a committee bent upon a compromise, or an acquiescence with the action of South Carolina. They found it useless to diplomatize or wheedle, and some suggestions of a more defiant nature evoked from the lion-like old hero an utterly fearless challenge. "By the Eternal!" said Jackson, "I will hang them up around the Capitol on a gallows as high as Haman's."

In January, Calhoun declared in the Senate that his state was not hostile to the Union, and had not meditated armed resistance to Federal authority. "Peaceable secession," said he, was all that had been contemplated.

The nullification party was greatly surprised at Jackson's unflinching attitude, and regarded it, perhaps not without reason, as inconsistent with his treatment of Georgia.

Towards the close of December, 1832, a bill was introduced into Congress, by which it was proposed to reduce the duties. This did not meet the views of either party; and with difficulty the nullifiers were induced to postpone the action of their resolution till the 3d of March, 1833. Meanwhile, two months were spent in vain debates, and difficulties were finally overcome by the introduction of the Compromise Bill. By it, all duties were to be gradually reduced till 1842, when they were to reach the minimum of 20 per cent *ad valorem*, the reduction to be made at regular periods until that year. This new bill, with one for more effectually enforcing the collection of the duties, were carried through both houses of Congress, and received the sanction of the President. This compromise enabled the nullification party to retreat from their precarious position with flying colors.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN*

By One

AN unmarried woman of uncertain years is not supposed to be chronically cheerful, and it is generally expected that she should spend her affections on cats and philanthropy, so I cannot be a typical old maid. Perhaps it is because my thirty-five years are perfectly certain that cats make me shiver and philanthropy makes me cross. My years are as positive as my disposition.

March 4.

I asked Father the other day why in his youth people kept diaries?—simply because it was a fashion or for some better reason?—and he replied by showing me one of Mother's which she kept during their early married life and all through the war. "Those faded yellow sheets," he said, looking sadly down at them, "are not only my most valued possession (after you, daughter) but they contain an intelligent view of the late civil contest, and were the one outlet to a heavy heart while I was away fighting for the cause. She never confided to women friends. I was her only intimate companion, so when we were separated she talked her real self out to these sheets of paper."

"Her real self." That phrase has clung to my mind. I never talk my real self out either, and often feel "cribbed, cabined and confined" consequently. So Diary, I have decided to be old-fashioned and talk myself out on paper—I do believe it would be a relief. You must know, Diary, that there are two compensations for being an old maid—one is independence, and the other is the amusement one gets in arousing the curiosity of one's acquaintances as to why a woman with a large inheritance, enough good looks and, above all things, magnetism, should prefer to keep house for her father rather than to have an establishment of her own. Bah! What husband would ever give me a more complete feeling of possession than I have in my Father's house! We are the same flesh and blood, Father and I, but any other man would be paying me for services received.

Any woman knows whether she is good-looking or ill-looking by using a mirror. I am no beauty but, not being blind, I can see that a woman with very blue eyes and nice yellow hair and a mouth set off by a smile that has brought many a man all the way across a room, can not be ugly any more than she could be a beauty with my tip-tilted nose.

The fever for experience and constant excitement does not die with my years. I must be going, going, going, or I think too much about myself. Women who have professions are better off—they have not time to think. We will be in this house until June, then, I presume we are to take the usual trip to the other side and try Lenox again in the fall. I am growing tired of Lenox. The same people year in and year out. But Father cannot stay away from town longer than the summer months, and I must open the Lenox house for a house party chaperoned by Cousin Grace. How ridiculous for a woman of thirty-five to be

*The first of a series of personal confessions contributed by A Worldly Woman and A Bachelor, relating incidents pertaining to love affairs in America.

chaperoned in her own house simply because she has not vowed to love, honor and obey some man! I believe half of the girls of my set would readily exchange places with poor art students or actresses if only for the sake of freedom and experience. From the cradle to the grave one has to know the same wearisome people with their threadbare platitudes and prevarications, called gossip out of courtesy. That is a blase whine—I'll stop it off short.

Frank and I used to talk about getting married when we were six years old. The Gibsons had a place next to ours at Lenox before the Berkshires were invaded by all of our neighbors, and as their town house is across the street from ours, Frank and I were chums from our cradles. He had no brothers or sisters; neither had I. He had farming on the brain in those days. Frank used to look at me seriously out of his solemn brown eyes when he could hardly talk plain, asking, "Kate, when we get married 'll we raise turkeys or chickens on our farm?" This was really my first proposition of marriage. But by the time he had advanced in years sufficiently to have decided upon being a policeman or a fireman when he was a man he left me out of his calculations altogether, and never from that day to this has he repeated the question—which is perfectly right and natural, I am sure, for I am the only sister he has.

* * *

My first grown up lover was his chum at Yale, Billy Arkwright. Sometimes, nowadays, when I meet him out with his wife I wonder how she can laugh so much. Everything about my affair with Billy is distinct in my memory because a first bona fide offer of marriage is as great an occasion in a girl's life as her first ball. Frank and I had met Billy at Martini's dancing class before the boys went to college and after they began to chum I hated him because of jealousy of Frank. Then later when I began to go out to early parties as young girls do too much when in school, Frank had an opportunity to return the compliment of jealousy, but if he did he never showed it to Billy nor to me. At my first ball the two boys were my right-hand men, but from that night Frank never seemed the same to me. He began to call me Miss Farnsworth before other people—which of course was proper—perfectly good form. But Billy came nearer to me and somehow (I never have been able to satisfactorily explain how) I became engaged to him six months after my debut. How many girls make that mistake! At eighteen almost any good-looking young fellow with sentimental eyes and attractive manners seems a hero of romance if he can talk sentiment glibly, and girls don't realize that heros and husbands are not to be considered in the same category. Billy Arkwright had pulled me out of the sea one day when a lot of us were sea bathing and an unexpected breaker knocked me down, but no doubt I could have saved myself—I could swim as well as he could. But this made him a hero in my eyes, and when he swore to me that night at the Van Auden's ball that there was no other woman in the world for him and there never could be if he lived a hundred years, I believed him with the faith of eighteen and thought I loved him. That was the only time I was ever engaged, and sometimes I shudder when I think of how much of myself I gave to this man who is now another woman's husband. Girls ought to be careful how they engage themselves. Men at best have a common streak in them, and a wise girl is absolutely certain that the man who

is her lover is also to be her husband. But alas! Who is wise among us—especially at eighteen—and who would listen to an old maid's advice on that subject any more than they would heed her theories about bringing up children?

* * *

Let me see—I think we were engaged about two months when one day Frank Gibson, who knew nothing of the engagement—we did not announce our private affairs through the newspapers in those days—asked me to ride with him. We each had had a horse from childhood and rode together every afternoon in the park. I knew Billy was coming for dinner that night, and going with my mother and me to the theatre afterwards (poor mamma was living then), but I left word where I had gone in case he should come before my return—and mama was there to entertain him. That day I told Frank of the engagement while we were walking our horses through a shady lane in Harlem. He looked off indifferently as he replied "Going to be married, Kate? I wish you luck. Arkwright is a good fellow."

* * *

I thought Frank was unfriendly in the way he took it, so I dropped the subject. I have always wondered why he showed so little enthusiasm. He never cared for me that way himself, so he might have been more brotherly at that time. When we reached our house I asked him to go in and see Billy, but he declined and rode off down the avenue instead of going home. Frank's manner was always aggravatingly indifferent. Billy stood at the drawing-room window watching us dismount. We both waved our hands at him, but he did not come out. I thought he would open the door for me, but he did not, so I rang and the man let me in. I went straight into the drawing-room in my habit. Mama was sitting farther back in the room—of course no New Yorker of good family would ever look out of her drawing-room windows in those days. Billy shook hands with me coolly and asked stiffly if we had had a good ride. Mama was trying to make me understand something unintelligible to me in sign language. Bewildered, I left them to dress for dinner as hurriedly as possible. Dinner was stiff and uncomfortable. Billy scarcely spoke during the meal, and at the theatre he sat beside mama without addressing me all the evening. Father was perplexed, so was I, but mama seemed to comprehend and sympathize — Billy was in the direct line of inheritance for several millions, and poor Mama was a true New Yorker with a sincere reverence for dollars. My fiancee was evidently sulking like a child who puts his thumb in his mouth and sits in a corner. When we reached home I said good night coolly (I could mount a high horse too), and he asked if he might see me a moment alone. "Certainly not to-night, Mr. Arkwright," I answered. "If you care to come to-morrow at four in a more civil humor you may see me alone." "Any fellow would mind the way you act with Gibson—" he began but stopped abruptly, owing to the way I looked, I expect, for I remember how I stared at him a moment, then said slowly: "Oh, you are sulking on account of Frank, are you?—because I rode with him? How funny! Good-night—I must go upstairs and laugh."

"You are engaged to me and have no right to even speak to a man on friendly terms without my permission," he replied, looking as black as a thunder-cloud—such an ugly look! This brought out my nettles, and I remember how I exclaimed: "I have no right, sir! American women are

no man's slaves! How *dare* you say I have no right to speak to Frank Gibson as I please? Do you suppose I would marry any man who would be suspicious of his best friend and his fiancee when they are like brother and sister? There is no man living for whom I would treat Frank Gibson differently. If that is all you have to say for yourself do not come back tomorrow or ever. I never wish to see your face again."—"But Kate, listen to me."—"No, not now," I said, fairly bursting with scorn. "Come to-morrow if you can find any excuse for a jealous, sulky man. I know of none, but will listen to yours." I went upstairs and heard him slam the front door as he went out. Common sense taught me that the man who sulks and slams doors is to be avoided matrimorially, and I was bitterly indignant at his suspicions. Alas, too, my ideal was broken! The expression on his face all those hours had robbed me of the heroic fancies I had woven about him. If he had flashed out his reproach I might have sympathized with him a little bit, but the characteristics of a man who sulks stand at the tail end of a list of qualities belonging to husbands that are endurable.

The man who sulks and still would stay
Will live to sulk another day.

He ought to have been reared by the old woman who lived in a shoe—she knew how to bring up children. There is no use in going off on a tangent about Billy, the Sulky, at this late day, is there Diary? He seems as ancient history to me now as Alfred the Great, or Edward the Confessor—neither one an ideal family man I imagine. If Alfred's wife had asked him to make those historical cakes you may be sure he would not even have condescended to turn them in her behalf. Well, let them all rest now, for the night anyway. I'm sure I don't know what I should do "If the men were all transported far beyond the northern sea"—life would not be worth living without them, but excuse me from sulks and celebrities as husbands. I have written far into the night but I *do* find relief in saying these things out on paper, in holding up a mirror to my past. I could not talk to any man I know this way, because men abominate the subject of any man but themselves. Good-night.

* * *

March 8

Nothing said here for three night . A Lenten musical Monday night, a dinner Tuesday night, where I met an interesting Norse hero, or at least a descendant of one—an explorer ambitious to reach the north pole. I don't see what a man wants to find the north pole for, unless by way of acclimatizing himself to the temperature of his lady love's heart. The mistake about the north pole is that no woman has been sent in search of it. I told the explorer he ought to take a female society reporter with him when in search of a great secret like that.

* * *

Last night it was the opera, and there, I may say, I was happy, because that form of art expresses the mediaeval romance I have locked up behind my fashionable laugh at sentiment. I looked at Francis Gibson in the box opposite ours and noticed his close resemblance to the tenor hero of the evening—a resemblance that is being generally commented upon. But to return to my retrospect—when Billy Arkwright came that next afternoon he was still pettish, but, seeing how fatal such a mood was with me, he became childishly penitent and, considering the close relations in which we had stood, I tried to forgive him. But during the following weeks he showed

the same spirit a number of times, and being disallusioned, I was the more ready to perceive his weakness. Finally one day I settled the matter by breaking the engagement after a most irritating and humiliating scene. This time he slammed the door forever on his relations with me, but every time I see his wife nowadays I wonder how strong the hinges of the doors are in their house. Perhaps she does not bristle up like a cat as I do. In any case she has my sympathies.

After this affair I became a deep-dyed cynic for about a month, after which I developed into a full-fledged flirt—at least that became my reputation. I don't know exactly what happened to me, but from that time on I seemed to freeze up like a treacherous skating pond. 'Tis only the surface of my inside that is frozen; the deep waters are warm enough. I got to looking upon men as playthings—excepting Frank Gibson, of course, who went abroad a few days after that eventful ride of ours, and I did not see him again for three years, although we exchanged letters at intervals. However, I had very little time to think about him; my life in society was so engrossing.

* * *

Then came an experience no one has ever known of but myself, and an Italian opera singer, who was the rage in New York then, and greatly to his credit is it that my foolish conduct was not spread abroad. Like many another foolish girl who, without meaning any harm to any one, injures herself and annoys stage celebrities, I wrote to that tenor and sent him flowers, asking for his photograph, signing my name to such a request. I presume because my father was so well known in New York this note claimed the singer's especial attention; any way he answered my letter, but did not send the photograph. He asked me to meet him at a certain place in the park at an hour he named. Filled with excitement and running over with the delicious mystery and romance of my adventure, I went to meet him. At the place of meeting I found a middle-aged foreigner, with handsome but coarse features, who advanced carrying his hat in his hand. "Am I to have ze playzure to know ze divine, ze radiant Mees Farnesworth?" he asked, looking down at me from his intense black eyes. I replied rather feebly that I was Miss Farnsworth, but the situation was too large for me—I did not know how to handle it. "Come, Mees," he said reaching for my hand. "Come, and find we will a place for to sit by alone. I speak not your tongue with beauty. Speak not you mine, ze Italian?" I drew back my hand. "No monsieur," I replied in French, "I do not speak Italian, but no doubt you know French. I will just tell you how much we admire your singing in New York then say good-bye."—"Is that all we have come here for?" he asked in French, drawing me behind some shrubbery and leaning down as though to kiss me. I can never forget the shock this gave me and how I jumped back crying out, "How dare you!" His face and manner changed instantly and he replied: "Now listen to me, little one. I have a daughter in Italy almost your age. I have received so many letters like yours since coming to this country that I decided to find out what these young ladies are like in society who write them to a strange man. Now I see that you were mistaken and are still a lady, even when meeting me here. You did not know the world, and because of my own daughter I beg of you not to write again to strange men, particularly foreigners, whose ways are not your ways." I cannot remember all that

he said, but he told me what was true about such a situation, and he made me cry. I never forgot his lesson. Ten years later when I met him at a great musicale in Paris I reminded him of the scene and thanked him. The only reply he made was, "Mademoiselle, you are aware by this time that a man of the world knows and respects a good woman when he sees her, and that good women are not always discreet in early youth, because they are romantic."

* * *

That summer we went to Saratoga to gratify Father, who, as an old-fashioned New Yorker, could not easily be weaned from his hereditary place of resort. However, we were building at Newport and I never saw Saratoga again after that summer. There I met one of the French counts, out at elbows but with a saleable title, probably the first of the modern batch. Being the richest girl there he of course proposed to me through father. Phew! what a storm I raised in the house when I said I would just as leave marry a tadpole or a mosquito as Count Vilette Menigier. I used to convert the tale of his name into Manger, and conjugate him for the benefit of Mama who was set on having the title. "You eat, they eat, she eats, but I don't eat," I used to conjugate in a sing-song voice. I was a great plague to a good many people in those days. Poor Mama! We did not understand each other. It must have been love that taught dear Father how to manage her crochets—but then he was away all day. Men can get up and out of domestic troubles into the busy world, but women sit at home brooding over and magnifying disputes or disagreements. Father and I are said to be much alike—with this difference, that he is good and I am bad. When we finally disposed of Count To-eat that summer a rich, young, vulgar broker took it upon himself to make love to me and honor me with the offer of his hand. The Frenchman had the grace to mention his heart frequently, but the broker had his eye fixed so steadily upon Father's bank account that he lost sight of the straight road to it—through his daughter's heart. After that I began to distrust all men as sharpers out heiress hunting, and during the next winter among the half a dozen proposals I had from both rich and poor, I cannot to this day determine which ones loved the money and which the girl. Not one of them interested me more than to touch my vanity until Jerry Dennison came along. I was only twenty then, but I felt almost as old as I do now. It is much better to keep girls back, as they do at present, than to let them learn lessons of life at the early age I did. Arthur Dennison was called Jerry by some club friend and the name clung to him. I do not suppose there ever was born a more magnetic creature than Jerry Dennison, and he knew his power over women. But I must save that reminiscence until next time. Alas for Jerry Dennison! I wonder where he is now?

* * *

March 20th.

A real diary is kept systematically, not by fits and starts as this is proceeding. But I only use it as an outlet, and I never had an ounce of system about me. Mama convinced me of that early in life.

Jerry Dennison was to be continued in my next, wasn't he? I must have one of his pictures somewhere among my possessions. My conscience worries me more about him than about any other man who ever approached me in the attitude of a lover, for I honestly believe he loved me, and had I been a better woman he might have

been a better man. He enjoyed the reputation of being both a dissipated man and an irresistible flirt—lady-killer was the word for that kind in those days. When we met we both silently recognized that it was war to the knife. I asked Mama once why the mothers of our set recognized a young man whom they all declared was fast?—that I myself did not believe all the things they told about Jerry Dennison, but she did, and still gave him the entree of our house.

* * *

"You are always so unreasonable, Kate," she replied. "You know as well as I do that he belongs to one of the best families in New York." Even to this day I cannot see why family connections should be able to pave the way to Heaven for a sinful man. Poor Mama would say such blindness on my part was but another evidence that I am all Farnsworth and no Livingston, because in her family young ladies are too well bred to know anything about men's sins. Poor Mama! How painfully shocked she would be if she were living now and heard girls of seventeen deliver themselves upon immoral questions as I hear them! But, as I said, I did not believe all of the talk about Jerry Dennison. He fairly magnetized me from the moment we met, and I suppose I did flirt atrociously with him—somehow I couldn't help it. Perhaps it was not all flirting either, because if I had not seen what I did with my own eves I might have been his wife. After several months of flirtatious give and take he proposed to me most earnestly and romantically, admitting that he was not good enough for me, but that constant association with me would redeem him. I knew that some men worse than Jerry, as he appeared to me, had been reformed by marriage, and I came very near responding to his love-making then and there, but something held me back, either the spirit of coquetry or instinct, and I put him off, rather enjoying my power over this irresistible creature. Everybody in New York thought we were engaged, and no doubt we did make a spectacle of ourselves dancing half a night out together and driving in the park nearly every afternoon. Perhaps if I had belonged to clubs and things as girls do now I might have behaved better—it's hard to say. Anyway, a few nights after that romantic talk I was returning late from a ball in the region of lower Fifth Avenue where some of our friends still lived. With me was a friend of mother's whom I dropped at her house, then drove up the avenue alone, wondering why Jerry had not appeared that night, but feeling as safe with our old colored coachman, Mose, as I would have with father. As we passed Delmonico's (it was then at the corner of the avenue and 14th street) two men came out. By the gas light I saw Jerry Dennison stagger through the door, his high hat on the back of his head, shouting at the top of his voice, "We won't go home till morning." With him was Howard Elston who seemed to be sober enough to hush Jerry up as he saw a carriage approach, and to try to balance him with one hand on his shoulder. As Jerry saw my carriage he shouted at Mose to stop, mistaking him for a public in his drunken condition. Mose called back something I couldn't hear and Jerry swore at him, then started to run after us, but lost his balance and fell flat in the gutter. The sight of him made me feel faint with disgust and dread. That wallowing pig my husband? Never! I was almost too weak to get upstairs when I reached home. I had never before seen any one of my acquaintances intoxicated, and the sight was awful to me. Not

being able to sleep, I wrote a letter to Jerry, telling him I had made up my mind, and the best thing for both of us was to keep at a distance from each other in the future. I gave no reason, so he followed me wherever I went, demanding an interview. I simply could not bear the sight of him, but I could not tell him that without talking about the horrible scene I had witnessed. Finally I told him I would speak to Father if he did not stop pursuing me, which brought out on his face such an ugly look that there is no telling what might have happened had he not been declared bankrupt one day in glaring newspaper headlines—and then he ran away from his creditors.

* * *

There must have been some dishonesty behind it all, because he never came back to New York, not even after his father had impoverished himself to pay his son's debts. Jerry was looked upon as the most promising young business man in New York at that time, but something was undoubtedly hushed up when he failed, and I never saw him again, unless a bleareyed man who greatly resembled him, and who tried to speak to me one night as I came out of the opera in Paris a few years ago was my old lover.

If that man was Jerry, time has dealt him many a hard blow. He looked both poor and degraded. Everything pointed to his having wanted father's dollars more than his daughter, but somehow or another I can't help believing that Jerry Dennison cared for me—a little bit, any way. A woman has to trust her intuition for those things. He had many elements of greatness in his make-up, but a sudden success with stocks and his excessive vanity weakened what morality he may ever have possessed. Poor Jerry! Poor Jerry! He ought to have loved some fine woman who could have shown him the way.

All of this made so much talk and made me so conspicuous that Mama and I went abroad for a year—a delightful experience to me, as the first trip over invariably is to any American who has an atom of aesthetic or historical taste. I felt so raw when we landed, but being the kind that cooks quickly I soon baked in the European atmosphere and had no trouble in finding our way about.

LIMITATIONS

Man hath day-dreams; but, claims to understand:
He speaks of stars far-off as worlds unknown,
As though he knew the one he calls his own,
And all the mysteries of the sea and strand
Came trooping round him at austere command,
And fawned beneath the splendor of his throne,
From which his vision swept from zone to zone,
To summon lore from near and distant land.
O thou with face unblanched, and eyes unawed,
Seek not the cave, nor yet the mountain top;
Behold the globe of dew that bends the weed,
And let thy genius keen, and deep, and broad,
Unfold the life that dwells within the drop,
Then give to future years thy new-found creed.

Charles H. Urner

HOW SILAS LONG WAS APRIL-FOOLED

By Ellis Parker Butler

ALL winter they sat around the stove in the grocery; in summer on the edge of the walk before it, and told with pride their experiences.

Each of them had been buncoed except Silas Long, and the thought rankled in his bosom. A cruel fate had for years worked against him, and while one had bought Bohemian oats and another lightning rods, while one had lost forty dollars at three card monte and another sixty-seven dollars through the shell game, poor old Silas alone of all the men in and about Green's Corner had not been victimized. His wife did what she could to encourage him and always bade him be of good cheer, that some day he too would meet a bunco man, but for years he had hoped against hope and month by month he grew more listless, paid less attention to the work of his farm, and let things care for themselves until at length he reached such a state of financial ruin that had he met a sharker he had nothing to lose.

Like a moth drawn by the flame that devours it he continued to haunt the corner grocery, gaunt and haggard, drinking in the words of his more fortunate neighbors as they flaunted in their pride the stories of their capture by various schemes, of the amounts they had lost, and of the joyous feelings of one who has been "faked."

Perhaps their pride was pardonable, but it was cruel to poor old Silas. They noticed his slow decay, spoke of his sunken eyes and listless air, and pitied him, but they could not refrain from crowing a little over the one man who had not tasted their joy.

And night after night Silas would stagger home to his faithful, ever hopeful wife, his heart worn with sorrow. There, at least, were kind words, for she would gently smooth his wrinkled brow with that hand, once so white, now so toil worn, and softly murmur, "Never mind, dear, all will come right yet. Surely one so simple as you are will be buncoed some day, and when you are it will be right up to the handle."

Thus, with cheeerful words she sought to give him hope, and, kind soul, she even saved her egg money, hoping some day to have enough for him to invest in a "ten per cent a month" fraud.

When winter came with its rigors, Silas failed perceptibly, and at length became so weak he could no longer go to the grocery. Then the kind neighbors came and sat beside him, and told of the day they went into a little card game in the city, or bought a lottery ticket, and Silas would arouse from the stupor into which he had fallen, and his eyes would glow with eager longing, and he would grasp the arm of his chair tightly, while his heart beat tumultuously.

But when the neighbors got outside they would shake their heads sadly. "Poor old Si," they said, "I'm afeered he won't live to be buncoed."

Silas took to his bed in March, and then his poor wife lost all hope; but it is always darkest before dawn, and one day a letter came that brought new life to Silas and new joy to his

home. It was a green-goods circular. The next day he got up, and at once began corresponding with the sender. How to raise the needed five hundred dollars puzzled him. His farm was mortgaged, and he tried to mortgage the mortgage, but without avail. His wife brought forth her pitiful little savings, and Silas wept over them, but they only amounted to thirty-seven cents and a Mexican quarter. Then good luck came.

For years Mrs. Long had put up raspberry jam every season, as all good housekeepers do; and, as neither she nor Silas ate it, it had accumulated until the cellar was full of it, and a few bottles were stored on the kitchen roof. One day when the cellar door was open, the cow, an animal of spotless white, wandered down the stairs and fell crashing among the jam bottles, slid in the jam, rolled in the jam, almost swam in the jam.

Silas and his wife were at the front gate at the time, talking to a stranger. Silas hoped he was the green goods man, but he was not. He was the owner of Gusepimpull's Dime Museum. He gave Silas his card, on the back of which was printed the well-known poem:

"I never saw a purple cow;
I never hope to see one.
But I will tell you, here and now,
I'd rather see than be one."

To which he had added:

"And will pay a lot, I vow,
To whoever sells me one."

As Silas read this, his cow came out of the cellar, and Mr. Gusepimpull uttered a cry of joy.

"A purple cow!" he cried, and thrust a roll of bills into Silas' hand.

The next day Silas kissed his wife, and went to the city and to the address the green goods men had given. They were on hand, and after assuring themselves that he was not Sherlock Holmes in disguise, took his five hundred dollars and gave him a package which they assured him contained five thousand dollars in counterfeit money.

Silas fingered the package, felt the sawdust, and proudly took the train for home, happy and contented.

Need I tell how his wife fell on his neck and wept for joy as he walked into the house waving the sawdust package above his head? No; nor need I tell how he chuckled as he untied the package, his hand trembling with eagarness, and his mind full of the tale he would have to tell at the grocery the next day.

As he opened the paper the sawdust trickled through and fell on the floor, and his heart bounded with joy. Alas! how little we know of the future! One moment later the package was open, and beneath a thin layer of sawdust lay a bundle of crisp bank-notes, good bank-notes, to the value of five thousand dollars, and on top of them a neatly printed card bearing the words, "April Fool!"

Mrs. Long uttered a cry, and put her hand on her husband's. It was limp and lifeless. And to this day they tell around the grocery stove, or on the edge of the walk before the store, the sad tale of poor Silas Long, whose broken heart ended a joyless life.

SHALL WE RETAIN THE PHILIPPINES?

A Symposium from Leading Editors of American Newspapers. Prepared and Sent to "The National Magazine" Within the Current Month

REALIZING the importance of the question of Insular possessions "The National Magazine" has obtained the opinions of prominent editors in all parts of the country, representative men who are in a position not only to influence, but to reflect the ideas of their vast constituencies; men whose lifelong study of the affairs of men as applied to statesmanship, of trade, and of the social conditions and welfare of the people, has made them peculiarly fitted to judge intelligently; men who speak fearlessly and to the point.

Two questions were submitted:

1. Broadly stated, what is your opinion on the question of insular possessions. Definitely stated, are you in favor of the government retaining the Philippines?

2. If so, can they be treated as colonies or dependencies, or are they an integral part of the country?

* * *

"THE CHRONICLE," SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

To Editor, "The National Magazine":

1. I favor the retention of the Philippines. "The Chronicle" was one of the last journals in the United States to yield to the feeling for war with Spain, but when once that course was entered upon, I favored its prosecution with the utmost vigor, and now favor retaining whatever advantage the treaty of Paris gave to us. Your request for my "opinion on the question of insular possessions" seems to open the way to any observation I might wish to make on any phase of the subject, but it is sufficient to say that I believe the incorporation of the islands in the body politic of the United States will be to the material advantage of the islanders and ourselves.

2. I believe the islands are and should be an integral part of the United States, precisely in the sense that the District of Columbia is a part of the United States, including free trade with all parts of their own country. But while the right to vote is not an essential part of citizenship, I believe that all citizens should be entitled to vote in the absence of any special reason to the contrary. I do not believe that a republic can justly govern a distant dependency, and I therefore believe that the islands should be governed as New Mexico is governed, by their own people, as a Territory of the United States, subject to Congress, but interfered with in local affairs only as much as may be found necessary in their present undeveloped civilization.

M. H. de Young

* * *

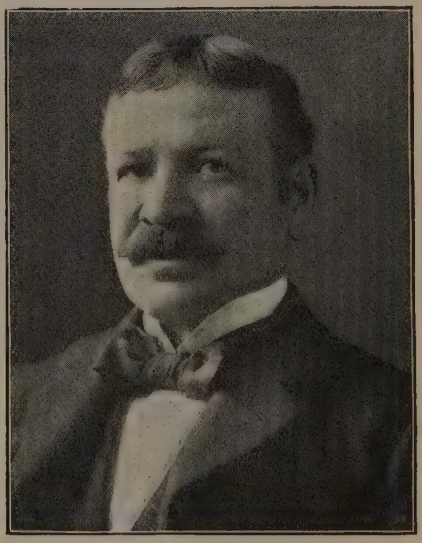
"THE PIONEER PRESS," ST. PAUL, MINN.

To Editor, "The National Magazine":

I certainly favor the retention of the Philippines. Since the conclusion of the war with Spain I have deemed any other course a moral impossibility. At any rate the question of their retention has passed beyond the stage of discussion. The possession of the islands ceded to us by Spain is an accomplished and irreversible fact. We cannot turn them over, at least not now, to their native inhabitants, for that would be to abandon them to

a worse misrule than that from which we wrested them—to anarchy, and eventually to the rapacity of foreign powers. Still less can we give them to any foreign power. To do either would be an act of cowardly and infamous recreancy to the obligations to their inhabitants which we assumed when we rescued them from the evil rule of Spain. In delivering them from her tyranny and succeeding to her rule we became responsible to the world for their good government, for their freedom and their welfare. As to Cuba, we are bound by an explicit though unwise pledge to return the island to the rule of its people so soon as they shall be able to form a stable republican government, capable of performing the essential functions of a government, not only within the sphere of its national autonomy, but in its international relations; that is to say, so soon as they shall show themselves capable of self-government. But the experiment is full of hazards to the peace of the island and to the securities of life and property. It is even now manifest that independence is the worst thing that can happen to Cuba. From the danger that thus menace Cuba we are happily free in dealing with Puerto Rico and the Philippines.

M. H. DE YOUNG



I fully agree with those who hold that Congress has that undoubted constitutional power to deal with these insular possessions, either as colonies or independencies, or as inchoate states of the Union; that they are not an integral part of the United States, in the sense that the constitution extends over them *ex propria vigori*, but that they are the property of the United States for the government of which it may make such rules and regulations as it may deem needful and wise. That the inhabitants of these islands, except a small portion of them, are at present wholly incapable of self-government is obvious. I approve, therefore, entirely of the policy which seeks to provide them in the first instance with civil goverment, which will secure the primary ends of government—justice and tranquillity, and the largest liberty consistent with public order, and promote to the utmost extent the education of the people in the process and duties of self-government. It is an important feature of this policy that as large a share as possible of the duties and responsibilities of practical administration be confided to honest and competent natives; that for the management of municipal affairs an electoral constituency be formed of the most intelligent elements of the local communities; that with the spread of education the electorate and the sphere of self-government be enlarged as rapidly as the people become fitted for its primary duties as voters—to the end that ultimately they may become wholly self-governing peoples, fit for integral parts of the American republic. *J. A. Wheelock*

"THE DEMOCRAT," LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

To Editor, "The National Magazine":

I am unalterably opposed to the retention of the Philippines. The theory of insular possessions, distant possessions, is contrary to the genius and spirit of our institutions, a violation of the letter and spirit of the Monroe Doctrine and of all the teachings of our fathers. If, three years ago, Spain had come to us with a certified check for $20,000,000 in one hand and the Philippine Islands in the other and had said to us: "We want to give you these island possessions in fee simple with $20,000,000 to assist you in inaugurating a government," we should with thanks and with great unanimity of opinion, have declined the bequest. Nineteen intelligent Americans out of twenty would have said: "What do we want of that archipelago, 8,000 miles from our shores, inhabited by 10,000,000 people, semi-civilized, barbarian and savage, with nothing in common with us?" That is what we should have said before the Spanish-American war. But we became drunk and crazy on accursed war; reason forsook us; and what in sane moments we should have rejected as a Pandora's box of blighting curses, we now cling to as a priceless possession.

JAMES MITCHELL

Government in the Philippines implies one of two things—either self-government or imperialism. It is generally agreed that the prospect for local self-government is at present not bright, and hence rule by the colonial theory is the only alternative. If American civilization could ever be established and maintained in the tropics, which is denied, we are utterly unfitted for the government of the colonies. An envoy from Aguinaldo to Gen. Otis last October said: "If you Americans knew how to govern colonies as the English do, we should not be so much opposed to the proposition. But it will take you a hundred years to learn, and we do not want you to experiment on us." He told the truth. If we make the attempt, there will be a repetition of the rule of Hastings and Lord Clive in India; and the peculation, free-booting and misrule by reconstructionists, in the southern States thirty years ago will pale into insignificance. The harpies are even now getting ready to swoop down on their prey. The great syndicates, the promoters, the boomers echo the words of Senator Beveridge: "This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. We must grab it," they say, "and be quick about it."

We have a great and powerful country—made great and powerful because we have attended to our own business, cultivated our own field and kept aloof from the complications and entanglements of old world politics. Let us beware of the temptation to become a "world power." Let us turn over the

Philippine Islands to their own people as soon as peace and order shall be restored. There will be nothing but disaster in holding them as colonies. They would prove apples of Sodom—outside fair, inside ashes.

James Mitchell

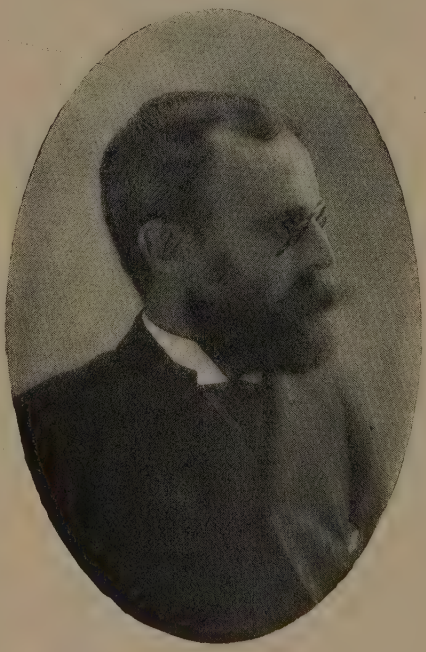
* * *

"GLOBE," BOSTON, MASS.

To Editor, "The National Magazine":

There is only one conclusion, it seems to me, for any patriotic American, and that is first to support the army and administration in quelling the insurrection. Any other course is difficult to determine as patriotism in any sense. When peace is restored the problem of a government for them must be met. We did not seek possession of the Philippines, but now that we have them there is no way of turning back with honor to ourselves. Expansion is a broad question and I favor it in a general sense, and retaining the Philippines, under the present conditions, as a specific case in point. The march of events since the Spanish war has done much to change the aspect of what had previously been termed settled policies.

CHAS. H. TAYLOR



As to whether they are to be treated as dependencies, or an integral part of the country, time alone can decide that question. The holding of the countries would undoubtedly furnish a great market for our products, and some way will have to be devised to provide for their government, whether by self government under the protection of this country, or as an integral part of our country.

Chas. H. Taylor

* * *

"THE TIMES MIRROR," LOS ANGELES, CAL.

To Editor, "The National Magazine":

We should keep the Philippines because, having spent blood and treasure in acquiring the archipelago through honorable warfare with Spain, it is ours, and hence it would be illogical and absurd to now turn the country over to the Filipinos. The implied new motto, "To the vanquished belong the spoils," is too rank a sentito find a lodgement in patriotic American breasts.

Because, even if the government owes nothing to itself or to the American people in this matter, certain it is that we owe a debt to the native population whom we have rescued from Spain and brought by their own original desire under the protection of our national flag.

Because we owe to the conquered territory a firm, just, honest and economical government, to the end that its people may be protected from themselves, protected in their persons, their possessions, and their natural rights, and next from the possible aggressions of European powers, who might have small regard for such rights. It short, we owe this Oriental land that sort of a government which

its own people are not yet qualified to give it.

Because the United States is better qualified than any other nation to guarantee just government and adequate protection and insure prosperity to the islands.

Because we cannot with self-respect abandon an important acquisition, such as these islands are, without adequate compensation, and that the Filipinos are utterly unable to give or guarantee. Buying the country back is not a practicable scheme.

Because the Filipino leaders themselves have never demanded the complete retirement of America from the archipelago, but instead they have repeatedly made the preposterous proposition through their preposterous spokesmen that we shall keep a powerful navy in the island waters to protect them from apprehended seizure by some Asiatic or European nation, besides a large army to act as a police force under Tagalo direction, while Aguinaldo and his fellow politicans for profit govern the country civilly, collect and disburse (or otherwise dispose of) its revenues, leaving Uncle Sam to hold the bag.

This proposition, substantially, was made more than once by these apprentice statesmen in their numerous talking matches with our authorities at Manila before they broke out with rifles and bolos in their hands. What patriotic, level-headed American would, with his eyes open, consent to such a deliberate act of folly—such a jug-handle bargain—on the part of his country?

Because, if we did not intend to acquire, own, possess, develop and govern these distant isles, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," we should never have violated at the outset the safe, sound, traditional motto, "Hands off." *Harrison Gray Otis*

"THE COURIER-JOURNAL," LOUISVILLE, KY.

To Editor, "The National Magazine":

"The Courier-Journal" solicits the attention of the people of Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina and Florida.

We shall undertake to show that the one hope of the states named lies in the vista of opportunities newly created in the Pacific Ocean and brought to their door by the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. This we may take to be now assured, for, although the vast power and resources of the transcontinental lines of railway will obstruct its completion to their uttermost, they can only a little impede it. It is inevitable and is destined to work a sweeping revolution in the economic conditions of the country. But it will be of far-reaching and overmastering importance to the people of the Gulf States and the Southern States contiguous thereto; to a degree, indeed, that it is not too much to say it will rehabilitate them in their lost prestige and opulence.

The Gulf of Mexico is an inland sea, with an imperfect outlet. The Gulf states are in a pocket. Of the states upon the eastern seaboard of the United States, they are furthest away from the centers of trade and money.

All efforts at direct communication between them and Europe have been embarrassed by the increased distance on the one hand and the dominancy of the great northern cities on the other. In that direction there is no hope save that of fiscal and geographic dependency. As the map now is they will always have to pay tribute to the ship-owners and money-changers of New York, and its collateral branches, Philadelphia and Boston.

But, taking the map of the continent and starting from the Gulf of Mexico, look south and west, and

what do you see? Bluefields in Nicaragua, the San Juan river, Lake Nicaragua, and due west across a narrow strip of land less than twenty miles in breadth, you come to the Pacific ocean. Behold, the vision of power and glory, of wealth and renown, that rises before the mind's eye; the imperial states of California and Oregon and Washington, to the northward; still further north, Alaska; and right out at sea in front of you, Hawaii; all territory of the United States of America. But look again and look further. There before you, still gazing westward, is another world; with its myriads to be clothed and fed; to be educated into civilization and markets; China and Japan and Australia and New Zealand and the multitudinous isles of the boundless Pacific, including, of course, the Philippines. With the Nicaraguan canal, all these regions are geographically ours. What should we think of Jefferson if, ignoring the practical advantages, he had, on grounds of constitution or other scruple, lost the chance to buy Louisiana of Napoleon? What will be thought of us a century hence, if, through fear of trouble, or any other fear, we yield the vantage ground which, all unbidden, has come to us, vainly seeking the retention of the bucolic republic of Washington and Franklin, which has already gone from us beyond recall?

The globe is shutting up like a telescope; and, through the smaller end, one can see farther than Jefferson saw through the larger.

Already this people approaches in numbers a hundred millions. Presently there will be two hundred millions. Does any thoughtful man imagine that they can be held within a Chinese wall when the world at large is moving resolutely forward?

Has all of modern invention, convulsing the rest of the universe, fixed us where the fathers of the republic left us? Does electricity, with its centralizing agencies, count for nothing? But, waiving matters of commerce and war, and of business competion, both rational and national, what of our boasted religion and civilization if we are to draw back aghast before the thought of carrying the Bible and the flag beyond existing boundaries?

The idiosyncrasy of the century which we are leaving behind us was liberty. The idiosyncrasy of the century before us will be markets. The twentieth century will be given over to a great commercial battle between nations, and the law of the universe will read the survival of the fittest.

Henry Watterson

* * *

Same as other possessions

Yes

They can be treated as anything.

Have no photograph

Paul Dana

Paul Dana, editor of the New York Sun, and son of the late Charles A. Dana, answers the questions in his own characteristic way.

* * *

"MORNING OREGONIAN," PORTLAND, ORE.

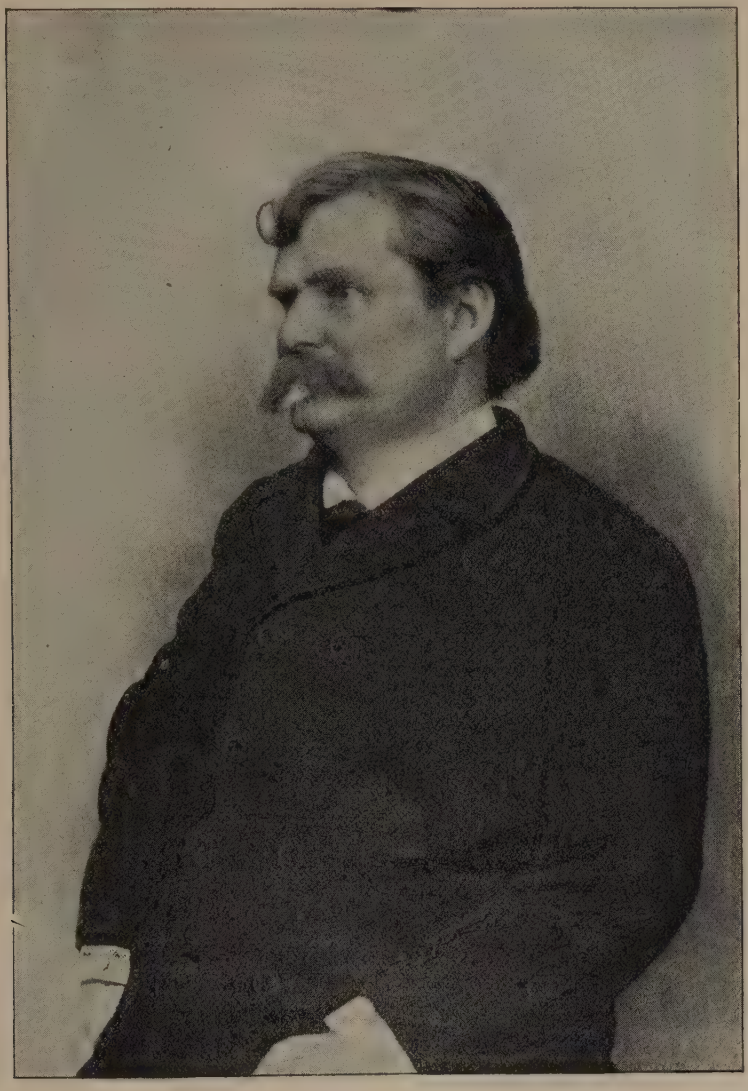
To Editor, "The National Magazine":

It will depend on our wisdom in dealing with the Philippine Islands, whether we are to be justified in holding them or not; whether we call the islands, recently acquired, colonies, possessions, provinces or dependencies, is matter of little importance. If we pursue a policy that will establish a mutuality of interests between them

and the United States, the connection will be advantageous both to them and to ourselves. But we must abstain from everything that would have even the appearance of oppression. The basis of good understanding must be freedom of commercial intercourse and careful administration of justice; so that the islanders may have, without question, the fruits of their own labor. There should be no obstacles to evade between them and the United States.

Government should be organized in the islands with as near approach as possible to our familiar territorial system. Some changes, in detail, from the methods to which we have been accustomed in the organization and government of territories at home will be necessary to meet special condi-

HENRY WATTERSON



tions in the Philippine Islands; but the general system and its principles should be the same.

As rapidly as possible the more intelligent and responsible classes of population should be invited to participate in local government and made responsible for it in their persons and property. It will be necessary to keep a military force in the islands, but military administration should be withdrawn as fast and as far as possible from public view.

The question whether our new dependencies are ever to become states is one which should give no concern now. The people of the United States will have full power over this subject in their own hands, and if they see fit, may hold the islands permanently under territorial government, subject to the supervision and control of congress—substantially in accord with our familiar territorial system.

Yet it must not be forgotten that any people joined with the United States will naturally feel that the flag ought to stand in their land for the same rights of person and property, of industry and commerce, that it stands for in the land whence it came. Liberty, the world over, and in all ages, has been held to consist chiefly in the rightful enjoyment by a people of the fruits of their own labor. Seldom are a people moved to rebellion by abstract maxims or theoretical dissertations on the rights of man. But let men see that taxation, imposed by a force beyond their control, is unequal, arbitrary, unusual and unfair, and you find at once an awakening spirit of resistance, a quick accumulation of the materials of discontent and revolution. Under these conditions, should we be so unwise as to adopt them, it will take armies to hold these dependencies down.

H. W. Scott

"COMMERCIAL APPEAL," MEMPHIS, TENN.

To Editor, "The National Magazine":

Replying to your communication of recent date, I beg leave to say that I am in favor of holding every inch of ground that now belongs to us in the Pacific ocean.

Insular possessions, as such, are not desirable. Insular possessions such as we have in the Philippines and Antilles are indispensable. The one commands the gulf. The others, with Guam, Hawaii and Wake Island, will command the Pacific, furnish cable stations and stopping places for our argosies going to and coming from the commercial battle-field of the future—the Orient. We should own the Bermudas and other islands for their strategic value in case of war. Islands are cheaper than battleships. We should have redoubts and not, as heretofore, be compelled to begin fighting where other nations end—at the gates of the citadel.

The Philippines command eight hundred miles of the Asiatic coast and insure us access to the markets of 800,000,000 consumers. I have no faith in paper contracts between nations about "open door" policies. We must be prepared to enforce and defend our rights.

Insular possessions can be governed, under the Constitution, as territories, giving the natives all the liberty consistent with their welfare and with our own paramountcy. Common sense must dictate and meet such exigencies as may arise. Any man whom the American people will elect to the presidency will, with the aid of his cabinet and congress, protect American interests while doing justice to our new possessions. I have faith in my country, and there is no doubt as to the ultimate just settlement of the question.

M. W. Connolly

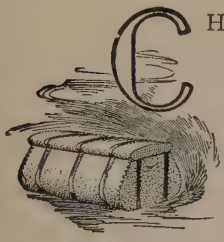
A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Francis Lynde

VI.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO V. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans. He eats a farewell supper with a newspaper friend who is about to depart on a journey, and who presses him to accept a loan. Griswold refuses the loan and says that he may end by becoming a robber but will not begin on his friends. Two days later New Orleans is startled by a bold bank robbery. Griswold, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julia"—an up-river steamer. Miss Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat and is recognized by Griswold.



CHARLOTTE FARNHAM'S friends were wont to say of her that she was as sensible as she was beautiful. She was, as Griswold had guessed, of New England lineage. Her parents had migrated for the health of the wife, but the migration had been postponed too long. The mother died in the early Minnesota days, but the daughter lived to grow up unspoiled and beautiful.

She had been spending the winter at Pass Christian with her aunt, who was an invalid; and for the invalid's sake the return passage was taken on the "Belle Julie." On the morning of the second day out, when the New Orleans papers came aboard, the two of them were sitting in the shade of the hurricane deck aft. Charlotte bought a paper and read the account of the bank robbery with a little gasp of belated horror.

"What is it, Charlotte?" asked the invalid.

Charlotte read the reporter's story.

"Dear me! How shockingly bold!" commented Miss Gilman.

Copyright, 1900, by Francis Lynde

"Yes; but that wasn't what made me gasp. The paper says: 'A young lady was at the teller's window'—Aunt Fanny, I was the 'young lady.'"

"You? horrors!" ejaculated the invalid.

"It's true. And I had no more idea—why, it seems incredible."

"I should think it would."

"There wasn't anything about it to suggest a robbery," Charlotte went on. The man was smiling; and he had a good face—a face that one would trust almost intuitively."

"Charlotte!" exclaimed her aunt. "I do hope they can't trace you by your father's draft."

"What if they could?"

"Don't you see! You'd be dragged into court to identify the robber. And that would be simply dreadful."

"I shouldn't wait to be dragged. It would be a simple duty to go willingly. More than that, I think I ought to write to Mr. Galbraith and give him my name and address."

But at this the invalid protested with what authority there was in her, and Charlotte agreed finally to wait until the matter of duty had been submitted to her father.

Here the subject was dropped, and Charlotte went to her stateroom to get a book for herself and a magazine for the invalid. It was a flul hour later, and Miss Gilman was deep in the last instalment of the magazine serial, when Charlotte gave up the struggle with the book. Do what she could, the scene in the bank would

thrust itself between; and at length she let the thought have its will of her.

From where she was sitting she could see the steamer's yawl swinging from its tackle on the stern-staff. In the midst of the reminiscent thought, she saw that the ropes were working loose; that the yawl would presently fall. When she rose to go and tell some one, a man came aft to make the tackle fast, and she stepped aside to let him pass.

It was Griswold. She saw his face as he passed, and there was something strangely familiar in it. When he had fastened the rope and was returning, she had a fair look at him and for an instant was fain to grip the back of her chair to keep from crying out. For in that instant she recognized him.

Now, this young woman was wise beyond her years, and she knew what she had to do. None the less she was a true woman, with a heart full of tenderness and pity. So it is not wonderful that for a moment conscience turned traitor, and was dumb. But it was only for a moment. The simple and obvious thing to do was to go at once and tell the captain what she had discovered; and she was deterred from so doing only by the reflection that a less terrible alternative would be the sending of a letter to the Nev Orleans bank people.

This she determined upon, telling her aunt nothing of her discovery, but merely saying that upon second thought she felt that the must write to Mr. Galbraith at once. Miss Gilman withdrew her objections reluctantly.

"If you must, Charlotte. But it seems like a very dreadful thing for you to have to do."

"It *is* very dreadful," said Charlotte, with a sob in her voice. Nevertheless, she went away quickly to write the letter which should set the machinery of the law in motion.

VII.

In yielding to the impulse of the moment which prompted him to borrow the identity of John Gavitt, Griswold was not without some forecastings of the event. He knew that the river steamers were manned by pick-up crews assembled at the last moment, and reasoned that the officers of the "Belle Julie" would not yet have had time to individualize the members of the crew.

But apart from this he was not unwilling to add another chapter to his experience among the toilers; and as to this he immediately found himself in a fair way to acquire the coveted meed of it. From the hour of his enlistment it was heaped upon him unstintingly. Without having specialized himself in any way to the bullying chief mate, he fancied he was made to bear the brunt of the man's wrath. Curses, tongue-lashings without mercy; contumely and abuse; with now and then at the night landings when no passengers were looking on, blows.

All these buffetings, or at least his share of them, Griswold endured as became a man who had voluntarily put himself in the way of such things. And fortunately, he was not hopelessly unequal to the physical trial. Physically, as intellectually, the material in him was of the fine-grained sort in which quality counts for more than quantity. None the less, the first night with its uncounted plantation landings, tried him sorely, and he was thankful when the second day brought fewer stopping places and more time for rest.

It was in one of the restful intervals that he had been sent aft to readjust the tackle of the suspended yawl. He

had come upon Miss Farnham and her aunt unexpectedly, and so was off his guard; and he made sure the young woman had recognized him. If so, what would she do? He recalled his written summary of her character, and decided that she would be sexless and just before she would be womanly and merciful. At least he hoped she would. Ideals are much too precious to be shattered by mere considerations of personal safety.

But while he theorized upon the probabilities, he was fully alive to the necessity for prompt action. If Miss Farnham had discovered him she would doubtless lose no time in giving the alarm. She might even now be in conference with the captain, he thought.

At this he had his first shock of genuine terror. Up to that moment he had suffered none of the pains of the hunted fugitive; but now he knew that he had fairly entered the gates of the outlaw's inferno; that he should never again know what it was to be wholly free from the terror of the arrow that flieth by day.

The force of the Scriptural simile came to him with startling emphasis, bringing on a return of the prickling paralysis of fear; but he shook it off and ran aft to rummage under the cargo for his precious bundle. For the whistle was sounding for a landing, and it was high time that he was afoot and fleeing. But when his hand reached the place where the bundle should have been, the blood surged to his brain and set up a clamorous dinning in his ears. The niche under the coffee sacks was empty.

VIII.

While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problem of escape, Charlotte was sitting behind the locked door of her stateroom, trying to write her letter.

She knew it would be hard, but it proved much harder than she had feared it would be. Try as she might, she could not eliminate the factor of personality. Truly, this man was no more to her than any stranger in the passing show, an impersonal unit of a class with which society is at war; and yet at the end of every effort the point of view shifted, and in the whole world there were but two persons: a man who had sinned, and a woman who was about to make him pay the penalty.

Nevertheless, conscience was not to denied; and after many futile beginnings the fateful letter got itself written, and she went out to mail it at the office. As it happened, the "Belle Julie" was slowing for a landing, and the office was closed. And since she would by no means entrust the letter to the outside mail-box, she waited till the clerk should return.

The doors giving upon the saloon deck forward were open and she stepped out. The crew was grouped about the uptilted landing-stage, and he was there—this man for whose future she was about to become answerable. One glimpse of his face, haggard and woe-begone beyond any imaginings of hers, slew her resolve on the eve of its accomplishment, and she turned and ran back to the stateroom, saying over and over to herself as she fled; "Oh, I can't! I can't!—and yet I must!"

It was noon before she opened her door again at the luncheon call and went aft to bring her aunt to the table. What she had endured in the interval, none might know; not even the sympathetic invalid who more than once looked askance at the troubled eyes with their downcast lids.

At their end of the table the talk

rippled about the bank robbery; and when Captain Mayfield mentioned the fact of the ten thousand dollar reward which had been offered, Charlotte was moved to say:

"That seems dreadfully barbarous—to set a price on the head of a human being."

A gentleman across the table took it up.

"But, Miss Farnham, would you have us turn thief-catchers for the mere honor of it?"

"For the love of justice, or not at all," she rejoined.

The gentleman demurred and went into details to prove his position; and the details only served to affront Charlotte's sense of the fitness of things.

"Do you mean to say that you would accept the reward, Mr. Latrobe?" she asked.

"Certainly I should; any one would."

She knew the frank admission stood for public opinion, and went dumb. She might call the reward blood-money and refuse to touch it, but only those of her own circle would know and believe the truth. And the wretched man himself would always believe that she had sold him for a price.

That evening after dinner she sought the captain to ask a question.

"Do you know the law in Louisiana, Captain Mayfield. This man who robbed the bank: what would his penalty be?"

"I don't know, precisely. Twenty years in the chain-gang, I should say."

The "Belle Julie" was pausing at a small hamlet on the west bank of the river, and the captain pointed to a squad of prisoners in chains repairing a breach in the levee.

"That's where he'll land when they catch him," he added. "He'll have to be pretty tough to outlive his sentence."

And Charlotte turned away with a sob at the catching of her breath.

IX.

In any conflict between duty and inclination it is only the final step which is irrevocable; and in Charlotte's case this step was the mailing of her letter. All through the long afternoon she had tried vainly to screw her courage to the sticking point, and had failed. But when she went to bed with the thought that she would surely do it in the morning, she had overlooked the fact that an outraged conscience fights best in the night watches.

That was why she had to get up at midnight and dress, and go out to have the dreadful thing over with before ever sleep would come, if haply it might come then.

But once again fate intervened. While she was hurriedly dressing the whistle sounded for a landing; and when she reached the office it was again closed. As before, she stepped out on the saloon deck to wait. The great electric searchlight just over her head made the landing as light as day, and when she reached the rail the landing-stage was just coming aboard for the departure.

Two men whose duty it was to cast off ran out on the tilting platform and dropped to the ground. One of them fell clumsily; but the other ran up the bank and loosened the mooring line. The steamer began to swing off, and the man ran back to his companion, who seemed to be unable to rise.

"Get a move on youse!" bellowed the mate.

Then Charlotte saw that the fallen man was disabled in some way, and that the other was trying to lift him. The mate swore out of a full heart.

"Come aboard, or I'll skin ye alive, ye skulkin'—"

Charlotte put her fingers in her ears to shut out the clamor of profanity; but the man on the bank was deaf to

it. Running to the mooring-post he took a turn of the line around it and snubbed the steamer's bow back to the bank. Then, casting off, he darted back to the disabled one, lifted him bodily to the guard, and climbed aboard himself.

Charlotte held her breath while it was doing, and was near crying out in sheer enthusiasm when it was done. Then she saw the face of the chief actor in the red furnace glow: it was the face of the man she was constrained to denounce.

She turned away at the sight, but the harsh voice of the mate called her back. There was trouble afoot for the rescuer, who was facing the mate and trying to explain.

It was all over in a moment. Charlotte saw the mate try to spurn the disabled negro, and saw the white man step between. Then the mate's right arm shot out in a mighty blow at the peacemaker, who was standing just within the low guard with his back to the river.

She looked to see him hurled to his death in the brown flood; and what she did see was scarcely less horrifying. The fugitive had stepped aside, and the mate, carried off his feet by the impetus of his own blow, stumbled on the low rail and dropped into the river.

Charlotte saw instantly what would happen. If the mate were not drowned outright, the devouring paddle-wheel would swiftly overtake him and batter the life out of him. But what did happen was more astounding. Like a flash the man whom the mate would have sent to the death which was to be his own, darted aft, sprang overboard fairly upon the shoulders of the struggling bully, carrying him deep under water just as the roaring wheel was about to engulf him.

All this Charlotte saw; and the rescue of both a few minutes later; the mate insensible, and the other in the throes of exhaustion; and when it was over she was fain to go back to her room with the letter to Mr. Galbraith still in her bosom. For heroism is a law unto itself, and were a man guilty of a thousand crimes the woman does not live who could give him up to justice on the heels of such a deed.

X.

When Charlotte had made sure of the pseudo-deck-hand's identity in the forenoon of the second day out, she had thought the assurance unassailable, and had conducted herself accordingly. But when she awoke late on the morning following the brave rescue of the mate, assurance had departed.

With the admission of the smallest doubt, she could by no means go on with her plan of betrayal until the doubt was removed; and not knowing what else to do, she went to the captain to find out if possible all he knew about the mate's rescuer.

The interview was most unsatisfactory. She led up to the subject by telling the captain the story of the rescue, and so was privileged to ask a few questions about the rescuer. Did the captain know him? And above all did the captain know the day and hour when the man had joined the crew?

Captain Mayfield knew no more than that the man's name was John Gavitt, and that he had joined sometime during the day of departure from New Orleans. He was a sick tramp, working his way home to some small river town in Iowa.

So the doubt remained unsolved, after all, and her hands were tied unless it could be removed. She could think of no other expedient, save an interview with the man himself, and this she knew was impossible—in its

bringing about, and in any definite result that could accrue. For if she could bring herself to question him, surely he would lie in his own behalf.

And yet it was the impossible thing that happened. For that evening just at dusk while she was standing on the guard upon which her stateroom window opened, she heard a step on the stair leading down from the deck above. A man descended slowly, and when he came near enough she recognized him. She let him go until her opportunity was all but lost; then, plucking courage out of the heart of desperation, she recalled him.

"One moment, if you please; I—I want to speak to you," she faltered; and he turned obediently and stood before her.

Followed a pause, surcharged with the electricity of things ominous. He was generous enough to come to her rescue.

"You have something to say to me?"

"Yes; I want to ask you at what time you joined the crew of the 'Belle Julie.'"

The question did not surprise him, nor did he attempt to evade it, though he knew to what it would lead.

"Between twelve and one o'clock the day before yesterday."

"Will you tell me where you were at eleven o'clock that day?"

"Yes, if you ask me."

"I do ask you."

"I was in a certain public building in New Orleans, as near to you as I am now. Is that sufficiently definite?"

"It is. I thought—I had hoped—oh, why did you do it?" she burst out.

"It was the old story of one man's plenty and another's need."

"But surely—"

"I know what you would say. I was willing to work; I was not willing to beg. I know it was all wrong from your point of view, but I should be sorry to think that I did what I believed to be wrong."

"Surely you must know it is wrong."

"No, I don't. If I did you would be relieved of what I conceive to be a painful duty. I should surrender myself at once."

"Then you are not sorry? I saw you yesterday afternoon, and hoped you were."

"I was sorry then—and am now; for the very good reason that I have lost the money."

"Lost it?" she gasped.

"Yes." And he told her about the hiding of the treasure and its disappearance.

"Oh, dear!" she said; "that makes it all the harder."

"For you to do what you must? You mustn't think of that. I shouldn't have made restitution in any event."

"Then you know what I must do?"

"Assuredly. I knew it yesterday. It was merciful in you to reprieve me even for a few hours, but it was wrong."

"Wrong!" she burst out. "Is it generous to say that? Are you so indifferent that you think every one else is indifferent?"

"I know you are not indifferent—you couldn't be. But you must be true to yourself. Will you go to the captain now?"

"I thought of doing that at first," she began. "It seemed to be what I ought to do. But when I saw what would happen; that I should be obliged—"

"I understand. We must guard against that. You must not be dragged into it. But since you can't go to the captain, what will you do?"

"I—I wrote a letter to Mr. Galbraith."

"And you have not yet sent it?"

"No; otherwise I shouldn't have spoken to you."

"To be sure. But now you must re-write it, without signing it, and send it. I suppose you have described me so the officers will have no difficulty?"

"Ye—s; that is, I tried to. But why must n't I sign it? They will pay no attention to an anonymous letter; and, besides, it seems so—so cowardly."

"They will telegraph to every river town within an hour after it reaches New Orleans; you needn't doubt that. And as for its being cowardly, it is nothing of the kind. It is your duty to point me out; and when that is done your responsibility ceases. There are plenty of people who can identify me if I am taken to New Orleans."

"It is very dreadful," she murmured; "only you don't seem to realize it at all."

"Don't I? You must remember that I have been arguing from your point of view. I shall escape if I can do it without taking advantage of your candor."

By this time her fear of him had so far departed that she asked him what he would do.

"I sha'n't try to run away. So far you have bound me by your frankness. When the officers appear, my parole will be at an end. Is that fair?"

"It is more than fair. I can't understand."

"Can't understand what?"

"How you can do this—how you could do what you did last night, and yet—"

He finished the sentence for her.

—"And yet be a robber of banks. I suppose it is a bit puzzling—from your point of view. But there are many things indivisible by any rule of two. May I go now?"

She suffered him, and when he was gone she went to her room to re-write her letter. She finished it hurriedly and gave it to the night clerk; and straightway knew that her peace of mind was wrecked for the remainder of the voyage.

Such, indeed, was the fact: After time enough had elapsed to admit of the letter reaching New Orleans, she became a coward of landings, fearing lest she should see him taken.

Nor was Griswold without his nerve-wrenchings, though, as the voyage grew older he began to take heart of grace. In the ordinary course of things Miss Farnham's letter should have reached New Orleans in time to have procured his arrest at Greenville; but when the Mississippi town was passed, and many others farther on, he began to fear that she had recanted, and to bewail his broken ideal.

He had no means of knowing that her letter had lain on the clerk's desk until Cairo was reached, but such was the pregnant fact, and to this oversight Griswold owed his first sight of the St. Louis landing.

It was at the landing, at the very end of the long period of suspense, that Charlotte saw the final act in the drama.

The swing stage was poised in air, and two men dropped from its outward end and dragged the mooring line to a ring in the levee pavement. And then, while she looked, there was a scuffle of four; a darting away of one of the "Julie's" men with a small bundle, and one of the attackers in hot pursuit; followed immediately by the surrender of the other. The great eye of the searchlight over her head swung slowly shoreward, and she saw the prisoner's face; and the glint of metal when the officer handcuffed him.

Whereupon her eyes filled and she saw no more. For, when all was said, it was she and no other who had clasped the manacles upon the wrists of the man who was on his way to punishment.

(To be continued)

UNCENSORED NEWS FROM THE TRANSVAAL

By William M. Emery

A LETTER has recently been received from an Irish lad, a soldier in General Methuen's army at Modder river, which not only presents a graphic account of the terrible reverse sustained by the English when they attempted to cross that river last December, but contains more startling truths regarding the campaign in South Africa than have been permitted to come through the censored press reports. The soldier in question is a veteran of three wars, and hence may be regarded as qualified to speak with judgment concerning his experiences. "I was at Abyssinia," he writes, "along the Nile and with Gordon in the Soudan, but I now realize that I never knew what warfare was until I reached the Modder river. If God spares me through this, I will have no more of army life."

The letter was written to the soldier's mother in Ireland, and by her forwarded to his sister in this country. Owing to a fear that ill will befall him in some mysterious way if his identity is made known, the sister refuses to disclose the name of the writer, and it was only with difficulty that an abstract of the contents of the long epistle could be obtained. The genuineness of the letter is vouched for by a parish priest, who had it in his possession for a number of days, and also by a police captain who was permitted to read it. It details a shocking story of the wholesale slaughter of British troops at the hands of the Boers, emphasizing the claim of General Methuen himself that the defeat at Modder river was the "bloodiest battle of the century."

A vivid picture of the discomforts of war is presented by the soldier in the opening lines of the letter. "I have not dated this," he says, "because we do not know day or date. I only know that it is not yet Christmas, and all the time we are sure of is day and night." He goes on to state that the materials with which the letter was penned were stolen, and that he carried the ink some distance in his mouth.

* * *

"It was expected that the crossing of the Modder river would be an easy task for 14,000 men under General Methuen. As we moved forward the Scotch brigade had the right of line, the Highlanders singing lustily 'One Wide River to Cross'; but we never crossed it. The only crossing done was when bodies fell across one another on the ground. It did seem easy enough, for the forward movement met with no interference for some time. No Boers showed up and the entrenchments and mountain batteries which the army expected to charge and take could not be seen. Suddenly, a troop of Boer cavalry appeared on the hills. It seemed that the riders led a much larger body, and that a cavalry charge upon the ranks was about to be made. Officers and men did not fear it and they promptly formed into squares to repel it."

The writer stated that there were fully 5000 men in this formation, for which the English army is noted, and it would have taken a fierce attack to break it up. But it was here that the Boers displayed their first bit of trickery. When the squares were complete

and ready to receive the attack the horsemen wheeled and galloped into the hills. Before the English officers could divine their intentions the Boers opened fire upon them from the mountain batteries, hurling solid shot and shell into the masses of men below them. The big guns were joined by the infantrymen, who sent in a withering fire.

"Our men were slaughtered like pigs in a pen," he wrote, "and in a short time our formation was broken and we were running for shelter." Some distance back they rallied and reformed and this time advanced with their whole force. The Boers had not wasted their fire, for when the English were beyond easy range their guns were quiet. This time Methuen sent up some artillery to aid the charge, and success was anticipated. "But here we were fooled again, and our big guns reminded me of a big dog trying to bark with a close muzzle," he writes. "The shells never reached the entrenchments and when they did get within range they were soon silenced by the Boer guns, which were fired with great accuracy. We could do nothing at all. In my experience of twenty years I never saw poorer work with rifles. Our firing was slow and ineffective, and there was no volley firing. The Boers had deadly aim and our officers were picked off whenever they showed themselves."

He went on to tell how majors, captains and other officers took off their side arms and gave them to privates or threw them away. All distinguishing marks were thrown aside, for the Boers wanted to drop the officers. The privates who took the side arms went down quickly, and as a last resort the officers sought shelter behind the line.

"It was an awful thing. Men were cursing, while some close to them were praying. Never have I seen the sign of the cross made so many times.

"Once the men were ordered to drop to their hands and faces and for hours they were prone upon the ground. They reformed for another attack but they soon dropped again. The officers ordered them up but they refused to obey. It was sure death to the man who raised his head. In their awful predicament the men cursed the officers, but the latter begged them o desist. It was not their fault, they said; they got their orders from headquarters and had to execute them, no matter what they thought of them."

* * *

Methuen had gone to the rear. He had been wounded in the thigh, "would to God the ball had entered his heart." Word came from his quarters for the men: "For the sake of their God, their country and their queen to hold their places until night, when they might retire in order and with honor." They tried to stay, but it was useless and at last they went back two miles in disorder. Their dead and dying were left behind and as they struggled along assisting any of the men that could get to their feet at all, they heard those who were upon the ground to be left to their fate cursing with dying breath.

When beyond the range once more the lines were drawn up and the men returned, tired and disheartened, to the camps that they left the night before. When they were lined up for muster it was found that the ranks had been depleted to the extent of 4,000 men. "This is information the war office will never give out. We were 4,000 men short and not many of them were taken prisoners. The men began to look for relatives or old comrades and 'who's gone down?' was the question along the line. I searched for Brother ——— and found that he had been wounded six times, but all were slight and he was one of the suf-

ferers fortunate enough to get to a field hospital."

When they went into battle each man had one quart of water and through the awful ordeal that followed that was as a drop to them. The horses suffered severely too, for like the men they had neither food nor drink, and at the end of eighteen hours they stampeded. It was impossible to hold them and they ran by the hundreds to the river, to splash about in the water and drink. The men considered they had been led into a trap, and they were neither slow nor quiet in expressing their opinions of the leaders who had thus been duped. The loudest in expressing their disgust were the Highlanders. They were sent where the fighting was worst, and were exposed at all times, and their loss was terrible. They regarded it as nothing short of murder to force men ahead as had been done to them, and they said so in plain terms.

The letter said that the writer had started out as an infantryman. He came back with the mounted infantry and could not tell where his own regiment was or how it had suffered. He saw members of it going down on all sides of him during the fighting, and in the disorderly rush for shelter that followed he got mixed up with another party. This happened frequently, and when they entered their camp the regiments were very much mixed up.

In closing the writer said that it had been a crushing defeat, attended by fighting that in a few hours was worse than all he had seen in three wars, and in some of them he got what he believed had been hard service. It was as barracks duty compared to what he got from the Boers.

The official report gave the casualties at the attempt to cross the Modder as 963. The claim in the letter of of losses of 4000 men would tend to confirm the belief held in England, and indeed, in every part of the world where interest is taken in the South African war, that the truth regarding the British reverses has been held back. Were it not for these uncensored letters smuggled through the lines, "the half were never told."

TO AN ARTIST

Paint me a gray day. Make the canvas wide;
A great gray waste of sky, and earth, and sea.
The time at twilight, with an ebbing tide;
A gray house showing through a bare-limbed tree.
A man and woman pacing to and fro
The long, drear stretch of beach; their faces sad
As if in parting. In the undertow
The upturned face of a dead sailor lad.

Then in one corner paint a day in June
At noonday, tinted with a sunlight and rose.
Paint Joy a-dancing to a merry tune.
Lift up a curtain and within disclose
A man and woman in a garden fair,
A-stroll in Paradise. Tint like the bow
God hangs suspended in the upper air
When sun doth chase the rain—Storm's after glow.

—Claire K. Alden

HOW MALLOY HELD HIS JOB

AN INCIDENT IN A NIGHT OPERATOR'S LIFE

By Charles W. Reamer

OVER the wires the Morse characters speed through sleeping cities and quiet valleys, and over the tops of rugged mountains, accurately depicting, in the dreamy way in which they drop off the instruments, the "tired feeling" of the man who started them on their journey. Below, in sinuous curves, stretch miles and miles of gleaming track, dotted here and there by signal stations or towers, whose signals, like a great red eye, peer far out into the night. Here and there, along the line, a freight-train grinds and creaks and groans under its heavy burden, creeping at last, cowed but sullen, into the shelter of a convenient siding; while past it, proud, defiant and stately, glides the fast express like some swiftly-moving phantom of the night.

In the tower at Milton the instruments were clicking incessantly, just as they do through the weeks and months and years that constitute a railroad's life. The night had reached that stage where nature makes her hardest fight against duty—and sometimes wins. The single lamp that hung over the table formed the Mecca for countless insects who came nightly to worship at its shrine and incidentally to crawl about over the spotless surface of the new train-sheet after indulging in the luxury of an ink bath. Outside, not a breath of air was stirring; but far in the west an occasional flash of lightning played fitfully around the edge of a dark bank of clouds, betokening a coming storm.

On the mind of Tom Malloy, however, who was the night operator at Milton, neither the chattering sounders, the irrepressible bugs, nor the approaching storm, on this particular night, made any perceptible impression. Other matters were just then usurping his attention. With his feet on the table before him, and his eyes closed, he was dreamily reviewing the incidents leading up to the present crisis in his affairs, and wondering what the outcome would be. For two years he had kept nightly vigil in the tower at Milton. This responsible position he had assumed at an age when most boys are dabbling in quadratics and Caesar, filling it to the satisfaction of everybody. A few nights before, however, he had been guilty of an inadvertence which, in the opinion of the superintendent, placed him beyond the vale of pardon, and called forth from that official the severest censure.

"It's the most unmitigated case of ignorance and incompetence I ever saw," the superintendent had said to Tom in the course of his tirade. "I had no idea that I had in my service a man who would display so little judgment and such profound ignorance of the rules of the company. I shall have to remove you from the service at the end of the month."

The cutting words of the superintendent were still rankling in Malloy's

mind when the block wire began ticking off his call. Mechanically he picked up a pen, dipped it in the ink, now well filled with bugs, and answered.

"East, Extra Eng. 372 at 3.08, H. M.," came the report from Hampton, the next tower west.

Malloy jotted down the report on his train sheet. Then he stepped across to the window opening into the yardmaster's office.

"Ho, Dick!" he cried.

The yardmaster jumped quickly off his chair, where he had been dozing, and rubbed his eyes.

"What's up, Tom?" he asked.

"Beef train's on the block," replied Malloy.

Snatching up his lantern, the yardmaster ran down the steps, two at a time, and rapidly made his way across the tracks to the ice-house. There he aroused the men whose duty it was to supply the big refrigerator cars with ice. There followed a hasty scramble for shovels and "stompers." Tons of ice, broken into small chunks, were packed along the platform which extended along the entire length of the building at a height somewhat higher than the roofs of the refrigerators. At intervals along this platform the icers stationed themselves, ready to fill the vaults of the refrigerators with ice when the cars should be backed in on the siding.

In a few minutes the train of refrigerators drifted around the curve and came to a stop in front of the telegraph office. The engine was quickly uncoupled from the train and taken to the wharf for the usual supply of coal and water. A shifter took charge of the cars and backed them in on the siding, where the work of icing was at once begun.

Meanwhile, in the office the instruments kept up their incessant ticking, while an occasional vicious snap, which momentarily interrupted the flow of the current, presaged the coming storm. Malloy filled his pipe and pulled away at it lustily. In the rings of white smoke that curled lazily above his head he again saw the irate superintendent, and heard his scathing rebuke. Then he smoked more violently to drown the picture, but a piratical breeze stole in at the open window and carried the smoke away in whirling clouds. A wierd, distorted streak of fire spanned for an instant the space between zenith and horizon. Something in the switch-board snapped like the crack of a revolver and Malloy jumped from his chair. The odor of burning rubber filled the room. A little smoke came from the table. Malloy touched one of the sounders with his fingers. It was hot, and the spools were soft and spongy. Malloy went to the board and examined the connections carefully. One of the lightning arresters had burned out, and he replaced it with another. He was not frightened. For him the scene had no novelty. So while livid balls of fire flashed before his eyes he smoked on stolidly.

Malloy was sitting so when the conductor of the "Extra" rushed into the office.

"How's the Limited, Tom?" was his greeting. "Going to rain pitchforks in about two minutes."

"No time on her," replied Malloy. "She must be about on the dot."

"Say, ask 'B' if he can do anything for us. We'd like to go to Baden ahead of her. We're about done icing."

Malloy turned to the train wire and opened the key.

"Eng. 372 ready to go," he ticked off to the despatcher in "B". "Can you give them any time on No. 2?"

The wire opened for a moment,

then the despatcher said, "Copy 3." Malloy knew the meaning of that and reached for his order book.

"*Order No 7.*

"*To C. & E. Eng. 372, M.—No. 2 will run 40 mins late to Reedville. 31.*

"*W. H. M.*"

Tom repeated the order back and received "OK" from the despatcher. Then he turned to the conductor, who was looking over his shoulder.

"This ought to help you out," he said. "You may sign for the engineer."

The conductor glanced over the order hastily, then signed his own aud the engineer's name to it to signify that the contents were understood. These signatures Malloy transmitted to the despatcher, who returned "Complete," and the order was ready for delivery.

Malloy tore two of the three copies from the book and gave them to the conductor, who shoved them into his pocket, picked up his lantern, and hurried out and down the steps. Reaching the platform, he signalled to the engineer, and the big engine was backed in on the siding and coupled on to the train. Malloy pulled the signal to white. The engineer pulled open the throttle and gave two sharp blasts of the whistle, and the heavy train of refrigerators moved slowly out onto the main track.

* * *

The storm, which had been threatening, now burst violently. The rain came in blinding sheets. In the telegraph office the electric fluid cut up some queer capers, cavorting about the table and switchboard in great glee. Malloy, however, remained stolid and unaffected, and when Hampton called on the block wire he opened the key and rattled on it with his foot. The news that came to him over the wire made him catch his breath sharply and brought his feet to the floor with a bang.

"East, 1st No. 2 o. t. (on time) HM."

For the fraction of a minute Malloy was stunned. Then his mind rebounded and he grasped the situation. The engine and a dozen cars of the extra were already out on the main track. No. 2, instead of being 40 minutes late, had passed Hampton, three miles West, on time, and was tearing through the night at the rate of 50 miles an hour. The flagman of the extra was on the cabin, unconscious of the Limited's approach, and the Limited had no warning that the freight was usurping her right of way. When each discovered the other, it would be too late to avert a collision and the worst kind of a collision at that.

The mind of man is an enigma. Why did the scathing words of the superintendent flash through Malloy's mind in that moment of danger, and grate upon his senses? Tom did not know, nor did he then stop to think. What he did was to shut his teeth together with a snap, grab up a lantern and jump through the open window onto the little balcony outside. There he shouted at the top of his voice and swung his lantern frantically, but the storm and the noise of the grinding cars together, drowned his cries, and no one saw the lantern waving back and forward in the rain. Around the curve a few hundred yards to the west the green lights of the caboose were just appearing. Malloy hoped that the flagman, knowing that his train was running on the Limited's time, had gone back to flag the express; but he knew that a copy of the order had been sent back to the rear end, and the flagman, if he had received it, would be riding on his cabin. The long, hoarse whistle of a passenger locomotive half a mile to the west put

an end to Malloy's hopes. He saw a white and a red light drop from the caboose, and go flying up the track as if the fiend was after them. But it was too late, and he knew it. Dropping his lantern, he grasped the edge of the balcony and lowered his body over the side. There for a second he hung suspended, his long legs dangling helplessly in the air. Then he let go and dropped heavily on the platform below. He sprawled his full length on the hard planks, but was up in an instant and running with all the speed he could muster. At the same instant a number of quick, sharp, nerve-racking blasts told him that the Limited was face to face with the danger. While a brilliant, lingering flash of lightning illumined the scene, the ice men, who came tumbling out onto the platform of the ice house, saw the runner stumble and fall on his face and go sliding along the platform, almost under the pilot of the Limited. Then they closed their eyes and waited. But the boy had won. At the moment when the red lights on the rear end of the caboose and the headlight of the locomotive seemed to merge, his hand touched the lever of a switch and, raising himself on one knee, he threw it over. As he did so, the cylinder head of the locomotive caught him on the shoulder, sending him rolling over and over, while an engineer with bounding pulse and set face, felt his engine swerve to the side, saw the red lights of the cabin float harmlessly by, and then swore a great oath.

The heavy train of sleepers ran some distance down North track before it could be stopped. It was then backed slowly up to the tower. When a number of the trainmen of both the extra and the express came running pell mell into the office, they saw a young man with dripping clothes and a very white face rubbing his shoulder ruefully. They crowded about him excitedly. The freight conductor pulled a soiled and wrinkled piece of paper from his pocket and shook it in Tom's face.

"What's the matter here, anyway?" he said with an oath. "How about that order, young feller?"

"I don't know any more about the order than you do," said the boy, "but I'm going to find out pretty quick. Somebody's blundered, that's all, and it's not been me, this time."

Then he turned to the trainwire and called the dispatcher.

"Repeat order No. 7," he said.

The despatcher opened the wire. For several minutes he held it so, while the trainmen in the tower excitedly discussed the close shave of No. 2. Then he asked quietly:

"Are they together, Tom?"

"No, they're not together," said Tom.

* * * *

On the following day the matter was discussed in the private office of the superintendent. The despatcher had no excuse to offer.

"No. 2," he said, "was running in two sections last night; ordinarily there is but one. The first section was on time; the second nearly an hour late. The time I gave on No. 2, I meant to give on 2nd No. 2. I must have been in a trance."

Tom was present and told his story in a quiet, matter-of-fact way. When he recited the manner in which he had thrown the switch and crossed the Limited over onto North track and out of danger, the superintendent extended his hand for Tom's.

"Well, young man," he said, "I'll have to shake hands with you. And by the way, I guess I'll have to withdraw some remarks that I made to you the other day."

THE EASTER BEAUTIFUL: OR, THE STORY OF QUEEN JUANA

(Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mother of Charles V. of Germany, Roman Emperor, and Caesar, became demented by the loss of her husband, the Archduke Philip, and watched over his coffin from the window of her room in Granada for nearly fifty years. She said—"Who would not live in shadow when the sun of life has gone out of the heart?" Her one solace in life was music.)

I.

Juana, Isabella's daughter, whom the world called "Crazy Jane,"
Juana, sleeping 'mid the marbles of the hollow tombs of Spain.
Thin her white hands grew in praying, thin in playing holy lyres,
But her prayers for rapturous living were fulfilled in changed desires.

II.

Oh, those Christmas days of Flanders! O, the carols, songs and runes!
Oh, the rush of golden bridles! O, the sinuous trains of plumes!
Oh, the minstrels 'neath the arches, Minnewaters' astrals old!
Oh, the princes! O, the burghers, golden fleeced, with spurs of gold!
Never was there such a wedding, never Flanders was so gay,
All the halls of Lille in glory turned the night into the day.
And the bride, young Philip clasping, cried with her impassioned will,
"Would this hour might turn to ages, would the sun this day stood still,
Would that I might live forever, and enchantment ever last!"
"*Misericordia!*" said the padre, in the arches as he passed.
"*Misericordia, Misericordia!*" said the padre as he passed,
Moaning:
"*There are hearts, there are hearts that ache full sore,*
There are hearts that ache forevermore.
Lord, give us changed desires!"

III.

At that rune the princess started, clasped her lyre impearled and old,
Sat in silence, cloistral silence, by the quivering wires of gold.
Then a Nuncio said: "O Juana, sunshine falls in golden rain,
What is wanting to thy glory, Princess of the world of Spain?"
Said the bride: "Continuance only; that shall last life's festal hour,
And the sun throw down no farther yonder shadow of the tower!
Would that I might live forever, would this thrilling joy could last!"
"*Misericordia!*" said the padres 'neath the lattice as they passed.

IV.

Then the young bride rose and sobbing gazed o'er the illumined demesne
On the plain of snow that covered garlandries of berried green.
Came the lordly trumpets ringing, golden cymbals, peals of horns,
'Mid the frozen founts of prados, starting up the dappled fawns,
And the padre chanting, chanting, sighed in cloistered glooms again,
"Wait the prince and priest and people but the hollow tombs of Spain.
Misericordia! Misericordia!" and his eyes he downward cast.
And the white plumes of Asturias 'neath the ivid portals passed.
"Would this night might live forever," answered Juana as he passed.

V.

Old DeLeon once had served her, once had been her royal page,
He who sought the mystic fountain that an hour would make an age,

Came a page with gentle footsteps from an arch of golden glooms,
And he said to Juana weeping 'mid the shaded orange blooms,
"There's a fount of Youth Immortal!"—"Tell me more, my little page!"
"In the Isle of June, a fountain turns a moment to an age,"
Said the page, his dark eyes raising to the bride's tear lustred eyes,
And he added, "Still that fountain in sea gardens far must rise.
Bimini's embalming fountain that in vain DeLeon sought,
When his heart failed with the vision, and his glory turned to naught.
Let me join the conquistadors, and that stream immortal find.
I will bring it, you shall drink it, and youth *never* leave behind."
—"Go and seek the stream," said Juana, "in the Indies or the Ind,"
And the tears dropped from her eyelids as a look she downward cast.
"*Misericordia!*" said the padre 'neath the lattice as he passed,
Moaning:
"*There are hearts, there are hearts that ache full sore,*
There are hearts that ache forevermore.
Lord, give us changed desires!"

VI.

Moved the hand upon the dial, and upon a sacred morn,
Clasped she to her breast an infant, to earth's highest destinies born,
When to festal halls she brought him, full of rapture, said she still,
"Would my joy could last for ages, so I feel life's pulses thrill!"
And she cried, "O God of mercy, Virgin Mother, why must I
Die at heart, and outward wither; why must any mother die?"
Dreams of music sang the minstrels, wanderers from Province and Main,
Romaney lads from dark Basque forests, dancing girls from Aquitaine.
Then she touched her pearl lute lightly, gave an old rune winged words,
While the spirit of enchantment woke to life the mystic chords:
"Would this joy might last forever!" Sang the solemn priest again:
"Wait the bride and wait the mother but the hollow tombs of Spain.
Misericordia! Misericordia!" and his footsteps died away
'Mid the shades of melting myrtles in the dying dusks of day.

VII.

Juana, Juana, longing, crying, life's enchantments to detain,
Bliss of bride, and bliss of mother, and of golden realms of Spain.
Lo, her bridegroom of Asturia early on his bier was laid;
Juana bore through Spain his coffin in night's silences of shade,
And as oft her worn feet rested in the olive gardens fair
Rose her hopes to spheres more glorious o'er the mortuary air,
And she asked a faithful padre, as they stood beside the bier,
'Neath the beckoning stars of heaven, "*Who* would live forever here?"
Then she laid the prince beside her 'neath her chamber window low;
Fifty years at Santa Clara watched beside him in her woe,
Waiting for the life immortal, that the soul alone can know,
Praying:
"*There are hearts, there are hearts that ache full sore,*
There are hearts that ache forevermore.
Lord, give us changed desires!"

VIII.

As she sat there watching, withering, growing whiter, growing old,
As she sat there watching, withering, in her rooms of dusty gold,

"Page, O page, dash down the goblet; this is Easter beautiful,
All the world to me is Easter, all the heavens with joy are full."

Broke her dreams one day a footstep, timid as a fawn's, as rung
Santa Clara's Easter towers, and the even songs were sung.
And her door was slowly opened, as by fingers light as air,
And appeared a sea-stained vision, but the page's eye was there.
"Lady Queen, a thousand pardons! It is I, your wedding page,
I *have* found the fount immortal, in my far, long pilgrimage!
Drink this cup of life immortal; and the hour will be an age?"
And the Queen rose up in silence, stood with clasped hands and prayed—
"*Misericordia!*" said the padre in the convent's leafy shade.

IX.

"Page, have you not heard my sorrow, that my sun of life is gone?
That I sit in silent shadows—what to me is night or morn?"—
Lo, it was Easter evening and the beat of many feet
In the choral air rose gently from the lily scented street.
Lilies, lilies, men were bearing to the church, in choral air,
Children's arms were piled with lilies, there were lilies everywhere,
And the padres set in order shrine and arch for Easter light,
And the shadowy Queen there watched them 'mid the gathering webs of night.
"Page," she cried, "I see a vision, what is that the courtiers bear?"
And the courtiers brought a cradle through the church's haunted air.
"Page," she cried, "I see a vision, what is that the padres bear?"
Brought a cross the solemn fathers, and the astrals lighted there,
As the cross above the cradle silently the fathers set,
And upon it hung the lilies, chaplets green with tear drops wet.
"Page," she cried, "I see a vision, what is that the minstrels bear?"
Came a band of chanting minstrels, bore a crown in choral air,
Set the crown above the cradle, set the crown the cross above,
There it burned a crown of glory, like the ancient star of love
That had led the magi marching o'er the silent desert sands
To the camels' bells, and Juana hailed the star with lifted hands.
And again she cried, now rapturous, "Page, what do the angels bear?
For I hear their mystic music in the soul enchanted air!"
And the children on the cradle dropped the Easter lilies down
And the incense of the lilies rose before the cross and crown.
But she seemed to music listening from the bright spheres falling down,
And they lifted "HE IS RISEN," o'er the cradle, cross and crown.

X.

"Page, O page, dash down the goblet; this is Easter beautiful,
All the world to me is Easter, all the heavens with joy are full,
Christ is in his realms forever, in the worlds above, below,
And my soul is blessed, is living, and my foot is raised to go
To the regions of the blessed; lo, my Easter song shall rise,
And I'll touch my harp harmonious with the chorals of the skies!"
And she touched her harp with rapture, quivering with celestial chords,
And she gave the wires a language all too rapturous for words.
"Paradisi!" sang the padres, 'neath the lifted cross of old,
"Paradisi!" sang the padres listening 'neath the lattice old,
Ceased her harp and all the padres sang beneath the evening star.
"Paradisi! Paradisi! Paradisi Gloria! *There are hearts, there are hearts that ached full sore,*
Where joy shall last forevermore.
Lord, give us changed desires!"

Hezekiah Butterworth

THROUGH UNKNOWN REGIONS OF ALASKA*

By A. G. Kingsbury

The Story of a Five Months' Trip with Three Dogs and a Tent, North of the Arctic Circle, with Observations of the Customs of the Kowak Indians

DURING the winter of 1898-99, when my outfit was burned 100 miles north of the arctic circle and I started on that long trip over the divide separating the arctic slope from the Yukon valley, with three dogs, through a desolate and uninhabited wilderness, I felt that I was indeed out of the world, yet I was on American soil.

In the almost endless winter night I have peered from my sleeping bag, through the flap of my canvas tent, looked upon the cold, clear sky, and in the deathlike stillness heard my breath crackle with the frost, and knew that I was far beyond all human aid. To face what seemed certain death, yet to go on patiently, inspired by hope and the courage of my faithful dogs alone; this was my task, and in performing it I saw clearly how trivial are the doings we call civilization, and learned the grandeur of loneliness and desolation when touched by the Infinite.

* * *

There were 1500 men landed at Kotzebue Sound, at Cape Blossom, which is Fort Morton on the maps, although there has never been any fort there. Nearly a thousand men remained for the winter, scattering about along the rivers and creeks, prospecting for gold, and finding scarcely a color. Over 100 died of scurvy, and others by drowning while crossing Hotham inlet and getting up the Kowak river.

We found the present maps of the rivers in Northern Alaska unreliable, and prospecting slow and tedious, as fires are required to thaw out the ground in order to sink shafts. One shaft was down sixty-four feet, with still no prospects of gold, and it was a pretty discouraged lot of men in the Arctics that fall and winter of 1899. The country is very bleak, rugged, and timbered only far back from the ocean, where there is an abundance of small spruce, birch and poplar.

The Esquimaux of Northern Alaska, with whom I mingled during the winter, are a unique race. There are only about 450, all told. They are much larger in stature than the other Alaskan tribes. They live on fish and game exclusively, not knowing such a thing as bread until the white man came. They took kindly to our bread, calling it "Chechockers," and called us "Carbuloonas." They have no written language and very few words. In these a guttural "K" predominates, and it was easy for us to pick it up. They live on dried fish in the winter and fresh fish and game in summer, generally eating it raw.

They kill moose, deer, bear and goats, but seem to prefer fresh fish as a diet. There is a good deal of game in this section, and their method of killing moose before they got firearms from the Behring Sea whalers was to run after the game on snow-shoes, and cut the throat of the animal in a fierce

*The second of this series of thrilling arctic adventures on American possessions will appear in the May issue of "The National Magazine."

and exciting hand to hand struggle. We built log cabins or dug-outs to live in for the winter, which were not commenced until after the snow came in September. On October 17 the rivers were frozen solid and winter began in earnest. The natives never live in the same place two years, and migrate as fancy leads them. During the summer the bucks recreate while the squaws fish for and dry the winter supply.

Little has ever been known of these Kowak Indians. They are very clannish, and the family ties are almost lost in the primitive tribal relations. They have a sort of religion, believing in the hereafter as simply a state of transition from one body to another. Their idea of the entire outside world is embraced in the word "San Francisco," which they picked up from the revenue cutter sailors; they think that all the world dress like the United States navy crew, and they insist that the world is flat—a huge iceberg floating in space.

"Immuk" means water, and "Immuk api," with the peculiar guttural sound, is the statement that "the water is high." The extent of the rivers can scarcely be realized, but the McKenzie is the longest in the world, and the Yukon delivers one-third more water than the Mississippi.

The mining output of Alaska may still further surprise the world, but the cost must be paid in human life.

* * *

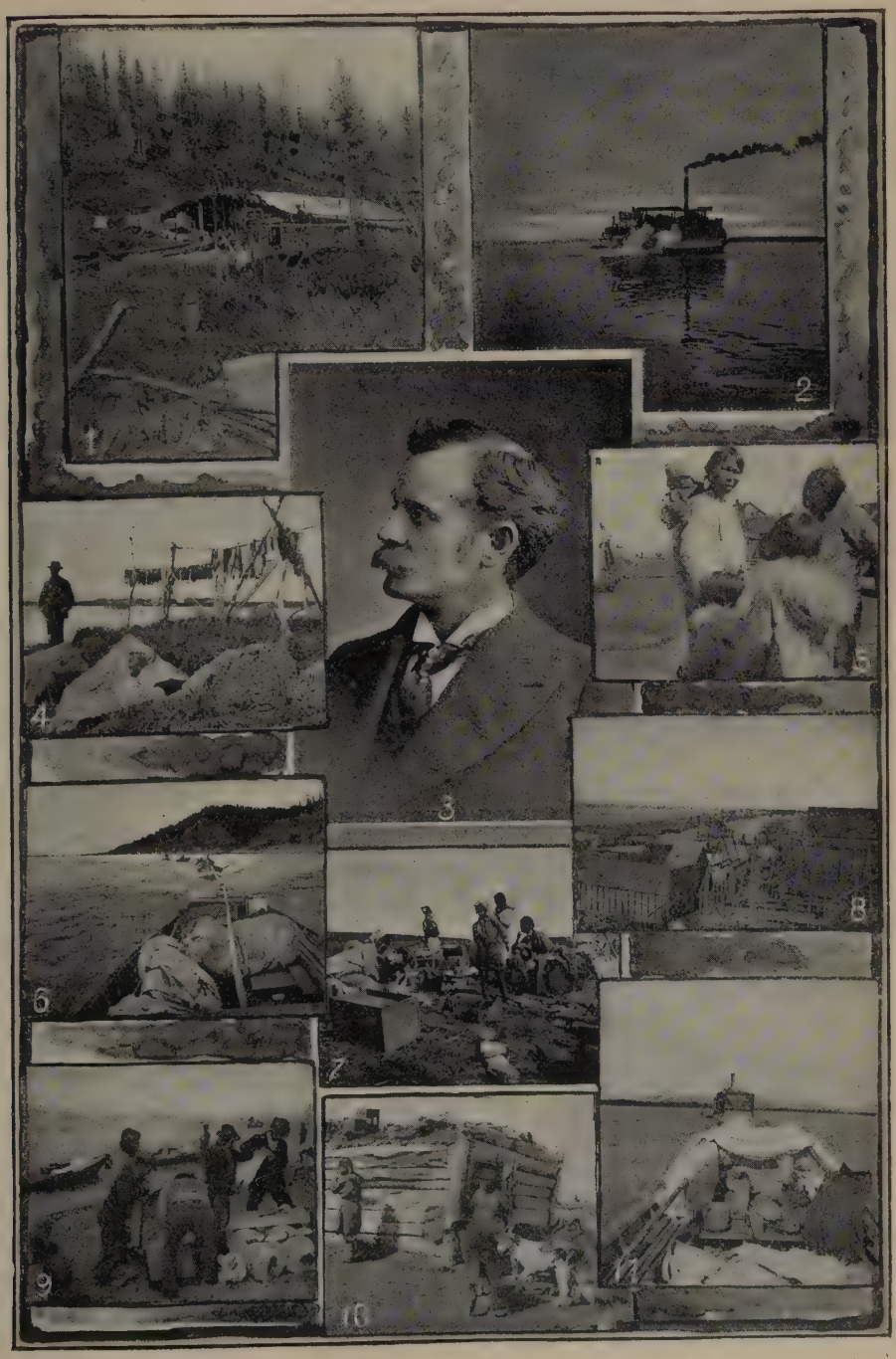
I started on my trip with three faithful dogs. The usual way for driving the dogs is for a squaw or child to lead, calling "Ta, Ta, Ta," but I felt that I must train them to go ahead, so I could watch the sledge. "Goo, Goo" were the words that would urge them ahead, while a sharp "Etowly" would stop them.

The Indians think that the northern lights is sent by the God of Light so the moose and deer can feed at night. They still use old metal knives secured from traders nearly one hundred years ago. The children use bows and arrows, and are experts in killing geese and ducks.

The Kowaks live during the winter in dugout cabins built of spruce poles, set erect, covered with moss and topped with earth to the depth of two or more feet. The sides are then banked with earth and the whole freezes solid. A hole in the roof gives passage to the smoke and serves for ventilation. This cabin is entered by a tunnel a few feet square, and twenty feet or more long, with a bear skin hung at either end. Even in the dead of winter with the thermometer at fifty below zero, these cabins are so warm that the older people strip to the waist on entering, and the children are often naked. The air within fairly reeks.

At feeding time a squaw will set a ten to twenty pound salmon by the fire to thaw. When soft enough to bite into, it is passed from hand to hand and eaten as darkies eat a watermelon. Dry spruce wood, of which there is much in this country, serves as fuel, and by the light of blubber-dips the meal is served; seal and whale oil being drunk with the food. The children are given frozen birds, which they tear to pieces like so many young wolves, but in all my visits in these Indian homes I never saw them quarrel, in fact, the people all seem good natured, though they seldom smile. Oftentimes after the meal the centre of the hut will be cleared and some drama of their northern life will be acted out by the occupants. Some young buck, an Esquimo Henry Irving, will give the chase of bear or moose in three distinct acts, preparation, progression, climax, singing all

1. MINER'S CABIN ON THE KOWAK RIVER 2. MIDNIGHT ON KOTZEBUE SOUND
3. A. G. KINGSBURY IN NEW ENGLAND 4. DRYING SALMON ON THE KOWAK RIVER
5. KOWAK SQUAWS AND CHILDREN 6. BEING TOWED UP THE KOWAK RIVER 7. NOATAK NATIVES
8 VIEW IN NOME CITY, SEPT. 5, 1899 9. ON THE BEACH AT KOTZEBUE SOUND
10. ESKIMO LOG CABIN 11. THE STEAMER TOWING US UP THE KOWAK RIVER



the time a hunting song of a few words, "Ala! ala! Ayah! ayah!"

The songs refer to hunting, and sometimes to love in its primitive sense. Love-making partakes of the nature of the chase, for they capture their wives or buy them, and buy and sell girls as they do dogs. In the drama, knife or gun is represented by a stick, and the performance is realistic and often tragic. By way of farce comedy the placid stupidity of a fishing scene is represented by a squaw.

Perhaps the drama represents them short of squaws, and they go and steal them as they would capture other game.

They date everything "when the sun comes back," and only count to 15 or 20 years, by fives, indicating with fingers and thumbs on the hand, signifying ten with both hands and twenty by hands and feet.

They have a custom of putting old folks out of the way by killing them as they do old dogs. A birth or death is never allowed in a house. If it occurs there they desert the cabins. An old person or a child is put outside when about to die. If they do not die soon they are killed, and it is indeed a sad sight to see a young man kill his old mother, and consider it a special mark of distinction when asked to do it. They are stoic; such a thing as grief is unknown among them, and I never saw an adult shed a tear.

The men of distinction have holes cut through the lip just below the corner of the mouth, and push stone ornaments through the apertures, taking them out when eating.

They are economical smokers, a few whiffs of tobacco in a small pipe, and it is over.

The squaws tattoo their chins. One stripe down the chin when they are twelve years of age and two each year thereafter until they have seven stripes, and like civilized nations the knowledge as to feminine age stops here very abruptly.

Sometimes the men and women wear strings of beads from ear to ear under their chins. There is no such institution as the marriage ceremony, but there is little or no quarreling in the families.

* * *

This latitude is north of that of Iceland, but there was a heavy growth of spruce six to ten inches in thickness and from 40 to 60 feet high. The trees have no tap roots, but shoot out sideways. This is owing to the fact that a large part of the country here is a glacier substrator. The soil is very thin, a strata of ice, then soil, then ice and so on. Ice clear as crystal has been found down in mining shafts sunk 60 feet.

Such is the life of the Kowak Indians, and such I lived with them during the early winter of 1899. The prospect was not alluring. There was no gold in the region, supplies were short and the miners were dying of scurvy in the festering dugouts. I planned to go south to Dawson city, earning fish and dogs from the Indians by making air-tight stoves, which pleased them well. These stoves I made of two five-gallon oil cans telescoped together and with a smaller can made into a stove pipe. The door I made from a piece of tin, wired on. With pork and beans for my own food, three dogs which might be eaten in an emergency, dried fish for the dogs, a little over 500 pounds altogether, I bade goodbye to my friends the miners and Indians, worked up the river in November and started across the divide by the first of February. I had a tin stove, a tent, a belt knife, snowshoes and a sledge. The sun had not yet come, though at midday it tinged the mountain tops with rosy light,

1. YUKON RIVER NATIVE 2. CHIEF'S SON, KOWAK RIVER 3. KOWAK RIVER NATIVES
4. SLEDDING ON KOWAK RIVER 5. MINER'S BOAT AT KOTZEBUE SOUND
6. SELAWIK RIVER NATIVES 7. PARTY ASSEMBLING STEEL BOAT AT ST. MICHAELS
8. A. G. KINGSBURY IN THE ARCTICS 9. VIEW IN CAPE NOME CITY, SEPT. 27, 1899
10. ESKIMO DEAD BODY, KOWAK RIVER 11. ESKIMO, KOTZEBUE SOUND
12. ALASKA GERMANY, ENGLAND, SWITZERLAND AND UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVES

and the brassy glare of the aurora was vivid on the deep snows. Scores of men have died in the frozen north on such trips as this and lie there unburied and unknown. The thermometer often registered fifty below and my breath crackled and froze in glistening crystals when expelled. Where the snow was level I trod a track for the dogs, who followed, but in rough country I was often obliged to make several trips to bring up the supplies, and where the rivers had frozen and gorged I was obliged to cut steps to the summit of the ice cliffs and draw the dogs up one at a time with a noosed rope, the load coming piecemeal in the same way. At night, sheltered only by my canvas tent, I slept the sleep of exhaustion in my sleeping bag.

And thus the dull daily routine of the trip went on. Ptarmigans and hares were to be seen, but I had no way of killing them. The country was bare of inhabitants, and through the long twilight I travelled slowly on with no sight of human beings or sound save the howl of the storm and wolves, or the sound of my own voice as I urged on the faithful dogs. Gradually the sun came and peered above the hills at midday, and as it came higher I met a new danger.

We were getting about three hours of sun a day. One night as I was about to camp after an unusually hard day's work, my eyes commenced to trouble me. Knowing that snow blindness often comes on quickly, with very little warning, I hurried to make camp. I had been wearing a pair of celluloid colored glasses, but a day or two before this an accident had completely ruined them. I got my tent pitched, and coffee and beans on the stove, but before I could get sufficient wood cut my eyes were completely and effectually closed against all light, and the pain intense. I had pulled in one long, dry spruce stick and commenced to cut it the right length for my little stove. I completed it with closed eyes and by sense of feeling, fed my dogs with dry fish, ate my supper of semi-cooked beans, and crawled into my sleeping bag. Fortunately it was not very cold, as this was the latter end of my trip, and old Sol was beginning to break the arctic winter. I suppose it was between ten and twenty below zero. I could not sleep, but lay on my back with snow on my eyes constantly. This served to check the fever and pain. The next morning there was no improvement in them, and through that day and the next night and the following day, up to about three o'clock, I could not open my eyes at all. In the meantime, I made two more warm meals, the balance was frozen raw pork and beans. My sled guard dog, Narraluk, was tied to the front end of the sled. The other two to spruce trees. I fed them regularly with their one-half fish each night and morning, and one-eighth at noon time. Although they were continuously hungry, and would have gladly eaten many times that amount, Narraluk never stole anything from the sled, although he could have done so. In fact, my dogs never stole a piece of fish from the sled during the whole trip. The evening of the second day of my snow blindness, it gradually wore off, and the third morning I was able to renew my journey with my eyes as nearly covered as possible.

* * *

As I have elsewhere mentioned, the greatest dangers which beset the travelers in that wonderful country in the winter arises from the river overflows. These are caused by the river freezing into a solid mass from top to bottom, and across, completely damming the

water, which can be held in check but a short time, as there is a large body of it in liquid form and it must have outlet. As the pressure increases the pent-up waters constantly break away in some spot, heaving out huge cakes of ice perhaps from ten to twelve feet thick, and place them bodily on the surface.

Then there is a grand rush of water, the pressure cracks the ice in thousands of pieces, and through these cracks it gradually finds relief. In case the river is overflowed when we come to it, we are apt to find the water from one inch to three feet deep. We will have to find a narrow passage on one side; or, possibly, we may have to go up along the bank for hours, and possibly a whole day of the most laborious work places us ahead but a few rods. The entire overflow may have a coating of ice, and we must prove its ability to carry us, or possibly we may take too many chances and go through it, especially if the river flows through steep banks or canyons.

One afternoon I had been on an overflow for some hours. The ice was glare and the dogs seemed enthused at the chance to make time, so I thought I would improve the opportunity. We proceeded at a rapid rate as I steered the sled by the rear handles. Finally the ice commenced to crack, showing that we were near the lower end of the overflow. I concluded that I would stop the team and investigate what was ahead of us. It was not very dark, and I put on my snow-shoes so that I would not go through the ice if it was too weak to hold me with my moccasins. I went down stream about fifty yards, and found that it would be unsafe to take the team further. Just as I turned around I found that the dogs had quietly followed me. I had not heard them start. At the same moment the sled broke through the ice; dogs, sled, load and all lay in about twenty inches of water. It was fifty-seven degrees below zero, as I noticed the same by the thermometer which I had hung to the handle of the sled. I pulled the dogs from their harnesses and threw them out as far as I could on the smooth ice. As if by instinct they immediately began licking themselves, or they would have frozen to death in a few moments. As soon as they were out of the water the moisture on their bodies froze and they bit it off and licked themselves dry. The old dog, Narraluk, badly frosted one of his paws, and consequently wore a cotton stocking on his left fore foot the rest of the trip. I got the sled and load onto solid ice as quickly as possible, getting a little water into one of my boots in the meantime. My tent, which was in a little bundle, was a solid block of ice, so of course I could not use it for shelter. But I remembered passing, shortly before the accident, an abandoned Indian dug-out, which was probably some squaw's fishing camp the summer before. I quickly put my dogs in their harness of ice and hurried back to this cabin, more willing to die than live, as a delightful inviting drowsiness had gradually stolen over me, inviting me to take just one moment's rest. But I never let the idea go from my mind that that one moment would be the fatal one, so I crowded my dogs, my tent, little stove, and some food into the dug out. My stove was filled with pitch wood, intermingled with birch bark, with a candle stuck in near the door. My fingers sounded like sticks of wood as they touched each other, and I could not hold the match in my hand, but managed to strike one by holding it in my teeth, and thus light the piece of candle in the stove. I dared not sit down for a moment. The stove was soon red hot. I kept walking

around in a narrow circle, as rapidly as possible, occasionally adding some wood from a pile which the squaws had left in the corner of the hut. Very soon the pain of thawing fingers and the toes of my left foot dispelled all drowsiness. It seemed to me then that I would never be able to complete the trip. I wrote a note, addressing it to my brother in the States, and put it in the end of a clove stick outside the cabin, thinking that perhaps some of the miners or natives might come across it and forward it in the spring; but after a meal of hot food, and getting the ice out of my outfit, my courage returned, and in about twenty-four hours I again started on my trip.

* * *

On April 15th I reached the Koyukuk river, and a month later took a river steamer for St. Michaels, having safely made the trip from the arctic slope, over the divide, and down to the waters of the Yukon; and even in this wild, desolate region I felt that I had, indeed, reached civilization, for once again I saw the face of mankind, and felt as if I had just returned from an aerial trip among the clouds, and had, indeed, returned to life from the cold clutches of Death.

MAPLE SUGAR

A broad gray slope with the sunshine over
The trees that climb to the height beyond—
Acres and acres the maples cover
Down to the rim of the frozen pond.

A thin blue smoke from the wood-fire lifting
Up through the tree-tops ragged and hoar,
Or echoes down on the clear air drifting,
Show where the sugar-camp hides its store.

All through the wood is the sweet life flowing,
As swift drops fall in an amber tide—
The pulsing wave of the roused blood going,
Oozing away from the maples' side.

And up by the camp-fires' rude rock masses,
Gathered and fed by the busy hands,
The sweet flood lingers and slowly passes
Into the wards of the steaming pans.

As slowly it moves in idle roaming
Tried by the heat of the summers old,
It bubbles and gathers a richer foaming,
Tinct with the hue of the autumn's gold.

A flavor as rich and rare and tender
As honied cell from the wild bees' den—
The amber and gold the maples render,
Fit for the temper of gods and men.

Benj. F. Leggett

A ROSE WITH A SOUL

By Ina Brevoort

PART II. FRANCES BURTON, HEIRESS

IT was three months later that Godfrey jumped for the second time from the train at Winston. After inquiring the way he started for the East Lodge of Burton Towers.

It was early in the day, but no hour had been spoken of when the compact was made, and Godfrey wished to run no risk of being late.

He looked about him as he walked. Could this be the same path along which he had plunged three months before? Then the world had looked like a chaotic mass of opaque, drifting white; now he trod upon a carpet of living green, dotted with pale spring flowers, while overhead stretched the blue vault of Heaven and the tops of mighty trees, wearing proudly their newly donned dresses of vivid, shimmering verdure.

Instead of the crashing wind a warm breeze swayed lightly over everything, a breeze redolent of newly turned earth and verdant foliage.

It was a day to sooth while it invigorated; a day to quiet the soul, though it made the pulses throb with life; and it was, beyond everything, a day in which to be glad.

Godfrey fell to whistling softly as he kept a sharp lookout for the house on his right. His way lay by a stone wall, which he thought must mark the boundary of the Burton estate. He knew now whom he was going to meet; he knew that the woman he had rescued from the storm, the woman he had sketched in the gray light of that winter afternoon and whose face had haunted him ever since, was Frances Burton.

He had met her once since, for just an instant. It had happened in this way. One evening as he was paying his respects to his hostess at a reception, he had been astonished and delighted to see his "spirit of the storm," as he called her, standing but a few feet away from him.

Godfrey was presented to Miss Burton, and they had just time to exchange glances, a look of surprise and pleasure on his part, and of embarrassed amusement on hers, before their hostess took Miss Burton by the arm and led her away through the crowd, and although Godfrey searched the rooms again and again he could not catch another glimpse of her.

He went home that night telling himself that he was glad he had not been able to find her. Her face was always in his mind and some feature of hers insinuated itself into every picture that he painted, but now that he knew who she was he would think no more about her. He was too experienced not to know where his interest in Frances Burton was leading him, and he assured himself with much emphasis that he had no time to spend in grieving over a hopeless passion; best forget her now while he could.

As he walked along, thinking over all these things, Godfrey presently saw ahead of him the house he was seeking; at least, he supposed it was, and an inquiry proved him in the right; but he would not have known it.

The walls of the stone building that nestled among green trees in the soft sunlight were overlaid with masses of well-kept ivy and straggling, climbing roses. It looked homelike and cosy now, with smoke curling up from the chimney and a hammock swaying on the front porch.

Godfrey went a little way over the close-cut grass and sat down on a rustic seat near the driveway to wait. Had Frances kept her promise to seek happiness, he wondered? He felt that he should know as soon as he saw her face.

Suddenly a light footfall caused him to look up and he saw her standing before him. She wore a thin, filmy gown, a shade paler than the leaves above her head, and there were soft laces at her throat and wrists.

The artist part of Godfrey noted these things, but the man in him saw nothing but her face, which had undergone a change as wonderful as the metamorphosis of nature. Her eyes shone with a new radiance, as if the lights and shadows of glad thoughts played in them.

"Well!" she said, smiling down at him as she held out her hand. Godfrey had forgotten to rise. He got up, however, at this reminder of conventionality.

"Well!" Miss Burton said again.

"I beg your pardon," Godfrey answered smiling; "but I believe I was struck dumb by the change in your face."

"Am I changed?" she asked.

"Changed?" cried Godfrey. "You have done for yourself what Graham longed to do for your portrait; you have given the rose a soul."

A little ripple of laughter broke from her. "It is because I am happy," she said contentedly; "and I owe it all to you."

"Nonsense," objected Godfrey. "Just because I scolded you like a child and was rude in the bargain. Why did you not tell me who you were?" he added reproachfully.

Miss Burton's face flushed slightly as she returned: "After you had called me cold? That would hardly have been kind, I think."

"No; before," said Godfrey; and then he went on without giving her a chance to reply. "I am glad you have found that it is good to be happy."

"I thank God for it every night," she said, with a sweet gravity. In a moment, however, her face was all smiles again. "What a day that was, and how we floundered through the snow."

"About as gracefully as two playful locomotives," laughed Godfrey.

"It all seems strange to me," said Miss Burton, "but that you should have come just in time to save my life does not seem half so wonderful as my finding a key to the riddle of existence in the heart of that storm."

During this time Godfrey's eyes had scarcely left Miss Burton's face, and now he told himself that the image he had carried in his heart was not so beautiful as the real woman who sat beside him, her face aglow with the interest and enthusiasm that come when one is in love with life. He wished that he might paint her as she looked at that moment.

"The last time we met," Miss Burton said suddenly, "you made a request to me; now I have a favor to ask of you."

"It is granted," said Godfrey impulsively.

"You should look before you leap." She spoke half in earnest, half in jest.

"But the request?" said Godfrey.

"Paint my portrait for me."

Godfrey put up his hand as if to ward off a blow. "Oh, no, I cannot do that," he cried.

The smile on Miss Burton's face

gave way to a look of surprise. "I told you you should look before you leaped," she said coldly, and then Godfrey remembered that he had promised.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly. "Your request was so sudden that it startled me. I will paint your portrait if you wish, and I need not tell you that I deem it an honor to be allowed to do so. When can you give me the sittings?"

"When you please," Miss Burton answered. "But you must paint here at Burton Towers."

Godfrey made no objection to any of her arrangements. Since he was to paint her portrait it mattered little whether he painted it at Burton Towers or somewhere else; the end would be the same. He loved her and he would have to leave her; loving and leaving went together when a penniless artist lost his heart to the mistress of millions.

"What shall I pay you?" asked Miss Burton's voice at this moment.

"What you paid Graham," Godfrey answered.

"Very well," Miss Burton said, and it was arranged that on the following day Godfrey was to return and begin his work.

So Godfrey went to Burton Towers and began his picture, and in the intervals of his working he watched Frances among her guests.

It was evident that her friends all cared for her, and it did not take Godfrey long to discover what was not so apparent, that few understood her.

Her father and mother were both dead, and although a maiden aunt lived with Miss Burton, the whole care of the estate and servants, as well as the entertainment of guests, fell on the shoulders of the young mistress, who made herself the ruling spirit of the household.

Frances sketched a little herself, and her studio was given up to Godfrey. The sittings took place there every morning when the light was good, and although the maiden aunt was usually present, busily knitting, these sittings were poignantly sweet to Godfrey, for then his work furnished him with an excuse to watch Miss Burton's face without the fear of seeming rude.

Frances did not talk much, but watched Godfrey as he bent over his easel. When she did speak, it was generally to question him about his hopes and plans and his way of living.

"I am a genuine Bohemian," he told her. "I sleep in a tiny room off my studio, and the janitor's wife makes my bed and straightens things up there."

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable living in a hotel?" asked Frances.

"Perhaps," Godfrey answered, thoughtfully; "but I could not work so well, and if a man is not willing to sacrifice personal comfort for his art, he ought to give it up."

"On second thoughts, I believe your way of living must be pleasanter than the other, after all," remarked Frances. "It is independent, and it has the charm of novelty."

"No one can appreciate how great that charm is who has not tried the life. And that reminds me that I shall be going back to it soon. A couple of days more and this picture will be finished." Godfrey resolutely made his tone business-like. The maiden aunt had failed to put in an appearance on this occasion, and he felt that he must hold himself well in hand if he would not betray his secret.

Frances went over to the window and came back again before she spoke. "I shall be sorry to have you go," she said.

"Thank you." Godfrey's tone was

firm, but the paint on his palette was a bright pink instead of the flesh color he had intended to mix. It was against his will that he found himself saying more. "I shall be sorry to go, and yet glad too. It does not do for a man to linger too near temptation, and I want to get away before I make a fool of myself."

"I scarcely think you will be likely to do that, ever, Mr. Kenneth," Frances said, gently, and before Godfrey could frame a reply her skirt had vanished through the doorway.

"I shall not tire you this morning," Godfrey said as he posed her on the following day. "There are just a few touches I want to give, and the rest I can finish without you."

"Then I am to consider myself dismissed, I suppose," she said, gaily. "It is humiliating to feel that I have outlived my usefulness."

Godfrey only smiled in answer to this, and for awhile there was silence in the studio. A summer wind coming in at the window back of Godfrey, ruffled Miss Burton's hair, and played with the laces of her gown.

"Will it put you to too much trouble if I ask you to have my traps sent to the station in time for the eight o'clock train?" he asked presently.

"To-night? Must you really go so soon?"

"Yes, I must go to-night," returned Godfrey, struggling with his desire to give a less positive answer.

Perhaps Miss Burton read his thoughts; perhaps she believed he did not wish to stay; at any rate, she urged him no further. When the sitting was over she said very gently, as she rose to go: "Will you come to my sitting-room at three this afternoon? I want your advice about a frame for the portrait."

As Godfrey entered the sitting-room that afternoon, in obedience to the low-voiced "Come in" of his hostess, he glanced about him in some surprise.

This room was Miss Burton's pet sanctum, and it was an unwritten law of the house that no one must enter it uninvited.

The cozy simplicity there was in striking contrast to the luxury and splendor of the other rooms. It seemed as if here Frances had sacrificed effect to personal taste, and every article in the room cried out that its owner used and loved it.

A broad couch, several well-worn easy chairs, a desk over by one window, two bookcases, and a small upright piano comprised the furniture. The room lacked even the profusion of trifles which characterize most women's dens. There were just a few photographs of friends, one or two pictures of her favorite dogs and horses, and a single long-stemmed rose standing in a tall vase.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Miss Burton brightly, as she rose from her seat before the desk. "You look actually woe-begone. May I flatter myself that you are sorry to go, after all? If you go about wearing a face like that I shall have to repeat the lecture you gave me when we first met. You look anything but the embodiment of the happiness you recommended so vigorously that day. I am speaking lightly," Frances went on, "but in my heart I feel a deep gratitude to you for having helped me. You did me good."

"I am glad," Godfrey said simply.

"Then suppose you tell me what is troubling you, and perhaps, who knows?—I may be able to help you." Frances spoke with a sweet seriousness.

"No," said Godfrey, doggedly, "I cannot tell you."

Miss Burton only said "Very well," and went on speaking about a frame

for the portrait. Poor Godfrey, afraid of betraying his secret and miserable because he had hurt the woman he loved, scarcely knew what he said in answer to her questions.

"Sometimes I think you know why I am not happy," he said abruptly, cutting short her praise of his picture.

Frances flushed until her face became as red as the rose on the table near her. "Since I have asked you to tell me, it is not kind in you to question that," she said.

"I beg your pardon," cried Godfrey, humbly. "Now I have hurt you, and God knows I meant to save you pain. It was as much on that account as for the sake of my honor that I resolved never to tell you of my love. I knew how it must hurt your kind heart, since we can never be anything to one another, and I knew that silence was the only honorable course for me. But it is one thing to decide what it is honorable to do, and quite another thing to do it," concluded Godfrey, bitterly.

Frances opened her lips, but she did not speak; she only gazed down at the rug with a flushed, troubled face.

"I know what you would say," cried Godfrey. "I know that you are sorry for me."

Frances interrupted him. "Yes, I am sorry for you," she said, quickly, "because you are inconsistent. You told me once that I ought not to let my money stand in the way of my happiness, and now—" she turned and fled without finishing the sentence.

For a time Godfrey would not allow himself to believe what her words seemed to imply. Presently he left the room and went in search of her, but she was not to be found. Godfrey surmised that she had hidden herself in her room, so he sat down on a window-seat in the hall to wait until she should re-appear. He did not know what he should say to her, but he felt that he must see her.

Suddenly it flashed over him that if Frances did love him he would be less than a man to let anything, even his pride, stand between them.

And she did love him! She must love him, or she would never have spoken so. It was with a thrill of exultation that he remembered how she had thrown pride to the winds for him. Could he not do as much for her?

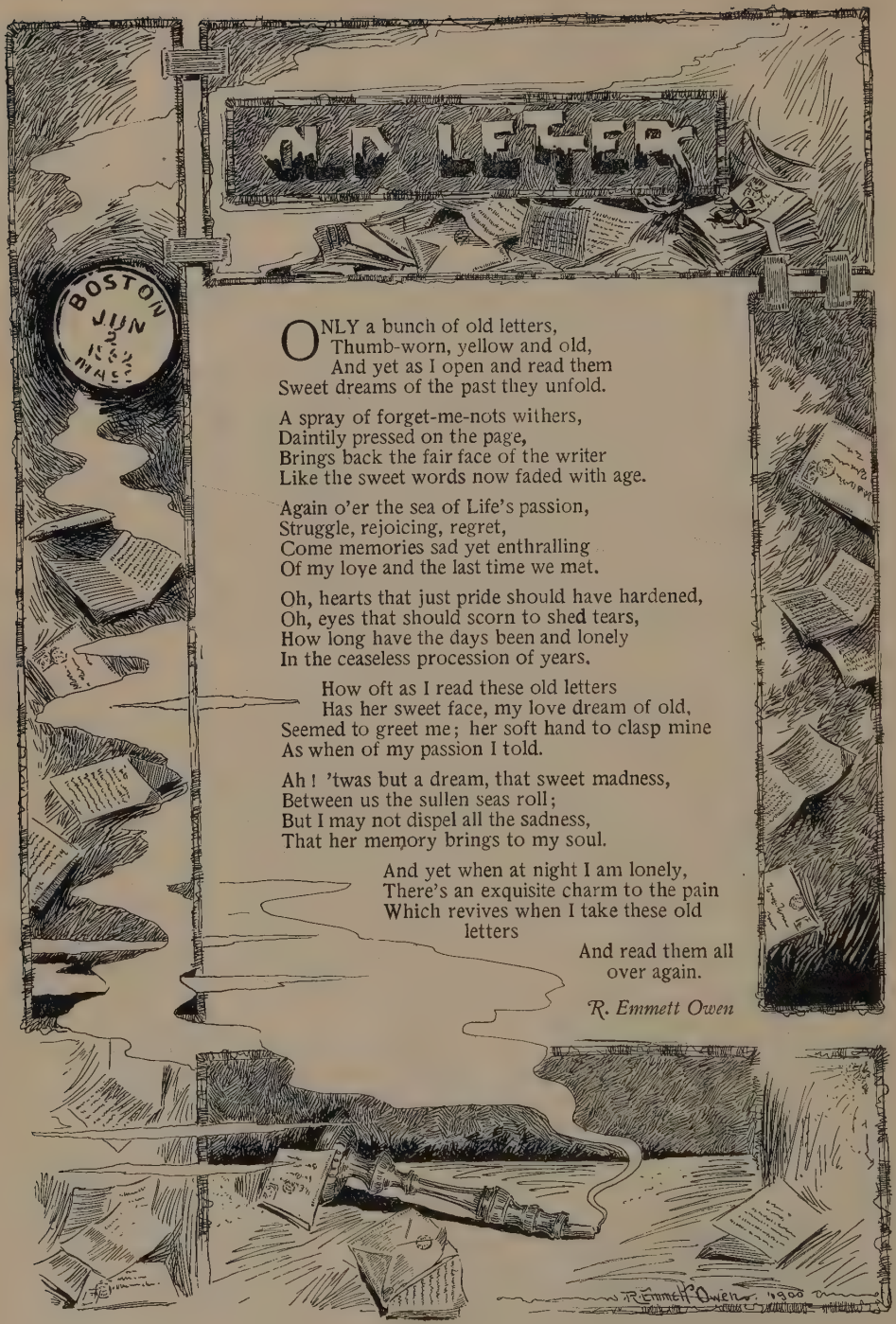
She had shown him that she loved him, and by so doing she had put it out of his power to leave her; she had saved him from himself. Only a woman of her strength and sweetness of character could have been courageous enough for that, Godfrey told himself triumphantly, as he went to his room and wrote a few lines to Frances, which he despatched by one of the servants.

"Do you love me, Frances? Your words have made me dare to hope that you do and this thought has swept my pride away. You have made me forget that you are a rich woman and I a poor artist with but a moderate income. I can remember only that you are the dearest and best, the sweetest and truest of women, and that I am a man who loves you with his whole heart. I am going now to your studio. If you can love me, dear, come to me there."

Eager and impatient, Godfrey waited in the waning afternoon light until the door of the studio opened to admit the woman he loved. Before she had closed the door Godfrey was at her side and had taken her in his arms.

"The first day we met you showed me the way to happiness," she whispered.

"And in return you have glorified my life," was Godfrey's answer as he stooped to kiss her. "You have given me a rose—a rose with a soul."



ONLY a bunch of old letters,
Thumb-worn, yellow and old,
And yet as I open and read them
Sweet dreams of the past they unfold.

A spray of forget-me-nots withers,
Daintily pressed on the page,
Brings back the fair face of the writer
Like the sweet words now faded with age.

Again o'er the sea of Life's passion,
Struggle, rejoicing, regret,
Come memories sad yet enthralling
Of my love and the last time we met.

Oh, hearts that just pride should have hardened,
Oh, eyes that should scorn to shed tears,
How long have the days been and lonely
In the ceaseless procession of years.

How oft as I read these old letters
Has her sweet face, my love dream of old,
Seemed to greet me; her soft hand to clasp mine
As when of my passion I told.

Ah! 'twas but a dream, that sweet madness,
Between us the sullen seas roll;
But I may not dispel all the sadness,
That her memory brings to my soul.

And yet when at night I am lonely,
There's an exquisite charm to the pain
Which revives when I take these old letters
And read them all over again.

R. Emmett Owen

HOUSE BILL NO. 09217

By Elmore Elliott Peake

THE MEMOIR*

I SUPPOSE the people of Washington have long since forgotten the Northumberland Timber Reserve Bill, introduced in the House by the Honorable Victor H. Benedict, of the —th Congressional district of Michigan. I haven't, though. Neither has Vic, I will warrant. And neither, I am sure, has little Goldie, wherever she may be to-day.

Vic was a handsome devil, but he wasn't honest. He was always hard up, and the only way I could get my salary was by playing poker with him. I knew a trick or two at cards, and did not scruple to use them when playing for money I had already earned. Still, we got along very well together. I shared his swell suite of rooms at the Ebbitt, rode to receptions in his carriage, and went everywhere that he did. He had to treat me well, for without me he would have been helpless. I handled all his mail; I drafted every bill he introduced in the House; I wrote every speech that appeared in the "Record" for the benefit of his constituents.†

One night, about twelve, Vic came in humming a song and in high spirits. "Penny, my boy," he exclaimed, in his egotistical way, "I think I have met my fate."

"What's her name?" I asked, without encouraging details, for this talk was deadly stale to me.

"Isabella Valero."

I could have laughed in his face. At that moment, Isabella was as good as engaged to me, and I was as sure of her constancy as I am that my poor dead mother is in heaven. It was on my tongue to twit him for a dupe, but I feared to cut him too deep. Therefore when he told me her name, I never so much as lifted an eye-brow.

Isabella was a Spaniard. There is or was in Washington a Christopher de Valero, who had charge of the American branch of a Spanish wine house. This man was Isabella's uncle. Through his influence in Spain, his brother, Iza's father, secured a secretaryship at the Spanish legation. Iza, a motherless child, came from Spain with her father. For some reason—I never asked Isabella what—her father fell into disfavor with the ambassador, and was released. Rather than return to Spain in disgrace, he took up his residence in Washington, and died there two years later.

The wine merchant, a purse-proud, contemptible aristocrat, whom I never liked, had treated his brother, after his dismissal, like a dog. But after the latter's death, the uncle offered Isabella a home. She rejected his overtures

*The manuscript of which this story is merely a transcript was given me by the warden of the penitentiary at Columbia, South Carolina. Pendleton Cowdrick, the memoirist, had been committed to the prison some years before, for forgery, at which he was an expert. Upon his death, this manuscript was found in his mattress by an attendant.

With the manuscript was found a faded photograph, now in my possession. As it bears the name of a Washington photographer, I take it to be a likeness of "Goldie." As Cowdrick has given no description of her person, I may state that the face is one of rare loveliness and nobility. Her dark eyes, faultless brows, and delicate nose attest both blood and breeding. But her mouth, by all odds, is the crowning feature of her face—proud and sensitive, yet bending in laughing, lovable curves. How this splendid creature could have ever loved the self-confessed scoundrel, Pendleton Cowdrick, is one of the mysteries of woman's heart.

†This modest claim may be true; but it is remembered by old members of the House that Victor Benedict was an eloquent extemporary speaker.

with a fine spirit, and continued to live with her old duenna. I am glad to say that she moved in a society that her opulent uncle could never enter. She lived on 11th street, in a pretty little cottage, elegantly furnished and full of pictures and statuary. I knew, of course, that she must have some property. But until sometime after her meeting with Vic, I set it down here, upon my honor, that I did not know she had anything more than a small annuity. And let it be remembered, too, that before I came into this knowledge, I had as good as asked her to be my wife.

What with suppers, receptions, and all that, I had not seen Isabella for over a week. Vic's talk gave me a twinge of conscience; so the next night I boarded a Belt Line car, and rode out to her home. "Goldie"—I called her that from the streaks of gold that showed in her hair in the sunlight—met me at the door and gave me her hand. Not one word of reproach, not one tear. That was her finest trait. She never sulked or cried. You could trample on her heartstrings all day, and never wring a cry from her. Physically, she was the same. Once in play, I squeezed her hand till the set on her ring cut a gash in her finger, but she never flinched. I kissed her for her courage, for we were as good as engaged, as I said, though I had not yet spoken the word.‡

On this night she was quieter than usual.

"You have been very busy of late, Penny?" she remarked, questioningly.

"Very busy, dear," I answered.

"I know that you would have come if you could," she replied. "But you don't know how lonely I have been."

‡Cowdrick harps with suspicious persistency on their being "as good as engaged." It would seem, from Goldie's submission to his caresses, that she viewed their relationship in this light. But from what follows it is more than doubtful whether Cowdrick ever would have "spoken the word" had it not been for another circumstance.

When I told her I should not neglect her again for the President himself, she gave me a little incredulous nod of her head. After a few minutes of rather dull conversation, for I am not a hand to talk about nothing, as some people are with less brains, I suggested that we go to the theatre and hear Salvini. It happened that I did not have a dollar in my pocket, for that very afternoon Vic and one of the House clerks had cleaned me out in a quiet little game in one of the committee rooms. It was embarrassing for me—not thinking of it until after I had asked her to go—I can assure you, but I carried it off in the best possible manner. Stepping behind her chair, I crumpled her mouth into a rose-bud, kissed it, and then confessed. I promised to swear off, but she answered soberly, "Don't swear off any more, Penny. You have done it so often, and nothing comes of it. Don't you know that every time you swear off you perjure yourself?" She then went and got her pocket-book—a little alligator thing that I had given her—and handed me a five, and we went to the play.

About a week after this, during which time I did not get to see Goldie, the Rifles gave a grand ball at their armory. About nine o'clock that night Vic came out of his room in full dress, and complacently informed me that he was to carry Miss Valero to the ball. The information gave me an unpleasant turn, and as soon as he left, I rushed out, jumped into a cab, and was driven, double-quick, to Goldie's house. There is no need to conceal the truth—I was jealous. Goldie had just come from dressing, and in her white satin gown, with her beautiful white bosom and shoulders, she looked like a queen. At my black face I saw her shrink; and though I did not care very much about her going with another man, I gave her to under-

stand that Vic Benedict was not a fit companion for a pure woman.

"Penny, dear, please don't talk so loud," said she with a rather guilty look, I thought.

"I have nothing to conceal from the people on the street," I answered savagely, for I must admit I was mad. "But I do not wonder at your apprehensions."

"But, Penny," she went on, trying to smile and to take hold of my hand, "I did not think you would care. I haven't—"

"No, of course not," I retorted. "I don't care what gamblers or libertines you run with."

"I will not go," she answered.

"Yes, you will," I commanded.

"You have spoiled my pleasure for the evening," she protested softly.

"Doubtless. A guilty conscience needs but—"

"Stop!" Her nostrils trembled like a blooded mare's. "Penny, I will not be insulted, even by you. I have done nothing of which I should be ashamed, and you must either cease your abuse or leave the room."

These Spanish women have a devil of a temper, once you rouse it. I saw I had gone a step too far. But once let a woman know you are whipped, and your power is gone forever. Therefore, without a word, I walked out of the house. As I jumped into my cab, Vic's carriage drove up. I hurried back to the hotel, dressed, and went to the ball. I danced that night with two cabinet-members' wives, with three senators' wives, and with five senators' daughters. If Mrs. President had been there, I warrant me I should have had a dance with her. I swirled past Goldie a dozen times on the floor, but not once did I affect to see her.

She and Vic left rather early. When I got home Vic was waiting for me.

"You are a very clever young man," he began, in not a particularly pleased tone. "Why didn't you tell me that you knew Miss Valero?"

"Oh!" I laughed indifferently, lighting a cigar. "How did you make the discovery?"

"She and I and Miss Silverstone were talking in a corner when you and Miss Cartwright waltzed by. Miss Silverstone asked who you were. When I told her you were my secretary, I wish you could have seen Miss Valero's face. I knew something was up. Miss Silverstone laughed and answered, 'I don't want to impeach your judgment, Mr. Benedict, but I don't like his looks. There is something cruel about those eyes."

Vic stopped and laughed, enjoying my discomfiture. I doubt very much if Miss Silverstone ever made such a remark. But I merely said, "What did Miss Valero say?"

"She turned quickly and said, a little more sharply than mere friendship would warrant, 'Miss Silverstone, I happen to be in a position to know that your suspicions are unjust.' Of course Miss S. apologized, and that was an end of it. Boy," he ended abruptly, "that woman loves you."

"Tell the birds they have feathers," I returned, loftily, to pique him.

"Will you marry her?" he asked, eyeing me in a mighty queer way.

"I may," I answered, sniffing something in the air, "and I may not," I added, to whet his curiosity.

"If you do," he said, off-hand, "we are both rich men."

I was startled, of course, but still I couldn't quite take him seriously.

"Listen!" he went on. "She holds, in her own name, A. T. & S. S. railway bonds to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. They are to-day quoted at 135. So much for that side. Now, I have been incubating for many a day a certain scheme, and money is

all I need to hatch it. In my district is a tract of public land known as the Northumberland Timber Reserve, containing twenty thousand acres of the finest white pine that ever grew. Now—let a bill go through Congress opening up that land for homesteading; let us know it in time to lay our plans, hire our agents, and pre-empt a good share of that land, and—our days of labor are over."

It looked easy, I must say, and I became interested. When we went to bed it was daylight, and the negro women were calling out their oysters on the street.

Some people may censure this scheme as dishonest; but I can tell them that everybody, in those days, looked upon the government as lawful prey. Otherwise, I should never have put a hand to it. We calculated we should need twenty thousand dollars, which amount could be raised on Goldie's bonds. The most delicate feature of the business was to bring Goldie over to our plans. This work naturally fell to me. The very night following I made peace with her—an easy matter—and in the penitent moments following I formally asked her to become my wife. Before I left I slipped on her finger a ring that cost one hundred dollars of the Honorable Vic's good money.

For a wonder, she cried a little as I smoothed her hair back. Really, as I held her in my arms, I felt noble. That pure Castilian blood had come down from the proud Marchesa de la Pinta, through a long line of Spanish grandees, and at last ended in the little piece of tempting humanity that had just given herself to me, Pendleton Cowdrick, the homeless boy!

The third night following, I broached Northumberland to her. I carefully suppressed all questionable details, for Goldie, in spite of her good sense, had certain puritanical notions, which I knew that not even I could overcome.

"How much money do you want, Penny?" she asked seriously, when I was done.

"We ought to have twenty thousand."

She toyed with her chatelaine for a long time without speaking. "Is it a sure thing?" she asked at last.

"Would I ask you to go into anything that was not sure, Goldie?" I asked, reproachfully.

"Forgive me, dear,' she exclaimed, tenderly. Then putting her arm around my neck with a little guilty smile, she said, "Penny, it's all I have in the world. But if a woman can't give up that for the man she loves, she isn't much of a woman."

Before sundown the next day, Vic and I each had to our credit in the Merchants' and Miners' Bank ten thousand dollars. I divided the account for prudential reasons. Vic was all right as long as you watched him. Before I slept I made a rough sketch of the bill by which we hoped to make our fortunes. When it was completed, Vic introduced it in the House, and then went West to fix matters up at that end of the line.

The three months that followed were the happiest days of my life. Our prospects were dazzling; and further, finding we should not need all of our loan in the enterprise, we had plenty of ready money. I bought me a carriage and pair, and hired a coachman. Vic did the same. We moved into a bigger suite, with a magnificent reception room, for which we paid four hundred dollars a month. Even then, at our swellest affairs, we were pinched for room. I dare say there is more than one person in Washington to-day who has not forgotten those occasions. Wine and flowers, orchestra and dancing, laughter and beauty! Thirty-

six bottles of Sillery, I remember, in one night! Terrapin at forty dollars a dozen! I got so sick of champagne that a glass of beer was preferable. My carriage stood before the handsomest residences in Washington. It appeared on fashionable driveways, at fashionable hours, and I promise you it was seldom it did not contain at least one of the queens of Capitol society.

Yet, incredible as it may seem, Goldie was not happy. I did not neglect her—at least, no more than I had to. The money I squandered on her was sinful—rings, watches, pins and brooches, and flowers enough to keep a hospital fragrant, until she set her foot down on it all.

She had a trick of hiding her unhappiness, but I detected it, and one night she confessed. "I am foolish, Penny, I know. It is all for your good, and I don't want to be selfish; but somehow, dear, I—I would sooner have it the old way."

Few women can understand ambition. They would sacrifice it for love every time.

Another cloud on my horizon was Goldie's uncle, who had conceived a most intense dislike to me. He never let an opportunity slip to brand me a tippler and a blackleg; and as he had a certain following, as the most contemptible man will, he proved a veritable thorn in my side. Somehow he got an inkling of the transaction between Goldie and me, and stormed like a madman, and threatened me with jail. It did him small good, though, for Goldie stood by me like a heroine.

Finally, Vic called on me for more money, swearing that the body of his ten thousand had been sunk in bribing squatters and in other legitimate ways. I noticed that he was more brilliant with diamonds than he had ever been before, and that he spent a good deal of time at the card table. Still, as he was bearing the brunt of the expense, I turned over to him five thousand more. This left me a paltry two thousand, as, in spite of economy, I had already spent three.

But before long sunshine came. The committee agreed to report our bill favorably. As all private bills and bills not of general interest usually follow the committee's report, we looked upon ourselves as rich men. Our money flowed out faster than ever. I even went so far as to look over a fine piece of property on Massachusetts avenue, taking Goldie with me. She was intoxicated with delight, and girlishly designated to what use the different apartments could be put—library, sitting-room, reception-room, etc. Stopping before a cozy room, with Cupids painted in gold on the ceiling, she said with a pretty blush, "I think that would make a sweet bedroom." And I vowed she should have it.

That eventful afternoon when our bill came up for consideration by the whole House, arrived none too soon, for money with us was getting uncomfortably scarce for gentlemen of our pretensions and prospects. Of course, all three of us were on hand. Vic was at his desk as nervous as a cat. I was on the floor, behind the screen, in case Vic needed me. Goldie's happy face was beaming over the gallery rail. How well I remember her fawn-colored jacket and sailor hat, sitting so jauntily upon her dark hair! Once she slyly put her finger to her lips, and I made out to catch the kiss.

The clerk read the bill in his usual monotonous way. An instant later and it would have been put to vote. But just then came a voice that rang in my ears like the knell of doom.

"Mr. Speaker!"

I glanced across the floor and saw old Ezra Cranmarsh on his feet. His little wizened face was heavy with significance. For a moment he stood with one hand upon his desk, the other on his hip, posing for effect. "Mr. Speaker," he began, pompously, "at that turn of affairs when knaves are silent, it behooves honest men to speak."

He spoke for half an hour, but that first sentence was all I heard. I knew we had been betrayed.

When Cranmarsh sat down I looked for Vic, but his seat was empty. Then I glanced up to the gallery. Goldie's face was as white and rigid as marble. She had never doubted the legitimacy of our scheme, and the blow came to her like a dagger-thrust from a friend. I slipped upstairs, led her to my carriage, and took her home. Not one word did she speak, but followed my suggestions like one in a trance. Her parlor seemed as cold and dreary as a tomb that day, and I was glad to leave at once, saying I had to see Vic, and promising to return as soon as possible. I hoped to get some money out of him, but he swore he would have to sell his horses to get out of town. He left that night, which was the last I ever saw of him. I was pleasantly reminded of him the next day, though, when my equipage was attached for a month's rent at the hotel.

Well did old Solomon exclaim, "All is vanity!" The only wonder is that he did not find it out sooner. I found it out at twenty-five. I was cut right and left on the streets, at table, anywhere and everywhere. Senators and representatives, clerks and pages—it was all the same. I heard "Northumberland" in every hotel corridor, and was stared at by the word in black type from every newspaper. Women—good and pure women, mind you—that once bathed me in the sunshine of their eyes, now chilled me with their haughty backs. Marie Aroostook, at whose feet Washington had worshiped that winter, and who had accepted a two hundred and fifty dollar stone from me, returned my bow with a mere dip of her lids—but kept my ring, I noticed.

I am not a man that hangs on public opinion, but I was hurt; and in my loneliness my heart turned with a great yearning toward that little refuge on 11th street. But between moving and closing out certain matters, it was late on the second afternoon before I stopped at her door. The bell was muffled, and I slipped in only to find Goldie wild with delirium. The first thing I did was to hire a nurse. It was well that I did so, for within a week Goldie's old duenna suddenly died. Holy Madonna, what a dreary funeral that was! It was my first, for mother died across the sea, and it will be my last until I myself ride under the plumes.§

Goldie knew nothing of it all, but lay moaning and raving and laughing by turns. Such laughter! It was the clearest, the sweetest, the most mirthful, that I ever heard. And yet, in the dead quiet of night, when the whole world seemed asleep, it froze my very blood. She would suddenly rise in bed to a sitting posture, sweep the room with her eyes, extend her beautiful bare arm majestically, and begin in pompous tones, "Mr. Speaker! *Mistor Speakor!* When knaves are silent—when knaves are silent—knaves, knaves—ha! ha! ha! That's you, Penny! My darling Penny! My noble Penny!" Then she would sink back exhausted and close her eyes. It was this over and over again for six weeks, though, of course, she was not always so violent.

§The memoirist was denied the privilege of riding "under the plumes," for he was conveyed to his grave, just outside the prison walls, by six fellow-convicts.

Then money matters got bad. My own valuables, except my watch, went first. Then Goldie's jewels, one by one, were deposited at a "loan office" on Pennsylvania avenue. When she got a little better, I used to play some at the Adelphi; and as I am cool at cards, I eked out our subsistence in this manner. One night I won two hundred dollars from young Ferd Valero, Goldie's cousin. I was the more pleased because it was indirectly tapping old Valero's pocket. But that was the only satisfaction I got, for I was unlucky enough, before I left the club that night, to lose it all.

In all my troubles, one hope sustained me. Goldie's bonds, when sold, ought to bring more than the face of the note which they secured. But it never rains but what it pours. Even this hope failed me. The A. T. & S. S., stock brokers will remember, became entangled in a ruinous litigation over the illegal purchase of the Gulf Central & Southern; and their bonds, in a single week, tumbled to 95. This was the straw that broke my back. When, a week later, I saw Goldie up and dressed, white, spiritlike and trembling with weakness, I declare my manhood forsook me as I told her all about it, and I broke down and cried. But she, brave girl, wound her thin arms around my neck, and said solemnly, "My dear one, I have *you* yet, and you have me. Let us kneel and thank God for that."

I am not a hand to pray, but I told her to go ahead, which she did. She didn't make a long prayer, but you could tell her soul was in it.

That night, having nothing in the world left but a miserable five-dollar bill, I thought I would try my luck once more at the Adelphi. I had just bought my chips when Charlie Mitchell, the manager, motioned me into a side room. "Fly!" said he, quickly closing the door. "Vally's old man has got out a warrant for your arrest. Take the back stairs; the officer is on the front."

I flew; and fifteen minutes later left my watch in a pawnshop and took away twenty dollars instead. By driving furiously to the Pennsylvania station, I caught the 9.12 for New York.

Thus were Goldie and I separated. I resolved it should be forever, and wrote to her to that effect. Sometimes I have thought that I did wrong; but it was meant for her good. Linked with me there was nothing before her but starvation and social ostracism, unjust though it was. Without me, her uncle would take her up, her connection with me would blow over, and in the end, after the heartache was gone, she would be infinitely happier.

I need not detail my miseries in New York. It is sufficient to say that at last I was glad to work as a porter in a warehouse, slaving from six to six for thirty dollars a month. When I thought of it, I used to laugh—but it wasn't a laugh that you would like to join in. At last better times came. A reporter found me out, and later I was commissioned to write up for one of the big dailies a weekly account of the nocturnal doings of that great city, for the Sunday edition. For the first time in many months, money got easy with me again.

It was just three years later when I stepped out of the Pennsylvania station in Washington into the Avenue, looking something like the Pendleton Cowdrick of old—silk hat, a respectable stud in my bosom, and faultless clothes. Somehow, I thought I should like to see Goldie once more. I stepped into a herdic and rode to the 11th street cottage, and rang the bell—the same old bell. Did Miss Valero live there? No, they did not know the

lady, and the door slammed. I rode away and decided it would be best for me not to see her again.

But the next day as I stood on F street, near 12th, smoking, I saw something that put this resolution to flight. Of course it was Goldie—the same Goldie, only a little older and more serious. Before I could overtake her, she entered a large department store. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, I waited outside, but she did not re-appear. At last I ventured in. Almost the first person I saw was little Goldie—behind the counter in a white apron.

I walked over as unconcernedly as I could, and said in a low tone—for there were two or three other shop-girls near—"The same dear Goldie!"

I saw that she recognized me; but, to my intense surprise, she asked, without a change of expression, "What can I do for you, sir?" in a cold, shop-like tone.

"Why, Goldie," I exclaimed, "don't you know me?"

"Yes," she answered, soberly, "you are Mr. Cowdrick. Can I wait upon you with anything?"

"But, Goldie," I began, utterly nonplussed.

"Miss Valero," she interrupted, without the slightest resentment or haughtiness, but with great dignity.

I dropped my friendly air, and looked at her steadily. But I saw that my power was gone. I saw that I was worse than nothing to her. Her heart was as dead as a stone.

I turned away without another word. Just as I reached the door, I heard a commotion behind me—frightened female voices and the hurrying of feet. I looked back for an instant. Goldie had sunk to the floor, insensible!

* * *

I have never seen her from that day to this. I should like to know whether her uncle had refused to take her in, or whether her pride kept her aloof from him. At least, God knows I hope the little girl is happier, wherever she may be, than I am here. I say "little girl." As such she comes to me when memory beckons her; but if she is yet alive her black hair is streaked with gray.

THE CHANGELING

What shall I do with this my grief
That nestles in my breast
Like a little, sick child that, unbeguiled,
Whimpers and will not rest?

Joy once lay in my happy arms,
Close to my heart lay he;
What witch did bring this changeling thing
That frets upon my knee?

Ever I sit and mourn mine own,
Ever I pray for this;
That a time may clear when I'll find him dear
And a sad content in his kiss.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison

"HE is not here; He is risen."

The words fell calm on the still morning air.

"The Lord is risen!" whispered the baby leaves, while the breeze wafted the same tidings within the city's awakening walls.

The sun looked over the eastern ridge, and into the empty tomb with walls still cold from the night's dew. But the great stones would not be warmed: and as a casket its treasure, they guarded the gloom they embraced.

Away in a corner the grave-clothes were lying, gray in the shadow.

Softly crept the sunbeams along the chill rock's length, 'till into the chasm a bright ray fell, and touched the vestures it found there.

And then—'tis a wondrous tale the legend tells—quick as a flash the linen clothes melted from view! In their place sprang up a spike of lilies from out the damp earth's bosom. Fairer were they than all other flowers. Tall in the sunlight they bent their bright heads. Before the cool breath of the morning their gentle forms they swayed.

Like king's daughters of old in that Sabbath's light they stood—their garments all pure and radiant without—their hearts of gold quivering within, and sending out incense sweet and rare to the God of their creation.

Alice E. Rumph

A MODERN LORELEI

By Catherine Stoneman Long

Above the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair.

DANIEL RICHARDS' home was on a stock farm in western Iowa. The house was a roomy cottage that stood on a treeless knoll, from which fell away the graceful slopes and swells of rolling prairie, the fertile pastures of his father's flocks.

He was always a silent lad, with an imagination which accorded but strangely with the great stature to which he grew as he reached manhood. Nor would his placid, florid face have indicated a refinement of nature superior to that of the brawny stockmen who discharged the labors of the farm.

Mr. Richards, senior, was in the habit of making several business trips to Chicago every year. There came a time, however, for such an excursion which found him a captive in bed from a severe attack of rheumatism.

"To think of it!" he scolded loudly to his wife. "The best stock in the country to sell, a buyer waiting to take 'em, cash down, and me flat on my back with this here pesky sickness. Gosh all hemlock, but it's exasperatin'."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Richards, soothingly, "you know 'taint no use to go on that way, or to try to get up. Why don't you send Daniel?"

Mr. Richards groaned, and fell prone among his pillows, speechless over the futility of explaining the impossibility of entrusting this important affair to the unpractical son who had remained something of a disappointment to the shrewd, wideawake father. However, it turned out to happen in exactly this fashion. After much expostulation and cursing of his own helplessness, he consented to let Daniel go in his place.

So Daniel fared away to the great city of whose dangers he had been warned, and whose attractions he but half suspected. When he arrived in Chicago, he went directly to the hotel at which his father had put up for many years. After breakfast he proceeded at once to business. Mr. Richards would have been astonished to see the fashion in which he managed it; for, quite to his own surprise, he found himself at ease with the burly fellows with whom he had to match his wits, and drove as sharp a bargain as his father himself could have done.

"Young feller's a chip of the old block, ain't he?" the stockmen said. "Can't josh him into anything he don't want to see." And they treated the overgrown boy with more respect than they had expected to accord him, and offered him large, rank cigars, which he accepted nonchalantly, but hid in his pocket.

"Don't lose yourself," they called after him. "Them streets is awful confusin' to a stranger."

"No danger of that," said Daniel, grinning complacently. "I've been over 'em times enough."

As a fact, he had been in the city but once before and then with his father, who watched his movements as those of a child, but he did not wish his new acquaintances to think

him a hayseed, unused to urban ways.

As he walked along the crowded streets, hugging the fat pocketbook to his breast, his joyful thoughts were at first far away in his prairie home. After he had given an account of his stewardship, his doubting father would not again hesitate to trust him in matters of importance. Gradually, however, his mind came back to his surroundings. He watched the cable cars go crashing noisily along, with almost childish astonishment, and with craned neck and wide-open mouth viewed the tall sky-scrapers. He stood long at shop windows with their gorgeous shows of clothing, pictures, china ware; and selected in a milliner's case a wonderful flower-bedecked bonnet, which he could see perched triumphantly upon the head of his mother, the only woman he had ever intimately known. His whole being was filled with delight in his new environment. The noise and confusion of the jostling crowd stirred his blood, and it bounded as it never had before.

Suddenly a vision appeared before his astonished gaze. Earth, sky and people fell away, and he saw only this. Had he stepped out of this busy world into some old Arabian tale of enchantment?

In one of the many large plate-glass windows which lined the sidewalk sat a woman. In all his small experience Daniel had never seen one half so beautiful. She rested in a handsomely upholstered chair, and was clad in a white satin dress. Her regard was fixed above the heads of the crowd which stood before the window staring at her, and her hands were busy in twisting and separating the locks of her magnificent hair, which fell from the top of her head to the floor, where it lay in shining coils. This marvellous hair shrouded her form like a veil, and in color was a wonderful reddish brown, with suggestions of bronze and flame in its rippling depths. It was something which Daniel could never have imagined even in the "Dreams of Fair Women," which had come to him in the still hours of the night, or in the daytime visions, no less mystical. His mother's hair was iron gray, and twisted into a small button at the back of her head. The village maidens with whom he was acquainted wore theirs in fuzzy wads over their ears and temples.

Daniel had never heard of the old legend of the Rhine, but this modern siren was drawing him under her spell as hopelessly as did the enchantress of other days lure the hapless sailor. All the restless longings of a lifetime seemed to have focussed on this spot. An ardent passion took possession of his soul.

After he had recovered somewhat from the surprise and novelty of the sight his eye wandered to a placard in the window which read as follows:

"Until about six months ago this lady was entirely bald. A faithful application of the Nine Northerland Sisters' Hair Restorer has given her this crown of glory. On sale within."

He noticed also that his charmer possessed fine brown eyes, a piquant, upturned nose, and full, red lips. It did not occur to him that the hands which manipulated the golden comb were somewhat red and grimy, nor that the cheap satin gown was soiled about the neck and sleeves. Neither was he aware of the fact, patent enough to one familiar with the art of cosmetics, that the powder and rouge was daubed on most unskillfully.

The crowd was constantly changing. Scarcely a person remained more than five minutes, save the tall, awkward country lad, who stood motionless, absorbed, entranced, his hands thrust into his pockets, his hat pushed back

on his head. The short November afternoon wore to a close. Lights began to twinkle here and there. Presently the woman in the window laid aside the comb, and draping her abundant locks over her arm, stepped back from the window and disappeared.

Daniel was like one in a trance. He turned away and walked he knew not whither. At last he reached the Drover's Hotel without any idea as to how he had come there. A tumult of emotions filled his soul. He loathed the thought of the loud-talking stockmen who had, but a few hours ago, seemed such desirable companions. His one desire was to be alone. This, then, was love, he said, that "soft tumult of pleasing pains and tender wishes." Somewhere and some when, he had known that it would come to him. It had come at last. He threw himself upon the bed, there to toss throughout the night in fitful slumber, while the bright vision of the afternoon pervaded all his dreams. Again he saw the white-robed figure, and the strands of glittering hair seemed to writhe and twist about his neck and lie caressingly against his cheek.

When he arose in the morning haggard, worn and shaken with emotion, one thought occupied his mind. It was to see again this wondrous creature, and to possess her as his own. He wished wings for himself that he might fly to the spot, for a horrible fear that she might not be there had seized upon him. He drew a long sigh of relief when he again stood before the window in the ever-changing crowd, and beheld her still displaying to the public her lovely locks.

All day long he haunted the spot, going away occasionally for a little distance, but shortly returning as if drawn by a magnet. For the most of the time he feasted his eyes with the contemplation of the siren; but sometimes he viewed with fierce jealousy his neighbors. But they took their privileges of inspection stolidly, and watched her with that curious, impersonal stare to which the exponents of the modern art of advertising are accustomed.

Between the rising and the setting of a sun, Daniel Richards lived a lifetime. With surprising leaps his fancy ran far into the future, and pictures arose before his mental vision which enthralled him. He saw himself taking this bewitching angel to his far-away home, and saying to his mother, "This is my wife!" How her face would light with joy and welcome! Even his father would be pleased. He had always a joke and a smile for a pretty girl.

The dinner hour came and went; but Daniel never thought of eating. In the evening, when the Lady of the Locks had left the window, he waited long within the shadow of the doorway. At last a form appeared which set his pulses beating wildly. To the casual observer there was nothing in the neat figure, buttoned closely in a tidy jacket, and with a modest sailor set upon close-wound braids, to suggest the stately presence of the window; but the eyes of love possess amazing keenness, and the infatuated lover followed close after the woman as she walked away up the street. Presently she stopped in front of a jeweler's window, and Daniel felt that this was his chance to speak, although he knew not what to say.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he murmured tremblingly; "but could I speak to you?"

She turned in haughtiness, but when she saw the clumsy rustic, her features relaxed into an indulgent smile which seemed to him a glorious sunburst.

"Sure," she said.

"I wanted to ask about this here

hair grower," said the bashful swain with halting speech. "Do you think now 'twould make the hair start up on the head of an elderly person—'bout fifty years old—my mother, I mean?"

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said the girl, promptly. "They do say it's a wonderful stuff; but I never knew any one that used it."

"What!" said Daniel in bewilderment. "I thought you was bald six months ago, and it made your hair grow like this."

The girl blushed rosy red, and looked vexed, then she laughed. "Well, I have done it," she said, "give it away completely! I didn't think what I was saying. You see, I wasn't hired to sell it; only just to set there for an advertisement. Bald! I guess not. My hair's always been like this. They have to say such things to make it sell," she explained, apologetically.

"Oh!" said Daniel, his honest soul somewhat shocked to find his divinity in any wise party to a fraud.

She was silent for a moment; then seeming to appreciate the disapproval in the clear, gray eyes, she continued, "You see, this bein' set up in a store window to be gawped at ain't a bit to my taste. But I had to do something. Pa's been out of a job for a long time. He's a typesetter, but he's awful sick. Some folks thinks he's going into consumption, but I don't believe it. I keep saying that if I could get him out in the country, he'd get better. The dampness and the smoke's all that makes him cough so terrible. He's took bottles and bottles of medicine, but he don't get no better. When it's bright and sunny, he ain't so bad. Mebbe if he could be where it's like that all the time, he'd get well. So he not being able to do nothing, and a lot of kids in the family," she concluded simply, "I just had to get out and hustle. If I keep this job for awhile, maybe I can earn enough to take Pa to the country, only I shouldn't know where to go. I don't know much about the country."

"Why, I could tell you all about it," said Daniel eagerly. "I live on a farm in Iowa."

"Do you?" she asked, her face lighting with interest. "Is the place you come from healthy?"

"Healthy! I should say so! I don't hardly know any sick folks there. It's the finest place you ever saw. The sky ain't a bit like this. It's most always blue and bright, and the air in summer smells sweet and warm coming over the green prairies. Oh," he added enthusiastically, "I'm sure he'd get well if he'd come out to our part of the country."

"I like to hear you talk," said his companion, with a sigh, "I wish you could see Pa, and tell him. Poor Pa! Sometimes I do get afraid for him. I don't care to live if he can't," she added tremulously.

There was a sweet wistfulness about her face which went straight to Daniel Richards' great, simple, chivalrous heart. How he longed to take her in his strong arms, there to shield and comfort her, Oh, the grim irony of fate! Here was he with his splendid store of health and strength, and she doing battle in this cold, cruel world for an aged father and helpless brothers and sisters. Henceforth she and her loved ones must be his care.

"What's the matter with me going home with you, and telling him all about it?" he asked boldly, his heart beating high.

She drew herself up stiffly. "I guess I ain't the kind you take me for, Mister," she said, icily. "Seems to me you're forgetting we ain't acquainted."

"I didn't mean no offense," he said with humility. "There don't seem to

be any one around to introduce us," glancing regretfully at the hurrying crowd of passers-by.

She hesitated a moment, then melted. "Well," she said at length, "you look like you was square, and I do want Pa to hear about the country Well—yes—I guess you can come. It's just a ways around the corner."

They walked along together, Daniel as if he trod on air, and presently entered a dark and narrow street. When they came to a tall, flat-faced building, she turned in at its entrance. "This is the place," she said, and began to climb the dirty, ill-lighted stair. They went up and up, past many doorways from which issued the sounds of loud talking, and the smell of cooking, until it seemed to Daniel that they could climb no higher. At last they entered a narrow hall, wrapped in profound darkness. Here his guide paused.

"Pa, Pa," she called. Instantly the door at the far end of the passage flew open, and a man appeared on the threshold, lifting high a kerosene lamp to light their way. He was apparently about thirty years of age, and was pale and cadaverous, with piercing eyes, and lank locks hanging about his hollow cheeks.

"That you, Jen?" he called. "Shet up, will you?" he added to the children who clung about his legs, peering out into the darkness.

"Yes, it's her, Pa?" they shouted. "It's her! Here she is. Hello, Ma, hello!" and they threw themselves upon Daniel's companion with a wild chorus of infantile shrieks and cacklings.

"Git out of there!" she said, laughing good-naturedly. "Git out, you, I say. Don't you see the gentleman? Oh, shut up."

"You're late, Jen," said the man, querulously. "The bolognys has been done a long time."

"I know I am, Pa," she answered cheerfully, "but I was talking with this gentleman. He's from the West, and he's come along with me to tell you all about it out there."

Within the dreary tenement the evening dragged slowly away. Daniel sat silent and depressed. Pa drawled on in a ceaseless monologue, interrupted by rasping fits of coughing. The Lady of the Locks served up the untidy meal, and washed the cracked and crazy tableware, meanwhile administering justice to the noisy flock which squabbled upon the floor.

"You must excuse the racket, Mr. Richards, and me not entertaining you more," she said apologetically. "There's an awful lot to do when a woman's away all day, specially where she's the mother of four children," she added, bestowing a maternal cuff which sent the recipient howling under the bed.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Daniel wearily. "I don't mind." To himself he was saying over and over again, "The mother of four children. Well—I'll—be—jiggered!"

When the midnight train for the west pulled out of the union station, on one of the back seats sat an awkward country lad. His head was sunk between his shoulders, and his hat was pulled down close over his eyes. Within his waistcoat was buttoned a well-filled pocketbook, but beneath it beat a very heavy heart.

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

THE ESSENCE OF SUCCESS

MOST people, having attained eminence of any kind, are immediately prepared to tell others what means they must employ in attempting to do likewise, forgetting that no two lives run parallel, either suceessfully or disastrously. There is no cut and dried method to be employed by those anxious to make the best of the unsolicited lives bestowed upon them, because no mechanical principles of success work out in order unless the necessary basic characteristics, upon which all such processes are built, can be furnished along with the patent modus operandi. A business man can instruct aspirants for his kind of success hourly, yearly; giving the best of his own experience to willing minds, which at the first independent opportunity (owing to an individual lack of certain elements elusive and almost indefinable; indigenious to the instructor's nature, impossible to the pupil) make pitiful failures, although standing upon those same principles of success.

Pre-eminent success is set in motion by a genius for making the best and most attractive of whatever is undertaken. Like all genius this mastering force is born with the man, possessing an essence no finger can touch, but every being feels. In lieu of a more definite term this essence must be called charm—that power which draws everything and everybody its way. The impelling power is successful no matter where it be placed; in drawing room or stock exchange; senate chamber or police court; newspaper office or in Archey Road. The successful serpent has it; the successful artist has it; the successful preacher or actor has it; Robert Louis Stevenson used it to wonderful purpose and so does the devil—every day.

Charm, charm is the essence of success.

The master, whether he be Napoleon or the captain of a high school battalion, commands the inexplicable obedience and admiration of those less gifted by means of some power his followers cannot describe, a power magnetizing them into subservience without any direct appeal to their reason.

Undoubtedly there are many other elements lending themselves to success; but taking them all in all they cannot stand firmly once bereft of charm.

Many strong-willed people fail, energetic people fail, moral people fail, but charming people succeed in some direction or another; perhaps not just as you or I desire to succeed, but the question of taste separates mankind further asunder than a frog and a boy. In making this assertion no claim is laid to the moral worth of the essence,

although there would seem to be the same wisdom perceptible in the errors of charm that is to be found in the alluring ocean all flushed and emerald before a devastating storm.

The popular novel or play devoid of merit, judged by established critical tenets possesses for multitudes an indefinable charm; but, in truth, were the novel or play perfected as it might be, that charm of the creator need not be destroyed in the least in the process, and thereon hangs the responsibility of either artist or dictator; having the gift to lead it is braver to start up the ladder than down.

Mr. Ruskin's aesthetic reasoning was sometimes untenable, but his force of charm surmounted any such defect; the color of his language defies criticism of his logic; the Jesuit priest often beguiled by poor logic clothed with insidious attractions; hence, charm may be fatal and still remain one of the few positive quantities discoverable wherever man or woman has led either a wide or limited portion of the universe in his or her direction.

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THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE

THE human countenance is an uncertain guide leading through the shadowy paths of character, carrying a dark lantern, and still there are few people who do not pride themselves upon their perfect understanding of this unreliable leader.

The particularly weak point in the evidence of a man's face lies in the contradiction of its several stories; but this fact slides by the average observer, who seizes upon what to him appears to be the strongest bit of evidence apparent, then determines the type of man by that mere factor of his character.

No character is composed exclusively of one attribute, whether virtuous or evil. It is known that in a bestial heart angel's wings faintly rustle; in the life of the saint the cloven hoof beats time, and between these extremes the masses of humanity surge, composed of every possible variation upon the themes of good and bad.

A man with coarse features is by the average mind immediately designated a sensualist, whereas, in truth, the delicate-lipped, thin-jawed man is actually and statistically more often the permanent, secret dweller in the land of the senses. Lines of care, worry and unhappiness are frequently mistaken for traces of vice—and sometimes the reverse. Two human beings may experience identically the same violent emotions resulting in extreme emotional evidence upon one face and no evidence at all upon the other, owing to the relative self control of the individuals, and somewhat to the comparative flexibility of their facial muscles.

It is generally believed that the eyes tell the truth, even when the rest of the face is unreliable. This supposition is tenable but is not final, because eyes are the outlet for moods and a man's eyes though truthful forty times may lie generously the fiftieth without any particular intention on his part.

Most bewildering of all the labyrinthan mazes of character is the high wall of conduct separating the social and business life. A generous, kind-eyed man in all social relations has, by the time he reaches his place of business, drawn a steel mask over his face, hard and defensive if not offensive, from out which his once affable eyes glance like gimlets or repose as expressionless as a fish.

By which face is this creature to be judged? Fairly by neither one, rather by the combination of both, forming the actual man, whose nervous system —the impetus of the creature—is more

complex and incomprehensible than the most intricate machine made by human hands. Until men understand themselves, outside intelligence can not reasonably pretend to do more than take the human heart to pieces. Only God can put it together again.

But allowing this to be true, there is still one reliable method of interpreting human nature—the method employed by little children and animals. That sixth sense, known as intuition, though occasionally at fault, is more reliable in the results of its process than all the logical conclusions of philosophic analogists.

Solomon and a little child meet on a final platform of understanding where they feel rather than read human nature. The strength of this wisdom lies in their starting point, where a man is accepted provided he is felt to be kind, brave and honest in intention, no matter how indelibly his many human short-comings may be set forth on his countenance.

The hand of a little child feels its way to a man's heart as we with our worldly casuistry can never penetrate along the road of the human countenance.

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BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

EVER since the fourteenth century the game of battledore and shuttlecock has served to pleasantly chase away aristocratic hours. To be sure its popularity has risen and sunk to rest with several royal suns; but the roots of the game seem to have been fairly planted in rich soil, from whence Fashion cannot drag them; for here we are at battledore again as the new century sets in, and a right appetizing game we find it to be—not to speak of its picturesque qualifications for social success. What other game can be undertaken as a settler between the superfluous courses of a Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner? What other game lends itself harmlessly to indoor amusement—and exercise on rainy days? It has been suggested that golf could be utilized indoors provided sufficient space were granted to afford a goal in each story and down the cellar stairs, from whence a long drive to the garret could be made, then down again to a putting green in the front hall, but this idea runs some risks of family friction which battledore and shuttlecock, in its simplicity and harmlessness does not do. No furniture or windows risk demolition through the gambols of the shuttlecock — that cheerful survivor of darker ages; and as a means to exercise, invigorating and appetizing, this old-fashioned game, newly pressed into service, has few domestic rivals. No other game except tennis, can be said to show off the human figure to such graceful advantage; indeed, there are few more interesting sights, from a human standpoint, than that of agile youth batting the shuttlecock back and forth in an old English or colonial hall.

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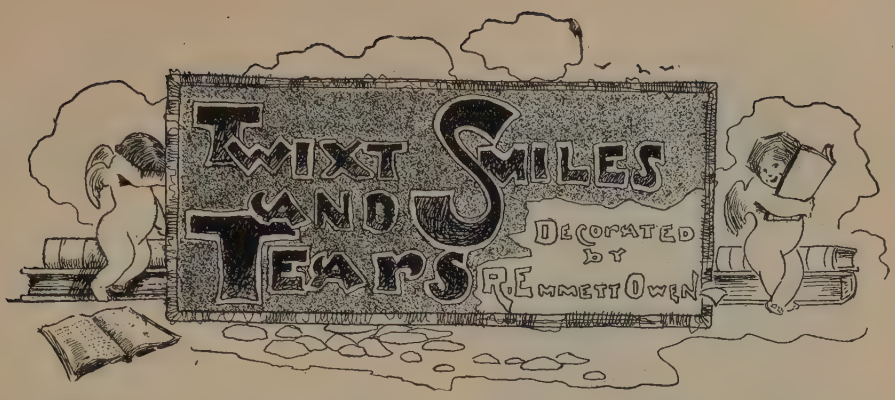
APRIL SCENTS

THERE are worlds of beauty buried deep in the heart of the winter months as they come back among the trees, on river banks and high up on the mountain's brow, but even so they lie still and odorless (except among the pines), or storm and rage without carrying any agreeable sensation to man's olfactory nerves—so delicate and sensitive.

Then when April bursts the buds Winter has nourished, her great, wet drops mingling with the earth's newborn sweetness send out delight to a sense whose value is not wholly appreciated, owing to universal negligence where common property is concerned.

The man who valueth not the April sense deserveth barren nostrils.

THE Jester bowed his foolish head
And wept with all his power.
"Why art thou sad? Alas, poor thing,
Explain thy grief," remarked the King.
"I am an April Fool," he said,
"And this an April shower."



THE BALLAD OF THE ANTIQUARIAN

He kept a stock of fine antiques
In a dingy basement store
That was thick with dust, and cobwebs and rust,
On ceiling and on floor.

He lived alone in a simple way,
And slept on an antique bed;
And he used to dine at half past nine
On remarkably antique bread.

He wore a coat of the Empire style,
And a hat of an early date;
And he shed salt tears when he said his years
Were only seventy-eight.

Thus he lived alone in his own sweet way;
In a sort of antique content;
For his trade was fine in the antique line,
And netted him ninety per cent.

One day I chanced on this antique man,
And I made me bold to say:
"Oh, Mister Antique, why don't you seek
A bride for yourself, I pray?"

Then he gazed on me with his antique eyes,
And solemnly waggled his head,
And he sighed, sighed he, "Well, it seems to me
I am rather too young to wed.

"And, too," he said, with a gentle blush,
As his head he shyly hung,
"The women I see all seem to me
So very extremely young.

"I do not care for such new-made things—
I love but the dear antique—
And to find a maid like my stock in trade,
I fear I'd have far to seek."

I slapped him gently on the back,
Which made the dry dust fly,
And I said, "My boy, prepare for joy;
For just such a girl know I.

"She is tall and slim as a fishing-pole,
And wrinkled and lame and gray;
And I vow that she is seventy-three,
And she looks very much passe.

"She is, of course, but a gay young thing,
And giddy beyond compare;
But with all her tricks she looks ninety-six,
And has quite an antique air."

With a joyful sob the antique man
Threw himself on my manly breast;
And the tears from his eye met my Ascot tie,
As he blubbered upon my vest.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir," he cried;
"I'll run out and purchase a ring;

You shall see us wed. You may bring," he said,
"As a present, some antique thing."

So he courted her well, and her shy consent
He won in a year, at least;
And the knot was tied that made her his bride,
By an awfully antique priest.

She was, indeed, of an antique mien,
And he gazed on her face with joy;
For when with her the antique sir
Seemed young as a high-school boy.

She looked so old that an antique vase
Of the reign of Ptolemy II.,
Or a Guttenberg book, had a just-made look,
And a Grecian urn seemed new.

But men must work and women must weep,
And the customers came and went.
But although each day crowds passed his way,
Not one of them spent a cent.

So his trade fell off at a startling rate,
And it puzzled him why it should,
For he had in store fully forty score
Of antiques in stone and wood.

With brasses and bronzes, and antique books,
And buttons, and swords, and rings,
All that, to be terse, would open the purse
Of a lover of antique things.

"Pray tell me, mister," one day he said
To a friend, "and tell me true,
Why don't you buy?" and the friend said, "I
Consider your stuff too new."

Oh, sad grew the heart of the antique man,
And hard seemed his poor young life,
For he clearly saw that his stock looked raw,
And new when compared to his wife.

But his wife was a dear old thoughtful soul,
And she said, while her tears she hid,
"It is best that I should up and die,"
And so she up and did.

Now the moral I wish you well to heed,
Though I know quite well you won't,
Is this—if you seek to wed an antique,
Whatever you do do, don't.

Ellis Parker Butler

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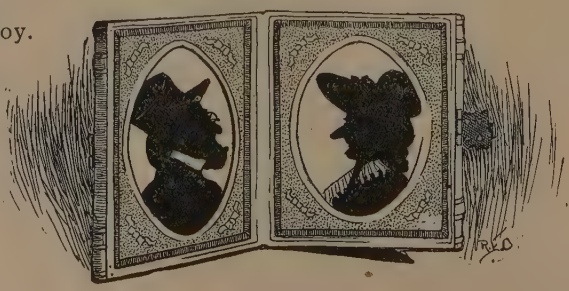


HER BABY

IN the glittering sweep of the house there were numberless faces. Diamonds glinted above fluttering fans, on all sides there was the radiance and sheen, and perfume of rich fabrics. Lights scintillated, the air was heavy with the fragrance of exotics. Numberless faces, but of one only Murchinson was thinking.

She sat just beyond him, and there was something extremely attractive in her shoulders that rose from a froth of white organdie and lace.

He watched her as she turned to reply to some one beside her. A slow monosylable fell from her lips, and at her companion's words the richly curved cheek dimpled.

Then she gave her attention to the play, in her absorption leaning forward, her hand on the ledge of the seat beyond.

He stared dully at the hand. It was small and well shaped. On one of the fingers an old fashioned cluster diamond flashed and radiated under the light, sending forth sparkling shafts. She moved her hand until it lay sideways, the slim fingers curled like a sleeping child's, the pink, satiny palm crumpled like a rose leaf.

Six months ago that hand had crossed his horizon and changed the tint thereof.

He had advertised for a woman of culture and refinement to take charge of an infant. The compensation was liberal and several people applied for the child, but when a tall woman, wearing black and heavily veiled, entered the dingy village hotel parlor, and in a voice as soft and low as his ideas of what a voice should be, asked that the baby be given into her keeping, adding that she loved babies so, he made a mental surrender.

She saw that the situation was hers, and after the necessary arrangements asked to see the baby. When she bent over it, for it sustained her verdict of goodness and was fast asleep, he knew that no troublesome questions concerning the child's welfare would harrass him.

And after her departure, for she took the baby with her, the hotel proprietor told him that it was a most unusual thing for Mrs. Morris to do, although he felt confident the child would be well cared for.

That night, as he looked from the window of the train hurrying him back to business cares, he saw in every moonlit vista a little crumpled rose-leaf palm that had lain for a moment on the table, the fingers upcurled like the sleeping child's he had given into her charge; he heard from beneath the folds of nun's veiling a voice undoubtedly youthful declare that she loved babies so.

With a start he roused himself; the play was done.

She drew back, a cold, ungracious expression setting over her face, when he spoke to her.

Then he laughed softly at her facial confession of recognition, for the color flamed into her cheeks and died, leaving them white.

"My baby!" she gasped, "you want him!"

"Indeed I do not," he laughingly reassured her, "I want to thank you for your care of him."

"Oh," she began enthusiastically, "he's the dearest baby, but," with a quick change of manner, "you have seen him; you know how I deceived you."

"No; I have not been in the village. I did not know you deceived me until I saw you here to-night."

"How did you know me? I thought I was quite incognito."

"I knew your hand."

She moved nearer to him, with a

rippling run of incredulous laughter. The aisle was crowded, a few moments' delay unavoidable.

"Mother was at a missionary meeting," she began hurriedly; "I saw the advertisement, and a neighbor had just come in and told me that you wanted some one you could trust to take care of a little baby whose mother was dead. We needed money so," in a little burst of confidence. "Oh, I am ashamed that it was the fifty dollars a month that made me do it. Mother would never have consented. So I borrowed her clothes, and sped up the street to find my baby—and lots of beautiful things. This dress—the play to-night. Come to-morrow and see the baby. It is only an hour's ride out." She moved on with her companion. Next day a young man going down a village street took furtive glances at a little kodak picture of a girl holding a baby, and looking upon it with a world of love in her face, and a young woman watching him from the window turned after he had passed from view, and knelt by a baby, who crowed and kicked in radiant good humor, endeavoring to teach it an unlearned lesson.

"Dad-da, my darling: say dad-da." Over and over the girl repeated the words.

"A-goo-oo," the baby said. In the baby's vocabulary "a-goo-oo" meant "I love you."

"You faithless one!" she cried at last, "he does too, at least he will, and oh my baby!" she caught the child to her, "he's the nicest man I ever saw, and the pity of it."

In the village post office, where no secrets are sacred, the frequency of the letters that came from a distance to the old house on the hill within the next three months was the subject of much discussion, and it was decided that the babies of ten months required more advice than do those of a tenderer age.

It was June time when he next came.

Half way up the avenue he sprang from his horse, for he caught a glimpse of them in the rose covered summer house. Again a frightened look flashed in her eyes, and her arms more closely clasped the child she held.

"I don't want him," he assured her, when the baby, who had been kissed and caressed much to his annoyance, played at their feet. "He would be a white elephant on my hands, unless—"

"Don't!" There was a world of pain and entreaty in her voice.

"But I love you! In all the world I love no other woman, and you love me!" there was a ring of triumph in his voice.

"Yes," with a little sobbing laugh that tore at his heart. "I love you, and you love me, and the baby loves me! Oh, the shame of it! and the pity of it! and the faithlessness of it!"

He caught her hands. "Carolyn" he said, "Carolyn."

"Did you not love the baby's mother?"

"No."

She fell back from him with a little gesture of repugnance.

"Now I hate you," she cried, defiance and love battling in her eyes.

"But why should I love her?"

At the utter bewilderment of her face a light broke over his own. "Carolyn, the boy is my brother's! Why my sweetheart," for she had burst into tears. "I thought you knew. My brother was abroad when his wife died and I cabled him that I would take charge of the child. It is impossible for him to come home yet. Did I not tell you the baby's father was pleased?"

"Yes," with a sigh that righted everything, "but I didn't understand, and I thought you had forgotten her

so soon, and I hated myself for loving you. Oh"—but the sentence was not finished.

Then they were silent for a rapturous moment because understanding is enough when people are in love. And the baby—the neglected, forgotten baby, although there was nothing in his experience to account for such indifference, cooed and gurgled in sweet content.

Sara Lindsay Coleman

WANTED EQUAL CHANCES WITH THE BEAR

"THERE is an old sayin'," began Hankins, "to the effect that Providence most gener'ly helps the critter who helps hisself, and I never run acrost this remark in print or hear it quoted without bein' sorter reminded of Bill Bunker and the bear.

"Bill was a pious sort of an old farmer and trapper who lived in a clearin' in the woods down East somewhere—might's well call it Maine, I reckon, seein' that's the biggest state and there's the most room there—and whenever he got into a tight place the fust thing he allers thought of was callin' on the Lord to help him out. Got so he sort of depended on the Creator that way instid of pitchin' in and helpin' hisself, which was a mighty shiftless way of doin' bizness, ez most anybody with any gumption could've told him. He orter sensed it fer hisself, but it seems he didn't—not till later on at any rate; and then it come about in this way:

"Bill was out in a stump lot one day, quite a piece from the house, when he ketches sight of a big bear comin' fer him at full speed. He had left his gun leanin' ag'inst a pine stump at the further side of the lot, and it was too late to go after it now, specially ez the bear was coming from that direction; so he shuts his eyes and begins prayin' fer deliverance from the animal that is makin' fer him.

"But when he opens his eyes later on and looks up, the fust thing that greets his vision is that bear still comin' fer him, so he shuts his eyes and repeats his petitions once more.

"Again openin' his optics he sees the bear still saunterin' in his direction at a two-forty gait and gittin' closer and closer every minute.

"At this juncture Bill begins to realize it is high time he was standing on the defensive, unless he wants to get chawed up by the bear, so he whips out his huntin'-knife, gits a firm grip on the handle, squares off ready for action and then speaks up loud and says:

"'Oh, Lord, I see it is about time I was doin' suthin fer myself in this matter upon which I have bin addressin' you, so if you can't help me please don't help the bear, and in jest about two minutes you'll see one of the liveliest old scrimages right in this clearin' that you ever laid yer eyes on!'

"How did it all come out? Well, Bill won the fight, and he says he is convinced that Providence was on his side after all; and that little bear episode, so to call it, taught him that even when you pray for assistance it don't pay to set down with your hands folded and depend on the Lord to do all the work."

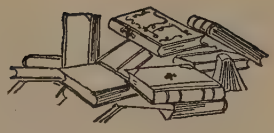
Will S. Gidley

"THEIR PRECIOUS BALMS"

Psalms 141: 6

With breastplate buckled on, and visor barred,
With greaves well-oiled, and corslet linked to shield;
With targe steel-studded, cut and thrust to guard,
And right arm stout the trenchant brand to wield;
A man may fight, and smite shrewd blows, and win
'Gainst honest foemen keen to enter in.
But armor, targe, nor circling sword defend
From random arrow sped by some fool friend.

Francis Lynde

A GLANCE  AT BOOKS

THE year 1899 was extremely fruitful of historical novels in the United States. The climax of production in this field would appear to be reached, however, in the publication early in this year of "To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston, a tale of life in the colony of Virginia in the earliest days of its existence. The story, which was published first as a serial in the "Atlantic Monthly," is very original, dramatic, and of absorbing interest. Miss Johnston's versatility of style is remarkable: in the narrative she is simple, yet strong; her descriptions are vivid and picturesque; in scenes of passion she is intensely dramatic; and in the passages of love-making she displays a sympathetic art and an exquisite delicacy of feeling. To employ with equal skill, stirring, angry and tender words, is not easy; but to impregnate those words with human *color* is indicative of genius. Not to have shared the perils and fortunes of the beautiful Jocelyn Percy and her chivalrous lord and master, not to have known of the dark scheming of my Lord Carnal and his snake-like accomplice, or the fate of the reckless yet faithful Diccon, the treachery and supreme friendship of Nantauquas: and to have failed making the acquaintance of Jeremy Sparrow, is to have missed much. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Knight of the King's Guard

Is the story of the picturesque times of Edward III. and the good Queen Philippa, who defeated the Scots at Neville's Cross, and led their king, David, a prisoner to London. The writer, Ewan Martin, has made use of the historic possibilities of the times with discrimination and intelligence. It stands well to the fore in the ranks of the historical-romantic school so much in vogue at the present. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

National Music in America

Starts with the beginnings of psalmody in New England, regarding it as the seed of future American music, and tracing in masterly fashion, the development of music down to Boston Symphony Orchestra perfection of to-day. Mr. Louis Elson has treated this subject, perhaps better than any one else could do, in a handsomely illustrated volume, third in the "Music Lovers' Series," by the same publishers. It is much more than a musical record stuffed full of dates and figures. It gives the origin of famous war and other songs, and the historical events connected with their use. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

In Leo Dayne

Margaret A. Kellog tells the story of a young woman from the humble walks of life who gives up many things precious to her for the sake of honest convictions. Nothing is proved or disproved, but individualism and independence of thought regardless of early training is well brought out. The book is broad in its views and just in its judgment, and will commend itself to readers with or without creeds, as a strong psychical work. (James West Company, publishers.)

The King's Mirror

Is not one of the best of the Anthony Hope books, but as his worst is better

than many writers' best, this book will prove interesting to hosts of readers. There is not a tedious line in Hope—he has not yet learned the gentle art of writing such. Pardonable exaggeration, uniquely possible situations, and dainty touches of romance, make this author's verve and "go." His critics should sit down and study his peculiarities. As Shakespeare's "Claudio" said:

"The miserable have no other medicine,
but only hope!"

(D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Bohemian Paris of To-day

Edouard Cucuel has made 106 extremely graphic pen drawings for the work which he has written in collaboration with W. C. Morrow. Few could write so well of the "Students' quarter" of the French capital where so many strange customs are in vogue. The true student of human nature will admit the shadows, as well as a modicum of light, into his composite pictures. Some will, and do, say that the work of pen and pencil in this somewhat bulky volume is too vivid: but it has many of the marks of truth about it, and truth is good, from any quarter. There is little gloss and much glare to the description. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

The Black Wolf's Breed

Harris Dickson's vivid descriptions of love and intrigue in the seventeenth century show careful use of excellent material. While Louisiana was yet in the possession of the French, and threatened by the pretensions of Spain, a young officer's experiences in Paris, and the impressions made upon him by the glamor of the French court, form a memorable series of dramatic pictures, thrilling in the extreme. The spirit of these picturesque times is admirably transmitted to the pages of this powerfully dramatic story. (Bowen Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

An Autumn Lane

The latest volume of poetry from the pen of Will T. Hale of Nashville mirrors the gentle peace of the rural byway in midsummer; translates lovingly the myriad voices of Nature's wee creatures; weaves into rythmic fancies the fragrance of the leaf and flower.

The garrulous crows go flapping out of sight,
Where sumacs their ensanguined banners raise;
While on the fence a partridge stands upright
And slides its whistle-shuttle through the haze.
Deep are the dyes of purple, gold and green,
And sweet all sounds the sylvan ways along;
Yea, all the earth is but a singing scene,
And all the world is but a pictured song.

Here are homely bits of sentiment in the pleasing dialect of the Tennessee villager and farmer; the philososhy of a simple and manly life close to Mother Earth. Humor, too, often mingled with the minor note of hidden melancholy. Occasionally a more strenuous tone, as when the poet utters a protest against oppression, or cruelty sanctioned by the law. Best of all in the book, I think, is the human quality of it, the recognition of man's perfections and the hopefulness for growth. A certain devotional spirit, too, is not the least of the many charms of the work of this high-souled southern singer.

A PETITION

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet." Matt. VI, 6.

Where is this closet—in the solitude
Where sylvan leaves with palpable soft stir
Seem to our ears the faint down-floating whir
From Time's wings as he flaps above the stream and wood?

Where is this closet—shades of urban night,
Where o'er the revelry the coupling trains
Jar like the heavy noise of clanking chains
As day (made captive), rousing tries once more his might?

When I shall rest, with eyes that see no more—
Sadly alone when friends shall go their way—
Remember, Thou! one soul oft knelt to pray
Amid the solitudes of crowds and knights of revelry.

(M. E. Church, South, Pub. House, Nashville, Tenn.)

Mr. Jack Hamlin's Meditations

A volume of stories from the pen of Bret Harte is always welcome to lovers of good reading; and the collection entitled "Mr. Jack Hamlin's Meditation, and Other Stories," brings one an attractive whiff of camp, ranch and mines in California. The wild, free life of unschooled, unpolished human character, with its innate good and evil, finds as clever expression in this ex-Californian's last series of stories as it did in the earlier "Luck of Roaring Camp." The author's horizon of feeling seems to be unlimited; "The Boom of the Calaveras Clarion" being unrivalled in its quaint humor; while the story which gives the volume its title comes dangerously near tragedy. Although Mr. Harte's tales are necessarily local, his treatment and sympathies are national; and the book should find a wide circle of readers, and doubtless will. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Other Fellow

What a versatile and gifted man is F. Hopkinson Smith, artist, lecturer, reader and writer! Certainly a creature of "ten—or more—talents," he developes all to the enjoyment of his appreciative fellow men. The stories and sketches are charming. Whether he is describing an artist's experiences in Holland, two young lovers, through the medium of an old Southern mammy, or the experience of a child lost in the city, he is entirely successful. His style, as we would expect, is thoroughly artistic, and he gives to language and construction alike a "twist" or piquancy wholly his own. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

On Trial

By "Zack" is a queer story which deserves wide popularity for its wealth of truisms, like these:—

"Sin be a queer thing—it takes more than eddication to fathom it"—

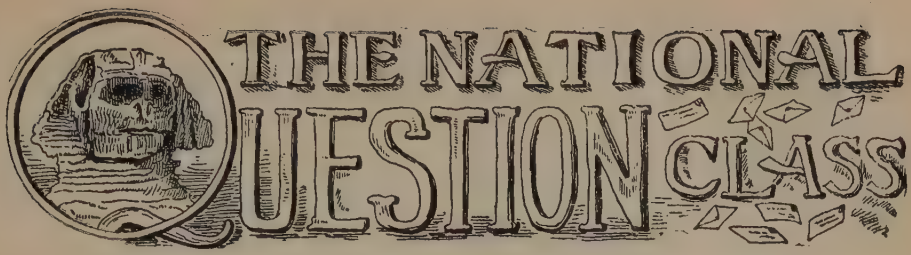
"Nature's arithmetic needs a bigger slate and a longer head than us have got to reckon with"—

"Folk bain't alles the better for baing punished—there be zome as walks a deal nearer God prosperous than cast down."

If anyone wishes to realize, without the pain of actual experience, what a dreadful thing is moral cowardice, and how inevitable is its punishment, let him study the character of Dan, the hero (?) of this novel. As is the usual case, his wrong doing is not confined to the sinner's suffering, but falls heavily on those he loves best. The story is extremely readable. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

In Connection With the DeWilloughby Claim

Mrs. Frances Hodgsdon Burnett's great cleverness makes one rather wonder at the awkwardness of the title she has chosen for her anything but awkward story. It is of intense dramatic interest. The authoress first depicts life in a small North Carolina town with the central character so moving in his wit, kindliness, and general bonhommie, that one longs to see him on the stage. Then we are given equally faithful descriptions of another sort of life and people. Again the scene changes—this time to the sombre and prosaic existence of New England, in the township of Willowfield. Many persons move through the pages of this remarkable story: all described with that vividness and color of which Mrs. Burnett has such admirable command. One's interest in the story never flags. Each of her volumes has been eminently original; the last is no exception. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)



Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar

PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY

First Prize: William P. White, 1012 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Second Prize: Miss Jennie M. Whitney, Loomis St., Burlington, Vermont.

Third Prize: Miss Lila Hurlburt, Glenwood, Iowa.

Fourth Prize: Miss E. A. Watson, 611 Fifth Ave., New York City.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN FEBRUARY

Literature

1. The National Library of France is the largest collection of books in the world, and the one most impossible to duplicate. This collection, consisting of nearly three million bound volumes, and about half that number of pamphlets, is known as the Bibliotheteque Nationale, situated in the Rue de Richelieu, Paris. The building was formerly occupied by Cardinal Mazarin, and was first used for the National Library under the regency of the Duke of Orleans. The second most important collection of books in the world is contained in the British Museum, London. It now numbers two million bound volumes. Third among the world's great libraries is that of St. Petersburg, possessing more than one million, two hundred thousand volumes, and not less than twenty-six thousand manuscripts.

2. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in 1836, at Portsmouth, N. H., and is worthy to be ranked as a poet with Holmes, Whittier and Longfellow.

"His poetry has in it, an oriental depth of color and airiness; it is suffused with an intense love of nature, joyous as the spring time, and opulent with summer's blooms; revelling in the shadowy mystery of the purple East, and yet playing at will in all life's harmonies."

3. The first Mrs. Longfellow died in 1835 at Rotterdam, and in 1836 while sojourning at Interlaken, Switzerland, the poet met Miss Frances Appleton. Subsequently the friendship was renewed in Boston, and while Longfellow evidently "feared to put it to the touch," "Hyperion" was quite as evidently written under the influence of the fascination ever exerted by lovely woman upon a poetical, impressionable nature. Paul Flemming is undoubtedly Longfellow the widower, and Mary Asburton is Frances Appleton. Had the result been otherwise, this published courtship might have had disagreeable consequences, but Longfellow was made once again the happiest of men, by winning the heart of the woman he reverenced as a saint, and loved more than a saint.

4. "The Civil and Military Gazette," in India, had a whole Kipling number for its Christmas issue in 1885. Kipling was then just twenty years old. In this issue of the "Gazette" he had nine stories and several ballads; his sister contributed three stories and some sketches; his brother also had three stories, and there was a page of literary criticism and a few pictures, by his father. One of the copies of this issue of the "Gazette" sold in New York in 1897 for five dollars.

5. Count Tolstoy advocates living the life of the peasants, and dividing one's

substance with them, in order that all may share alike. To a certain extent he lives like that class when at his country home, some 150 miles from Moscow; ploughs in the fields, dresses as they do and eats the same plain food. At times, however, he is obliged to give up these practices on account of the inroads they make on his health. At one time he wished to give all he had to peasants, but the law would not sanction his reducing his children to beggary in this manner; consequently he gave his estate to his wife, thus relieving himself of the responsibility of being in possession of it. Since then he has divided the rest of his property among his children, and literally has no more than the poorest peasant.

Art

The eight finest facades in the world are those of the Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris; Parthenon, Athens; Opera House, Paris; Capitol, Washington; St. Peter's, Rome; St. Mark's Library, Venice; Amiens Cathedral, and Ducal Palace, Venice.

2. Robert W. Weir was the professor of drawing at West Point when Whistler was a cadet. He painted the panel picture in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, known as the "Departure of the Pilgrims."

3. One day Professor Weir brought from the picture gallery a large painting containing many figures, and directed Whistler to copy this picture with pen and ink. Whistler was near sighted, and in making drawings he would fix his eyes upon a near portion of the model, and then proceed to copy it upon the drawing board. He never drew any outline of the work he was copying, but seemed to work at random, and in this instance he displayed one of his favorite tricks, which was to draw first, say a face from the model, then a foot, then the body, skipping from one point of the picture to another, apparently without keeping any relation to any of the different parts. But when the picture was completed all the parts seemed to fit together like mosaic, and it was a complicated piece of work.

4. Giotto, a contemporary and warm friend of Dante, painted the only authentic portrait of Dante. The work was executed in the Chapel of the Bargello; at the time of Dante's banishment the picture was whitewashed over, and only recently restored, I think sometime in this century.

9. Correggio received a commission from a rich lady of Parma, named Donna Breseide Colla, to paint an altar piece for her family chapel in the Church of San Antonio. She promised him a payment of 400 lire imperiali, and some authors say she kept him in her house during the six months he was working at it, but this is improbable. Donna Breseide was, however, so delighted with "Il Giorno" ("The Day"), when finished, that besides the 400 lire she sent the artist a useful present of some sacks of corn, and two cars of flour from her podere, with a pig "so well fattened that it could scarcely walk."

General

1. In the professional schools at Chalons-Mendon, France, according to the "Industrie Textile," spiders have now to spin for the benefit of the balloons which are used for military and scientific researches. The spiders are grouped in dozens before a reel, which withdraws the threads. One spider can give a thread from twenty to forty yards in length, after which it is released. The threads are of a pinkish hue, and are washed to remove the sticky surface layer. Eight threads must be combined, and the resulting texture is much lighter than ordinary

silk of the same bulk, and strong cords for military balloons can doubtless be obtained in this way.

2. The navy of Italy has existed since 236 B. C., when the Romans built 100 "quinqueremes" and 20 "tiremes" patterned after a Carthaginian vessel that was driven ashore on the coast of Italy.

3. The Red Cross Society was an outgrowth of the Geneva Convention; taking its name from the fact that the red cross on a white ground, the flag of Switzerland reversed, was adopted as the badge. The first meeting was held at Geneva in 1863; almost immediately followed by the organization of the society in several other countries. The suggestions that led to the formation of this first Red Cross Society, came from a little volume by M. Henri Dunant, called "Un Souvenir de Solferino."

4. In the Boston Town and Church Records the first child was born in 1630, and was named Edward, son of Wm. and Elizabeth Aspinwall.

5. In March, 1847, during the Mexican war, occurred a naval battle at the port of Vera Cruz, namely San Juan de Ulua. This port was strongly fortified, so that it was called the "Gibraltar of Mexico," and the Mexicans had thought it was impossible for any one to land under the guns of the castle at the port, but Scott landed his men by surf boats. Commodore Connor's fleet and the land batteries of Scott after four days storming took San Juan de Ulua, and on March 27, 1847, Vera Cruz was taken.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR APRIL

Literature

1. Where did Petrarch retire to write and study, and what does he say of his retreat.

2. What famous French nobleman and diplomatist left "Memoires" that he ordered should not be published till thirty years after his death? How happened it that he came to the United States?

3. What great French writer was the recognized chief of the Romantic School? Why was he banished from France for a time?

4. What was the "Port-Royal School" and what poet was its brightest ornament?

5. Upon the bust of what great comic actor and author did the French Academy put this inscription after his death: "Nothing is wanting to his glory; but he was wanting to ours."

Art

1. What action in the artistic life of Pierre Jean David of Angers, France, entitles him to the interest and regard of Americans.

2. What three French artists, father, son and grandson, painted splendid battle scenes?

3. Who married the daughter of one of the artists mentioned above?

4. What woman, famous as a portrait painter, wrote some exceedingly interesting "Souvenirs?" How many portraits did she paint, and of whom were some of these?

5. Who was the greatest French architect of this century, and what did he write?

General

1. What construction did Richelieu order at the famous siege of La Rochelle that contributed mainly to the surrender of that town?

2. What was the origin of the word "Nicotine," and what did someone propose for Nismes, France?

3. What was the origin of the Troy-weight?

4. What wonderful relic of the Druidical religion exists at Carnac, France, in Brittany?

5. What was the "Oriflamme" of France?

PRIZES FOR APRIL

First Prize: "David Harum," by Edward Noyes Westcott.

Second Prize: Laughlin Fountain Pen.

Third Prize: "Peek-a-Boo" Camera.

Fourth Prize: The Siebel Madonna.

From the CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

An open Sea—a privateering prow—
Art, Drama, Verse, and late adventure now—
And then, a "Crow's Nest" view of books, and men—
A bit to talk about betwixt myself and thou.
(With apologies to Omar, the Persian.)

The Charge of the Genteel Poor

One of the first things to be done by ladies of quality who have sincere longings to be helpful to the poor is to *thoroughly* post themselves about the needs and the comfort of their proteges, especially when hospitality is to be extended. Some would feel like condemning Mrs. Potter-Palmer for charging, even for a charitable purpose, an admission of fifty cents to her house and picture gallery, to a recent delegation of "working girls" to whom she extended an invitation. The dear, well-meaning "patronesses" wore their old clothes, so to speak, so as not to put to the blush those who could ill afford evening garments of customary "gorgeality." Of course they wouldn't say a thing about this laudable intention to the innocent objects of it all; and were naturally nonplussed when the guests arrived in carriages, wearing full-dress, carrying bouquets of real flowers, wearing real diamonds, and accompanied by faultlessly-attired male escorts! The "working-girls" felt really sorry for the "society ladies" because the latter wore such pitifully shabby clothes!

Cook County's Waterloo

Could such a situation have occurred anywhere else than in America? Doubted. The possibility of such a thing should have been precluded by the society ladies in question. Their advantages for anticipating were far superior to those of the working women, who, here in the land of the free, will always dress (if they can) perhaps better than prudence might suggest that they should. Either Mrs. Palmer and her friends should have appeared in their own full-jewelled, decollete evening gowns to make the kind delusion as real as possible, else invitations should have distinctly stated the request that no one should wear full dress, "as it was desired to make the occasion as informal as possible," or some such like gentle fiction. Thus would the winds have been tempered to the shorn lambs! The best meaning charity is so often spoiled by a little overweaning "patronage." All the same Mrs. Palmer's willingness to lend her magnificent house to the enjoyment of those less privileged is most commendable; an idea worthy of the gracious Lady of the Splendid Gowns. Next time she will doubtless invite her "reception committee" for some other

evening, or do the "receiving" unaided and alone!

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Artists Worth Recalling To revive interest in some of the artists, as well as in some of the writers of the past, will one of these days be popular; and when it becomes so, F. O. C. Darley (born in Philadelphia 1822, and died sixty years later), will be recognized in the front rank of Americans who have been inimitable. Take up the quaint little fiction of 1845, "Margaret a Tale of the Actual and Ideal," and see what expression the man could put into a few lines, what a sort of unearthly beauty in Chillion's face, and what an atmosphere of ponderous docility there was in his oxen. Another book, "Mutter-und-Rose-Lieder," by Froebel, should also be put in evidence. One Friederich Unger made the drawings, and Andrew McCance of Boston knows just where one of the few existing copies can be obtained.

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The Dickens! "Broadcast in England is sown the sentiment that these two peoples are essentially one; that it rests with them to uphold, jointly, the Anglo-Saxon race. The English heart is stirred by the flutter of those Stars and Stripes as it is stirred by no other flag that flies except its own." —(Charles Dickens at farewell Press dinner, Delmonico's, New York, April 18, 1868.) Wonder what stirrings are felt now at the sight of the colors of Goodman Steyn and Herr Kruger, present address South Africa.

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An Uncommon Councilor Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, whose fame as an original thinker is not confined to America, considers it his duty to run for the Common Council from the seventh ward of the city of Columbus, Ohio. "I shall make no canvass, pay no assessments, ask for no votes. If the people want me to serve them, I will do it." There's the Independent in politics for you! That city council will add much to Ohio's fame if Dr. Gladden becomes a member!

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New Wine Old Bottles The Springfield Republican speaks of a "slang-whanging pulpiteer from Georgia." A certain Boston paper refers a dozen or so times in a column, to its pugilistic editor as its "fistic critic." The faculty for coining new words as fast as Dooley and George Ade, Dean of the Slangits, can make them, is growing apace. The man is not now living who could write the dictionary of the future. A prize should be offered to General Joe Howard for every new word he invents, for all of his are uncommonly expressive.

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In the Thick of It There is really a great deal of inspiration, if you only know how to extract it, in being "in the current" of things—on deck, so to speak, when the hurricane strikes home—with the crowd when the battle-scarred conqueror is passing, close to human nature and human happenings. The son of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, writes of that conscientious and indefatigable painter that he had a peculiar "preference for working with the door of his studio wide open; the noises and traffic in the passages and on the stairways of a busy household never seemed to disturb him, and he appeared not to be averse, during the long hours of work, to this slender communication with the outer world." Just tell those who shut themselves up into silent, book-lined walls, secure from annoying interruptions, that strains of the rarest music now and again come floating up from the clanging street sounds of city life.

Solo Work "Let hymns become singing flames that will reach to heaven. If you have no soul, don't try to sing a solo." (Joseph Cook, Park street church, 1900.) In other words, people who can't sing, and won't sing, shouldn't be made to sing,—especially solos! All the same that preachment is a good one.

Condensed Life of Herman Melville Author, born New York, Aug, 1st, 1819, died there Sept. 28th, 1891, son of Allan Melville, New York, importing merchant, widely travelled, and of literary tastes, whose death compelled Herman to seek his own fortunes in early childhood. Shipped as cabin boy in 1837 on English vessel, and as sailor before the mast; a year later, on a ship bound for Liverpool. Following these experiences he taught school, Lansingburg, N. Y., an old salary receipt giving his remuneration at "6 dollars a quarter and board." Sailed from New Bedford, Mass. Jan. 1st, 1841, on the Pacific bound sperm-whaler, "Acushnet," (Appleton says he rounded the Horn in the whaler "Dolly.") With a companion, Richard T. Green, (the "Toby" in "Typee,") deserted ship at Nukuheva, one of the Marquesas Islands, owing to extreme cruelty of captain and crew. After many adventures among the cannibals in "Typee" valley, described in book thus named, Melville was rescued and carried to the Society Islands by an Australian whaler, his companion, "Toby" having made his escape earlier. From thence he journeyed to the Hawaiian group, there joining the crew of the frigate "United States," and reaching Boston October, 1844. "Typee" is said to have been written largely at Lansingburg, N. Y., the following winter. It was published first in England under the title "Melville's Marquesas Islands" in 1846, by John Murray of London, and under the title "Typee" in New York the same year. "Omoo," relating Melville's escape from the cannibals and subsequent voyaging, was published 1847, New York, "Mardi" and "Redburn" appeared 1849. Went to live in Pittsfield, Mass., 1850, where at his farm, "Arrowhead," grew his intimacy with Nathaniel Hawthorne, then at Lenox. Melville married in Boston, Aug. 4th, 1857, daughter of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw. He lectured in Montreal, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities on his south sea adventures. "White Jacket," (1850), "Moby Dick, or the White Whale," (1851), "Pierre," (1852), "Israel Potter," (1855), "Piazza Tales" (1856), "Confidence Man" (1857), "Clarel," a poem, (1876), "John Marr" (1888), and "Timoleon," (1891), were his other books.

Melville's maternal grandfather was Brig.-Gen. Peter Gansevoort, "hero of Fort Stanwix" (1777.) The author's great-great-grandfather was Thomas Melville, minister of Scoonie Parish, Scotland, whose son Allan came to Boston, 1748, and became a merchant. Herman's grandfather was Major Thomas Melville, Revolutionary soldier; member of Boston Tea Party, original of "Holmes Last Leaf;" member of legislature and Boston port officer. He died in Boston Sept. 16, 1832.

Putting the narrower path of years behind—
Enslaved by custom and by rule confined,
This new apostle seeks a wider field,
Enters upon his work of larger yield,
Reaching new waiting thousands of mankind.

MacQueen,, outspoken and courageous Scot,
Adopted kindred will forget you not!
Conquer new souls in battle's smoky track:
Quench fires of war, and send the stories back!
Under whatever flag your ways may lie,
Ever remember ours your friendliest sky.
Enchain affection, though the body roam,
Nor other lands than this one claim as Home.

Drawn by Walter L. Greene

"APPLE BLOSSOMS"

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

EASTERTIDE vacation days have been busy times at the White House in Washington. The "oldest resident" of the mansion, whose memories reach back through many administrations, cannot recall a time when there have been so many bright American school girls among the list of callers. They came in twos, they came in fours; but more often as a well-organized battalion of American beauty, under the chaperonage of a sweet-faced teacher. It was indeed impressive to note the ease, grace and intelligence of these American girls when calling on the President. In their jaunty caps or dignified mortar-boards, with long braids and navy blue bicycle skirts, no European court, with all its stateliness and display, could outshine the winsomeness of American young women at the executive mansion. From their very entrance, their bright eyes captivated all beholders, and they ascended the great staircase and swept into the waiting room with all the grace of queens. There have been scores and scores of delegations keeping the President busy this month, but when he received the school girls he was at his best; courteous, gallant and chivalrous as any cavalier of the olden time.

We can fancy him quoting Shakespeare's line, "All orators are dumb when Beauty speaks." As they filed out of the President's office by twos, with their arms about each other, schoolgirl fashion, there was a run of vivacious comment:

"Exactly like his pictures!"

"Isn't he good?"

"So fatherly!"

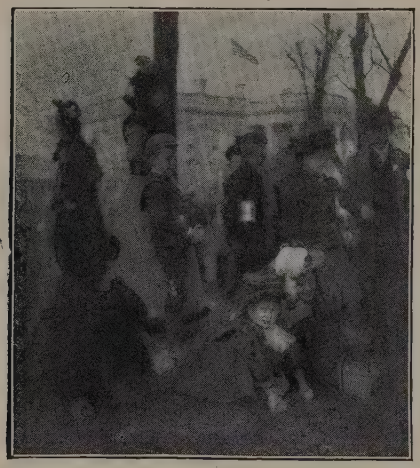
"Just the kind of a man for president!"

"I wonder if he's lonely!"

And so on in infinite variety. It is indeed a good omen that American girls should evince such an interest in national affairs as is indicated by these delegations in visiting Washington and paying their respects to the President. It is one of the most striking and distinctive features of our American institutions that the bright young daughters of workingmen, mechanics, professional men or millionaires are "presented at court" on equal terms. The simple sincerity and democracy maintained at the White House astonish foreigners accustomed to the glare and exclusiveness of royalty.

Even General Washington's self-chosen title of "His Excellency" has become almost obsolete except in diplomatic usage.

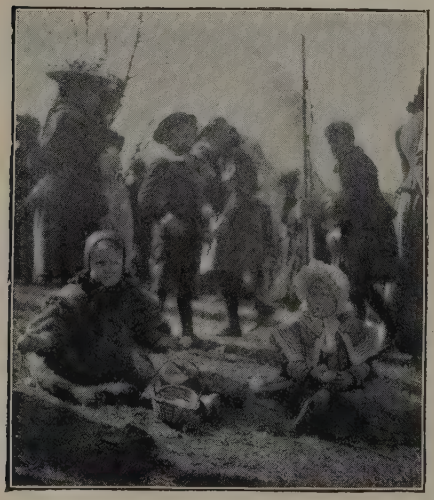
READY FOR THE EGG ROLLING



While watching these things I have wondered whether our forefathers could have conceived of the ruler of so great a nation remaining so much a part of the people, and maintaining such simplicity through it all.

* * *

The last one to leave the room was a pretty little miss of four, with her shoulders mantled by sunny hair, clinging close to the skirts of her older



"Playing in the President's yard"

sister. As she came out, her blue eyes sparkled when she lisped:

"I dot his picture. Mr. McDinley dive it to me, he did; and he shooked my hand, he did."

What splendid homage speaks in these sweet words of a child, who in her innocence paid tribute to the man —not the President.

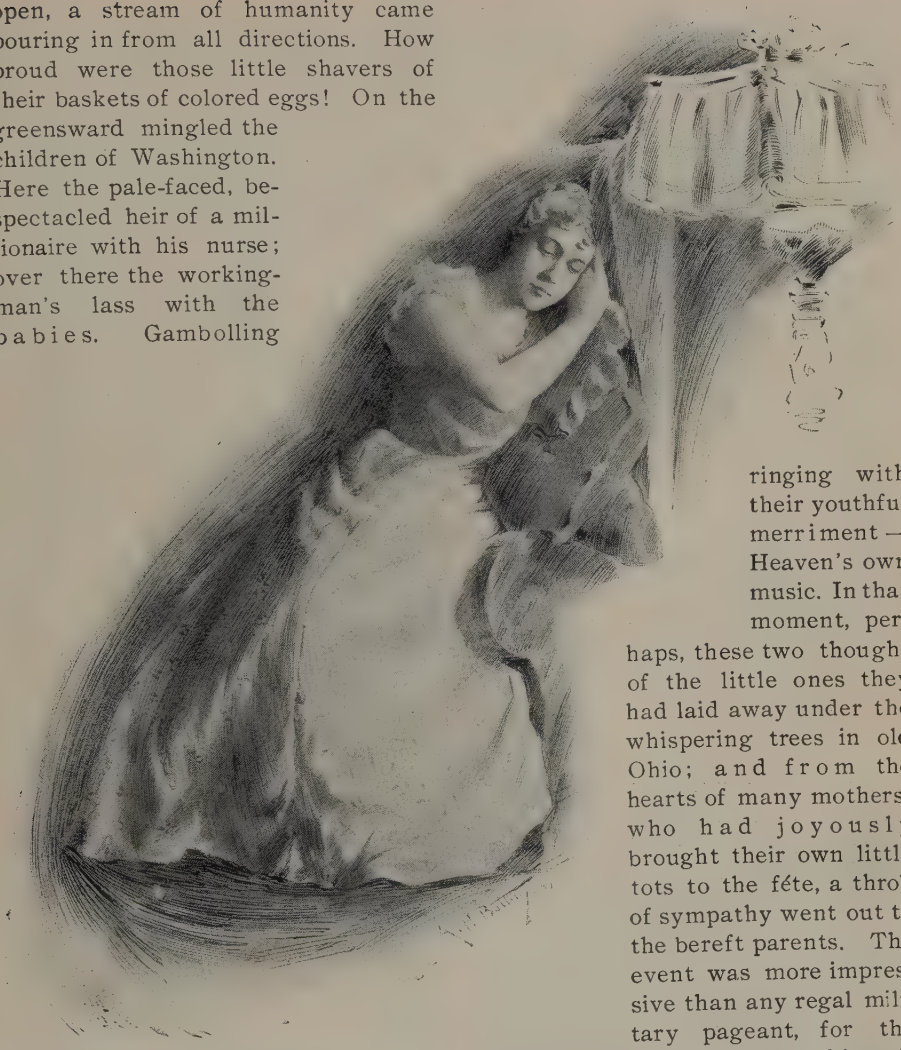
* * *

Egg rolling on the White House lawn! Of course you have read about

"Now look out, I'se cumin'"

it, year after year, but seeing it is a realization of the triumph of American democracy. Originating as a German custom, it has been adapted to peculiarly American ideas and conditions. Easter Monday was unusually bright. Beds of modest violets were in bloom, delicate crocusses peeped up timidly through the carpet of green and the shrubbery had shed its winter wraps. The "Keep off the Grass" signs were stowed away, and as early as nine o'clock, when the gates were swung

open, a stream of humanity came pouring in from all directions. How proud were those little shavers of their baskets of colored eggs! On the greensward mingled the children of Washington. Here the pale-faced, bespectacled heir of a millionaire with his nurse; over there the workingman's lass with the babies. Gambolling about were the little pickaninnies, and the grandsons of old time planters, heedless of all care—the ringing laughter and innocence of childhood making it a symphony no music can equal.



AFTER THE EASTER BALL

The many-colored eggs rolled down the grassy slope, while the Marine Band, in bright red coats, played stirring national airs. From the rear balcony of the White House, President and Mrs. McKinley looked upon the bubbling mass of childhood, the air ringing with their youthful merriment — Heaven's own music. In that moment, perhaps, these two thought of the little ones they had laid away under the whispering trees in old Ohio; and from the hearts of many mothers, who had joyously brought their own little tots to the féte, a throb of sympathy went out to the bereft parents. The event was more impressive than any regal military pageant, for the scene was full of life, color and happiness, unrestrained by official supervision or etiquette.

* * *

There are no pictures without shadows, and even shadows have a humorous side at times. Beside a summer house stood a staid Metropolitan policeman. Inside was a babel of cries.

"What is the cause of disturbance?"

"There's twenty-four lost kids in there."

Indeed it was a curious sight. Over a score of lost children with kindly nurses trying to calm the hysterical and fearful; while other lost babes, veritable little stoics, sat deliberately munching eggs in a corner, impervious to all, waiting for some one to reclaim them. Frantic mothers and nurses peering in for a missing lamb. All confusion, and yet perfect system, so that not a single child was lost or injured in the day's fete. And who can tell of the happy dreams that night, when the tired little eyes closed thinking of the greensward strewn with eggshells, and of "playing in the President's yard." Childhood had observed its celebration of the resurrection morn.

* * *

The seat of power in Congress has shifted from Maine to Iowa. No other single state has so strong and influential a representation, and it is due somewhat to the same causes that gave the Pine Tree State such an influence, with Blaine, Reed, Dingley, Manley, Hale, Frye and others. When capable representatives are continued in Congress term after term, a spirit of cooperation predominates in the delegation. When it becomes a political family affair there are always some plums coming that way.

* * *

When one arrives in a city, there is a subtle association of personalities with the new scenes unfolded, And it is usually the personalities then in power which focus the interest. The man or hero of to-day may be that lonely, feeble personage passing on the other side of the street to-morrow. In line at a recent presidential reception was a dignified elderly man, with a patriarchal beard. When he came to the President he was asked for his name a second time, then there was a cordial hand-grasp and a hearty greeting. It was a former western statesman, who was once prominent in Congress, and served on the Ways and Means Committee, with President McKinley. Now he is a Federal judge in the west.

* * *

Another congress was in session in Washington during last month. The Pure Food Congress included representatives from thirty-one states, and about that number of opinions, in as many speeches. The leaders were sincere and earnest in a movement that means much in protecting the health and lives of the people, but year after year the pure food bill has come up, and year after year it has reposed in a pigeon hole, as the woman suffrage measures come and go. There were so many conflicting interests represented, from cosmetics to

HON. JOSEPH W. BABCOCK

baking powder, that the Brosius bill, which included the entire list of food articles, was considered by many

MISS T. SIMS
Daughter of Senator Sims, of Tennessee

so impracticable that it precipitated a flood of heated oratory. Manufacturers of proprietary medicines, food products, baking powders, cereals,

MISS TILLMAN
Daughter of Senator Tillman

dairy and agricultural products were represented. The purpose of the legislation is to create a board under the

MRS. CLAUDE SWANSON
Wife of Congressman Swanson, of Virginia

supervision of the Department of Agriculture, to pass upon the food and dairy products offered to the public. The dairy and agricultural interests were ably represented by ex-Governor W. D. Hoard, of Wisconsin.

MRS. SENATOR MARTIN

MISS CASSINI'S FAVORITE CORNER

Those who have had practical experience in securing effective legislation favored the Babcock bill, introduced by Hon. Joseph W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, who is one of the quiet and effective workers in Congress.

* * *

Korea, or Ch'ao-hsien, as the natives of the country name it, and long known as the "Hermit Nation," was the last country to open its ports to the world, and has been as inaccessible to the white man as Thibet.

I was given a cordial reception by Mr. Chin Pom Ye, the minister of Korea to the United States.

The Korean legation building is a pleasant, homelike place, situated on the north of Iowa circle, in Washington. On entering, one is shown into a cheerful parlor, upon the walls of which are hung several Korean paintings. One of special interest was a long, scroll-like representation of a fishing scene in the Hermit Kingdom. The minister must surely be a devotee of the rod and fly. Korean vases, screens, etc., ornament the room and give a true Oriental tone to the surroundings.

"Korea," said the minister to me with his little black eyes sparkling, "has fallen into line with the more progressive of the Eastern nations, and her future at this time seems to be very bright. She is the 'Hermit Kingdom' no longer, but invites the better classes of foreigners to help develop her resources. Koreans have a high regard for America, and many of her favorite sons are sent here to learn the language and ways of the progressive West. Several Americans have been appointed to positions of honor and trust in the Korean government, and a number of your citizens have been granted valuable concessions in our land. An American company is working the gold mines at Won San, to the north of Ping Yang.

"The conditions heretofore obtaining

ROYAL SILVER, RUSSIAN EMBASSY

MISS CASSINI, Niece of the Russian Embassador

in Korea precluded the necessity for railroads, but since our ports have been opened to the world we have felt the need for better transportation facilities, and a line has been built by Americans from Chemulpo, our chief seaport, to Seul, the capital city of our nation. I expect in the near future to see several lines of railroad in the country, and of course they will be built by Americans, as we recognize the fact that you have the best railroad systems and equipments in the world.

"We have no difficulty with America as to the immigration question," said the minister, with a smile, "and we hope to continue the pleasant relations we have enjoyed with this country."

On terminating our pleasant interview, the minister kindly gave me the following personal letter to the readers of "The National Magazine."

To the Readers of "The National Magazine:"

I wish to say that during my stay in America as the representative of the Korean government, I have enjoyed the most pleasant relations with the American people. In going to another country, as I soon shall, I carry with me the remembrances of a kind and generous people, and I am glad that you have extended your protection and government to the people of the Philippines, as that makes us near neighbors. Our nation gives yours a hearty welcome to the far East. It would please me very much to come back to America at the close of my duties in Paris.

Cordially yours,

Chin Pom Ye.

The greeting was signed both in Korean and in English.

IN AND OUT OF CONGRESS

By Fred A. Emery

A new fount of humor has burst forth upon the Senate. That veteran Confederate chieftain and democratic politician, Senator Pettus, of Alabama, grave, calm and dignified, has scored the humorous honors of the session in that austere body, popularly termed the "Millionaires' Club." His speech on the Puerto Rican bill was one of the funniest ever heard in the Senate chamber. By turns his colleagues shook, and quaked and gave way again to hilarious laughter. Senator Frye, of Maine, who was presiding, was shaking so with laughter that he made no effort to restrain the tremendous, continuous applause of the galleries; staid senators were rubbing their sides all aglee, and Senator Chauncey Depew, himself prince of speakers, as adroit an anecdote teller and mirth provoker as ever graced an assemblage, could not keep his seat, but paced back and forth behind the rows of seats to give full vent to his uncontrollable amusement. Senator Pettus began with a careful constitutional argument, but soon branched off into another vein and began poking fun at his colleagues. It was his inimitable manner as much as his words. He referred to Senator Gallinger as one who had "informed us that he was not a lawyer, and he proved it to us not only by asserting it but by his argument." Then he poured forth his cauldron of sarcasm on the brilliant young Hoosier orator, Senator Beveridge, whose prowess in the Senate was so marked. Senator Pettus is the oldest member of the Senate, and was spurred to run for his present seat as Senator Pugh's successor by an unfortunate remark of the latter gentleman, who tried to dissuade General Pettus from seeking the bench, on the ground of age. Senator Pettus' raking, therefore, of the youngest member of the Senate presented an interesting spectacle, and the Indianian's famous Puerto Rican speech was held up to withering scorn. Senator Pettus denominated that speech as "a wonderful declamation, from our great

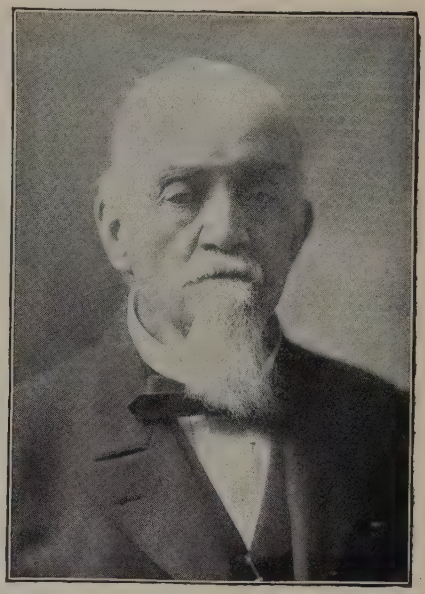
orator, marvelous in all its parts, so marvelous that such a thing has never been heard of in the Senate. "When you get a genuine orator," he quickly added, "he is absolutely absolved from all rules of logic or common sense," which rules, he said mockingly, must not stand in the way of "maintaining my reputation as an orator." Sarcastic bon mots were pitched right and left through the chamber, and the hurtler of them told stories of colored parsons' misconstructions of the scriptures as being not a whit more ridiculous than some statesmen's interpretations of the Constitution.

The speech was not long, but it bristled with pointed references to the other side of the chamber, and in stories to illustrate his points. No such salvos of applause have greeted any other speaker this session. It marked the day as one of the lively ones of the session.

* * *

Several notable weddings marked Easter week in Washington. The nuptial ceremony of Miss Bessie Herrick Blount, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Blount, to Rev. Eugene Shippen, a Dorchester, Mass., Unitarian minister, was a very "smart" affair. The Blounts are among the wealthiest residents of Washington, and "The Oaks," their residence, one of several very handsome estates just beyond the city's boundary line, was the former home of John C. Calhoun, and Lafayette was entertained there on his visit to America. Miss Blount—now Mrs. Shippen—is a very bright and accomplished young woman, who while abroad studied art in Italy, learned other languages fluently, and cultivated delightfully a high soprano voice. Other conspicuous weddings that marked the Wednesday after Easter were those of Miss Jane Abert, one of the handsomest girls in Washington, and Mr. "Jack" Story, a well-known clubman: and Miss Hattie Gorman, daughter of the former senator from Maryland, and Mr. Stephen Gambrill.

SENATOR PETTUS



TAM EYE

Two of the most charming hostesses in the Congressional set are daughters of the Old Dominion, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Claude Swanson. Mrs. Martin is a handsome woman and one of the youngest in the senatorial circle. She is a bright conversationalist, but cares more for her home than she does for the gay whirl in the social season. The Martins have a handsome estate down in Albemarle county, where the senator has lived all his life.

Mrs. Swanson is young and pretty, and has a very petite figure. She is all life and animation, and there are few balls and cotillons that she misses. She comes of the Lyons family, one of the oldest in Dixie land, and before coming to Washington she was prominent in the social life at Virginia's capital. She has a particular ambition, and that is to be mistress of the gubernatorial mansion at Richmond. Her husband is young and able and has won his spurs in the House. His friends are confident that he has a fighting chance for that office in the near future.

CHIN POM YE

* * *

Senator Depew and his two nieces who are with him are delighted with their Washington life. The Senator himself is simply *en rapport* and his enjoyment of senatorial life is complete. He strolls about the Senate with an air of greater contentment and satisfaction than he has ever before worn, and he listens to the speeches and watches the galleries with the zest of a novice in public life. He and his nieces, Miss Paulding and Miss Hegeman, as was to have been expected, have taken society at the capital by storm. Miss Paulding presides over her uncle's home, which is the handsome mansion known through the country as the Corcoran Mansion, recently the residence of Senator Calvin Brice during his senatorial term. Miss Paulding makes a charming hostess. She is a clever conversationalist and has the independent spirit inbred in members of the old New York families. The Depews not only go about a great deal but they are frequent entertainers.

* * *

Mr. Charles H. Allen, of Massachusetts, former assistant secretary of the navy, millionaire manufacturer, clubman and thorough sportsman, is now signing his

name as "civil governor of the island of Puerto Rico." The President has always had a very warm personal friendship for Mr. Allen and a high regard for his ability, and made the tender of the office several times before the Massachusetts man, lover of ease that he is, provisionally accepted it. Mr. Allen will travel to the island in one of the finest small vessels of the navy; he will have ample power in administrative duties at San Juan, but it is likely that better than the reviewing of the army stationed there and the reception of the homage of official and civilian Puerto Rico, will he enjoy a plain old horseback ride through the streets and suburbs, an exercise which constitued one of his pleasures in Washington. And speaking of the enjoyment of saddle horses, a bridle path through a portion of the White House and monument grounds has been built by the government and is much frequented, particularly by Secretary of War Root and Adjutant-General Corbin. These two have become very chummy ahorse and spend many a Sunday afternoon riding on forsaken country roads.

* * *

One of the most successful woman politicians in the country is Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools. Her headquarters are at Washington; her field, from Washington west to the Pacific. Miss Reel was the first of her sex in Wyoming, that paradise of woman politicians, to hold a state office by election, and she is the first woman ever appointed by the President to an office of such importance as the one she now holds, the head of government schools.

Miss Reel went to Wyoming for her health, and not only gained it, but became superintendent of schools for Laramie County for two terms; was then elected state superintendent of public instruction, receiving the largest majority of any candidate on either ticket; was also secretary of the state board of charities, overseeing the state charitable and penal institutions, and likewise register of the state land board, which has charge of all the land grants made by Congress. She succeeded in increasing the income to the state from the leasing and selling of state and school lands from $100 to $1,000 a week. In one year

MADAME CHIN POM YE

Miss Reel has traveled almost 25,000 miles in inspecting the workings of

MISS MARIE BAGLEY

Uncle Sam's uplifting of the red men along educational lines.

Personally, she is a very charming woman, handsome and with a bonny way that has made her popular and so much sought after in society. Of good education, gentle in nature and with fascinating manners, she has been a favorite socially as well as politically. She has wielded a powerful influence in state politics and became known to the country four years ago through the boom she was given for the gubernatorial nomination in Wyoming, over 20,000 columns of newspaper articles being printed about her. At the time of her boom she was ineligible as too young to hold office. Miss Reel's hobby is industrial education for her wards.

* * *

Statesmen have a new fad. It is the automobile. Almost any day the army of people who enter the Capitol by the Senate wing, can see one of these modern vehicles standing in the driveway close to the curb, motionless, closed and unguarded. It belongs to Senator Wolcott, of Colorado. Week in and week out, in storm or sunshine, Senator Wolcott himself at the lever, rides down in this fashion to the Capitol. He rides alone, unless, as is occasionally the case, he stops for one of his colleagues. Senator Wetmore, that Rhode Island scholar in politics, at least twice a millionaire, and Senator Clark of Montana, whose fabulous fortune, estimated to give him in the neighborhood of $30,000 a day, are both automobile or locomobile enthusiasts. They ride thus frequently to the Capitol. On the House side Representative Sibley, the Pennsylvania statesman, who once had the Democratic nomination for president in the hollow of his hand, but who latterly has allied himself with the Republicans on most is-

MISS ESTELLE REEL

sues, is the most conspicious of those who have caught the "auto-locomo-

tion" fever. He frequently comes to his work in one, sending it back, instead of braking and letting it stand as the Colorado bimetallist does. Lorimer and Mann of Illinois like to ride in them, and there are others credited with either having the new carriages or of frequently using them. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, never outdone in the march of modern ideas, has one and takes particular pride in it. Queen "Lil," who still resides in Washington, though living very quietly, has made her appearance in one which she is reported to own. She is usually accompanied by her faithful, soft-voiced man secretary, whose noteworthy characteristic is sycophantic reference to the late Queen of Hawaii, as "her gracious majesty."

THE RUSSIAN EMBASSADOR

Save for a little flurry caused by the unsuccessful attempt to attach a gift and pension rider for her benefit to the diplomatic bill several weeks ago, the ex-queen has dropped out of public notice, and few people even in Washington are aware that she is still in their midst. She visits the Capitol occasionally.

* * *

It has not been long since the bicycle was a fad epidemic among those who make the laws for the nation. There used to be a large proportion of representatives who spent much of their time awheel, when Tom Johnson, the Ohio street railway magnate, Jerry Simpson, the sockless statesman and expert at repartee, used to try conclusions on the "bike", and ex-Speaker Reed, Chairman Springer, of the Ways and Means; Chairman Hull, of the Military Affairs Committees; Sperry, of Connecticut; Owen Scott, of Illinois; Joseph Washington, of Tennessee: and others, formed the House Bicycle Brigade. There are a few bicycle enthusiasts still, like imperturbable Joe Cannon, chairman of the House appropriations committee; bluff "Jim" Sherman, head of the Indian Affairs Committee and General Henderson's foremost rival for the speakership, Representative Shafreth and others, who go back and forth bestride a bicycle. In the official set in Washington Assistant Secretary of State Adee and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow were probably the most enthusiastic wheelers.

SCENE AT FOUNTAIN IN REAR OF THE WHITE HOUSE ON EASTER MONDAY

No more gratifying appointment has been made by the administration than the commissioning of Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, of New York, as secretary to the President. Mr. Cortelyou almost ever since the inception of the McKinley administration has had the chief confidential responsibility at the White House. Mr. Cortelyou is still a young man, though he has held many confidential offices. He is an arduous worker, as indeed any one must be to keep up with the pace the President sets, and it is a rare occasion when Secretary Cortelyou is not busy at the White House, either at his desk or with the President until midnight or half past. A man with less vitality would find it difficult to maintain the hours demanded of the secretary to a president.

MISS SULLIVAN
Daughter of Senator Sullivan

* * *

"The daughters and wives of senators and congressmen in Washington today, are the brightest and prettiest women that grace the society of any capital city in the world." This was the expression of an attaché to one of the large embassies, sere and old in the service at all of the leading capitals in the world. This is a brief tribute to American women, as Washington is represenative of all sections of the country.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO X. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans He eats a farewell supper with a newspaper friend who is about to depart on a journey, and who presses him to accept a loan. Griswold refuses the loan and says that he may end by becoming a robber but will not begin on his friends. Two days later New Orleans is startled by a bold bank robbery. Griswold, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Miss Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat and a mutual recognition ensues. She is much disturbed by the thought that she must point him out to the law. Griswold, thinking to escape, looks for the bundle in which is hidden the money, discovers that it is gone, and remains on the boat. Being accosted by Miss Farnham, he acknowledges his identity and tells her that she must inform the authorities. She does so, and at the St. Louis landing sees the officers of the law fall upon Griswold.

XI.

AFTER all the despairings on the score of the lost treasure, it had come to light in the final half-hour of the voyage; had not been disturbed, as the finding proved. Some sudden jar had shifted the cargo of coffee, closing the cranny into which the treasure had been thrust, and opening another one.

With the prize once more in hand, Griswold had a return of the levitant joy which had thrilled him in the earliest moment of success. Once again he was on fighting terms with the world; and if, as he made sure, the final struggle was awaiting him on the levee at St. Louis, he should not fight as one to whom victory is barren.

He made ready for the possible struggle while there was yet time. The negro whose part he had taken in the melée with the mate was grateful, and of him Griswold made a confederate. They would go ashore together on the mooring-line; and in event of an attack the negro was to snatch the bundle and run. Farther than that, his instructions were brief but definite. If Griswold should be overpowered, the bundle, certified by its owner to contain "conjure," harmless if undisturbed, was to be flung into the river. And for all this Griswold paid well, and in advance.

It fell out much as he had prefigured. When the "Belle Julie" had edged her way into the flotilla of steamers at the landing, Griswold and the black trailed the mooring-line up to a ring on the paved slope. There was a noon-day glare of electric light, and the thick-piled pyramids of freight on the paved levee cast inky shadows. Out of the nearest of the shadows leaped two men at the moment of rope-knotting, and the fight was on.

At the critical instant Griswold dropped his bundle, and the negro snatched it and ran, with one of the officers in pursuit. And a battle-blown minute later the fugitive found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. Even then he would have fought on had he not caught a glimpse of Charlotte looking down from the "Belle Julie's" guard. But knowing what it would mean to her to see him shot down in a struggle for which she was responsible, he chose the greater of the two evils and submitted.

So it was that the air-castles crumbled and he was marched unresisting up the levee and thrust into a waiting carriage. Here there was a slight hitch in the official programme. Five minutes passed, and the officer's colleague had not yet brought in the negro; and when impatience blossomed into thirst the officer went into a sa-

loon hard by to get a drink, first commanding the cabman to come down and watch the prisoner.

The driver was a little, wizened Irishman, and he went about the guard duty with whining protest. Griswold saw his opportunity, and seized it when the detective's back was turned.

"What's your job worth, my man?" he whispered, with his face at the window.

"Don't yez be timptin' a poor man wid a wife an' sivin childer hangin' to um—don't yez do it, sor!"

But Griswold persisted. "It's a hundred dollars to you if you can get me footloose. Have a runaway—anything! Here's your money!"

The cabman took the sheaf of banknotes. Followed a quick *whish* of the whip, and the purchased runaway; the driver hanging to the reins like a faint-hearted Autolycus.

Griswold saw the detective dash out of the saloon at the alarm, and waited only until the electric glare was left behind. Then he opened the door on the river side of the plunging carriage and rolled out.

XII.

When the plunging carriage and its yelling escort of pursuers were gone, Griswold sat up and felt for broken bones. Happily there were none; and in a trice he was afoot and on his way back to the "Belle Julie," the handcuffs hidden by a bit of bagging. The flank movement was not of impulse; it was only the carrying out a plan well defined at the outset: the determination to do the thing that the professional robber would not do.

The mate was at the heel of the foot-plank when he went aboard, and he saw the manacles.

"Hi, there, Gavitt!" he called, "what's to pay with you now?"

Griswold explained in barest outline.

"Who was it, then? Thugs, I suppose, after your bit of pay, and the cop hustled the wrong man, av course. How come ye to get footloose?"

"Legged it. But I can't get these off."

"I'll bet you can't. Come with me; you did be doing me a damn good turn wan night, and I'm not forgetting it."

He led the way to his room, found a pair of handcuffs and a key and freed the prisoner. After which he gave him a long-tailed coat, much the worse for wear, and an old hat.

"Take them and be off with you, before the cops come down to look for their bits of scrap-iron," he said.

Griswold would have thanked him, but speech—Gavitt speech—was not to be had.

Once on the levee again, with all the improbability of finding the negro and the treasure confronting him, he had an ill turn that was most disquieting. But in the midst of it he found his man, who had successfully dodged the officer and saved the precious bundle.

Griswold promptly doubled the black's reward, and went his way to begin a series of metamorphoses. The series began in a pawnshop next door to the saloon which had seduced the detective. Here he made a change of clothing from top to toe, bought a handbag much too large to be filled with the cast-off garments of the deckhand, and sallied forth to seek a barber's shop of cleanly promise.

The shop and its bathroom made the next step in the series; and from thence Griswold went uptown to an outfitting establishment of the better sort and made another complete change; made it with such ample provision for the future that he was obliged to purchase two traveling-cases to hold the overflow. Here he explained that he was just up from a fever district, and begged the oppor-

tunity to burn all the cast-off clothing in the furnace of the steam-heating plant. It was given him, and when a cab was called to take him to the hotel, no one who had known him in New Orleans, or on the main deck of the "Belle Julie," would have recognized the clean-shaven, well-dressed young man who tossed his traveling-cases up to the driver and gave the terse order: "To the Marlborough!"

No one, I say; and yet it must have been the very irony of fate which sent to him the very cabman who had so lately assisted him in the hazardous escape on the levee. For, among all those who were most nearly concerned, surely none but the sharp-eyed little Irishman would have penetrated his disguise—as he did.

"'Tis the divil's own self he is," muttered the sharp-eyed one on the short drive to the hotel. "There's nothing ava left av him but thim eyes, and that cut on his forrud, and his manner of sp'akin'. But thim I'd swear to if I'd live to be as old as Father M'Guiniss—rest his sowl."

XIII.

Putting this and that together, it was the Griswold of his earlier New York days—the days of the slender patrimony—who presented himself at the counter of the Hotel Marlborough. The clerk was graciously affable.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Griswold. Will you have a room?"

Griswold thought not; not in any case if he could get a late train to his destination. This brought on a question and answer. There was a train, and the clerk did know something of Wahaska; knew much, in fact, since he had lived there.

Griswold pumped the man dry, and at the end of the pumping process knew as much about the Minnesota town as he could have gleaned from a six months' residence therein. Afterward, he went to supper in the cafe, meaning to go thence to the waiting Pullman at the Terminal.

He was scarcely out of sight before the diminutive Irishman who had driven him came to the counter and made cautious inquiries of the clerk, touching the name, address and intentions of his late fare; all this on the pretext that the fare had overpaid him.

The clerk knew his man and indulged him, even going so far as to write Griswold's name and intended address on a card for him. Whereupon, instead of waiting for Griswold's emergence from the cafe, as he promised to, the cabman disappeared.

Griswold had a quarter of an hour of purely philistine contentment while he was waiting for his supper. At last the difficulties were all in the past. He could resume his name and his plans; and these last took on all the roseate hues of their birthday.

He would go to Wahaska, settle down to his work, study the people, be helpful and generous and brotherloving, using the money he had won for the betterment of his kind. And in time he would meet Miss Farnham on her own ground, and she should see the demonstration of his theory—see and be convinced. But just here he remembered that he could never convince her, because she could never know; and from this he passed to many curious questions touching his own feelings for this young woman who had been thrown in his way.

He had been calling her a faultless authors' model; was she only that—to to him? Assuredly she was much more, and when he had gotten that far it was only a step to the admission that he was frankly in love with her. The admission opened up a prospect for which there was no word save

grievous. For since he could never stoop to win her under false pretenses, she might never be won. He knew well enough that all the good deeds he could ever do with the stolen money would not atone; that in the moment of fruition her conscience would condemn him and cast him out.

Perhaps it was this thought, as much as the threat of coming illness, that made him lose his appetite as soon as his supper appeared. But lose it he did, and nothing the waiter could bring sufficed to tempt him. He forced himself to eat a little in sheer desperation, and afterward went to the great rotunda to smoke a cigar. To his great disgust, the tobacco brought on a return of the vertigo which had assailed him on the levee; whereupon he paid his score and took a cab for the train, meaning to go to bed and try the effect of forgetfulness.

The experiment was a success, temporarily, at least, and he was asleep before the Pullman porter came to adjust the screen in the window at his feet.

The train was made up ready to leave when a hawk-faced man sauntered up to the steps of the Pullman and pecked at the porter.

"Much of a load to-night, George?"

"No, sah; mighty light. Nobody yet but de gen'leman from de Marlborough."

"A gentleman from the Marlborough? When did he come down?"

The porter knew the hawk-faced one only by intuition; but Griswold's tip was warming in his pocket, and he lied at random and on general principles.

"Been heah all de evenin'; come down right soon after supper and went to baid like he was tarr'd."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Little, smooth-faced, narr'-chisted gen'leman; looks like he might be—"

But the wheels began to move, and the hawk-faced one had turned away. Whereupon the porter cut his similitude in the midst, picked up his carpet-covered step, and climbed aboard.

XIV.

In the day of its beginnings Wahaska was a trading post on the Indian frontier. Later it became the market town of a wheat growing region, and it was of the wheat growing era that Jasper Grierson was a product. He was a young man when he went overland to Colorado in the wake of the Pike's Peak excitement, and his townsmen saw him no more till he returned in the vigorous prime of age, wealthy, and the father of a daughter who presently began to reconstruct the social fabric of Wahaska upon a model of her own devising.

In this charitable undertaking Jasper Grierson abetted his daughter as the magnate of a small town may. He built a mansion at the lake-edge and called it Mereside; and when it was done gave a house-warming to which the biddings were in a certain sense mandatory, since by that time he had a fiduciary finger in nearly every industrial pie in Wahaska.

After the house-warming, Margery Grierson's leadership was tacitly acknowledged, though the women still discussed her with more or less frankness in the sewing circles. Crystallized into accusation there was little to be said against her save that she was pretty and rich, and that her leaning toward modernity was sometimes a trifle startling. But the charitable seamstresses made the most of these drawbacks, edging them now and then with curious speculations about Margery's mother, whom neither Jasper Grierson nor his daughter ever mentioned.

None the less, the big house by the

lake continued to set the social pace. Afternoon teas began to supersede the sewing circles; not a few of the farmers' wives attained to the formal dignity of visiting cards with "Wednesdays" or "Thursdays" printed in neat script in the lower left-hand corner; and in some of the less conservative households the principal meal of the day drifted from its noontide anchorage to unwonted moorings among the evening hours.

For these innovations Miss Grierson was responsible. She had ambitions, but she was wise enough to make the most of present opportunities. It was better to be a leader in Wahaska than to be an humble follower in a great city; but she admitted this without prejudice to a fixed determination to revolve in the larger orbit when the time should come. She was content to wait, but she aimed high. Unquestioned social recognition, won or compelled; that and nothing else would atone for the obtrusively unlovely past tholed in privation and squalor in the Colorado mining camps. Miss Grierson was barely twenty-two, but she had lived much.

But there were obstacles to be surmounted even in Wahaska. From the first there was a perverse minority which refused to bow the head in the house of Rimmon. The Farnhams were of it, and the Raymers; with a following of a few of the families called old as age is reckoned in the newer West. They were loth to admit the omnipotence of Jasper Grierson's wealth; and at the housewarming they had been represented by variously worded regrets. Miss Margery laughed defiantly, and set her white teeth on a dauntless resolution to reduce this inner citadel of conservatism. Accordingly, she opened the campaign the next morning at the breakfast table.

"Poppa, who is the treasurer of St. John's?" she asked.

The magnate did not know and said so.

"But you ough to know," said Margery, with conviction. "Isn't it Mr. Raymer?"

"Why, yes; he is the man, come to think. What do you want of him?"

"Nothing of him. I want a check payable to his order. A hundred will be enough, I think."

Jasper Grierson laughed. "Going in for respectability right, ain't you?" he said, but wrote the check on the spot.

Two hours later Miss Grierson's trap, tooled by herself, paraded in Main Street to the delight of the eye aesthetic. The big English trap-horse, the high-swung, stylish vehicle, and the faultlessly gowned young woman on the box were three parts of a harmonious whole; and more than one pair of eyes looked, and turned to look again.

Miss Margery drove daily in good weather, but on this occasion the outing had an objective other than the spectacular. Wherefore, when the high-stepping Englishman had measured the length of Main Street he was sent on across the railway track and was finally brought to a stand before the office of the Wahaska Iron Works.

Raymer was at his desk when the trap drew up before his door. A moment later he was at the fore-wheel, bareheaded, and offering to help Miss Margery down.

"No, thank you, I'll not come down," she said. "Duke doesn't stand well. Can I see Mr. Edward Raymer a moment?"

Raymer bowed and blushed a little. He knew her so well, by eye-intimacy, at least, that he thought she must know him. But he was a fair man, fair to redness, as his hair and beard attested, and he blushed easily.

"That is my name. What can I do for you, Miss Grierson?"

Oh, *thank* you," she rejoined, impulsively. "I was afraid I might have to introduce myself. I—"

The interruption was of Raymer's making. One of his employes appeared opportunely, and he sent the man to the horse's head with a gesture and once more held up his hands to the perched one.

She let him lift her to the sidewalk, and the ease with which he did it gave her a pleasant little thrill of the sort that comes with the realization of a thing hoped for. Next to social triumphs, strength, strength in a man, was a thing to be admired.

Raymer held the office door open for her, and placed a chair at the desk-end.

"Now we can be comfortable at shorter range," he said. "Will you pardon the interruption and tell me what I can do for you?"

"Oh, it's only a little thing. I came to see you about renting a pew in St. John's; that is our church, you know."

Raymer did not know it, but he was politic enough not to say so.

"I am quite at your service. Shall I show you a plan of the sittings?"

She protested that it wasn't at all necessary; that any assignment he chose to make would do. But he got out the plan and dusted it, and in the putting together of heads over it many miles of the gap of unacquaintance were swiftly and safely overpassed.

When the sittings were finally chosen she found her purse.

"It's so good of you to take the time from your business to wait on me," she said. "I—I asked poppa to make out a check, but I don't know whether it's for enough."

Raymer took the order to pay and glanced at the amount.

"It is twice as much as we get for the best locations," he demurred. "Wait a moment and I will write you a check for the difference and give you a receipt."

But at the word she was in a flutter of protest.

"Oh, please don't!" she pleaded. "If it is too much, put the difference in the missionary box, or in the—the rector's salary; as a little donation from poppa, you know."

Thus the small matter of business was concluded, and Miss Grierson rose to go.

"I am so glad I had the courage to come and see you this morning. We have been dreadfully remiss in church matters, but I am going to try to make up for it now that we are comfortably settled in our own house. I'm sorry you couldn't come to us last evening to help us christen Mereside. Please tell your mother and Miss Raymer that I hope we'll meet, sometime. I should so dearly love to know them. Thank you, so much. Good-by."

Raymer went out with her, put her on the box and watched her drive away. His smile was meant to be satirical, but it became openly approbative.

"She is a shrewd little strategist," was his comment; "but all the same she's a mighty pretty girl. I wonder why mother and Gerty haven't called on her?"

He carried the query home with him in the evening, but when he had given an account of Miss Grierson's visit it seemed injudicious to put it. Mrs. Raymer's comment left something to be desired, but her glance across the table in Gertrude's direction was significant.

"The 'regrets' did that," she said; and Gertrude nodded.

Having thus mined the Raymer outworks, Miss Grierson next turned her

batteries upon the Farnhams. They were Methodists and she soon learned that the doctor's hobby was a struggling mission in Norsk Hollow. Accordingly, the paternal check-book was again called in requisition, and the stylish trap made an excursion to the doctor's office in Main street.

"Good morning, Doctor," she chirped, bursting in upon the elderly hobbyist as a charming embodiment of youthful enthusiasm. "I'm running errands for poppa this morning. Mr. Rodney was telling us about that little mission in Norsk Hollow, and poppa is very anxious to be allowed to help. But we are not Methodists, you know, and he was afraid—that is, he didn't know how you might—"

It was an exceedingly clever bit of acting, and the good doctor capitulated at once, discrediting for the first time in his life, the intuition of his womankind.

"It was very thoughtful and good-hearted of you, Miss Margery," he said; the more so as you must have a great many calls upon your charity. We have been wanting to put a trained worker in charge of the mission, and this good deed of yours makes it possible."

"It is a kindness to us to be allowed to help, I'm sure," murmured the little lady. "You will let me know when more is needed? Promise me that, Doctor."

"I shouldn't be a good Methodist if I didn't," laughed the doctor. Then he remembered the house-warming, and was moved to make amends for the regrets. "I'm sorry we couldn't be neighborly the other evening; but my sister is very frail, and Charlotte doesn't go out much. But they will call before they go South for the winter."

But for some reason the doctor's vicarious promise was not kept; and the Raymers held aloof, notwithstanding Margery's praisewothy activity in St. John's; and the Oswalds relinquished the public library project when it became noised about that Jasper Grierson and his daughter were moving in it. Margery possessed her soul in patience and was placably persistent; but when the winter wore away and spring came and found the conservative opposition increasing rather than diminishing, she grew vindictive, as who would not.

"They think I'm a jay!" she said to herself, one day when the Raymers, mother and daughter, had apparently taken pains to avoid her at the counters in Thorwalden's. "They need a lesson, and they're in a fair way to get it. I'm not going to sing small all the time!"

The next afternoon she met Raymer as he was coming out of the First National Bank. They were fairly good friends by this time, and the young man stopped willingly enough to exchange commonplaces with the president's daughter. In the midst of them she astonished him.

"Mr. Raymer, please tell me what I have done to offend your mother and sister," she said, abruptly; and half of the deferred payment of triumph was discharged on the spot by Raymer's blundering attempts at disavowal.

"Why, Miss Margery! I don't know; that is—er—you really must be mistaken!"

"I'm not, and I'd like to know," she persisted, looking him hardily in the eyes. "I am sure it must be somethink I have been doing, and if I can find out what it is, I'll reform."

Raymer got away as quickly as he could; and when the opportunity offered was besotted enough to repeat the question to his mother and Gertrude.

Mrs. Raymer smiled. "The mere

fact of her having said such a thing to you ought to be a sufficient answer, I should think."

"I don't see why," Raymer objected.

"What would you think if Gertrude did such a thing?"

"Oh, well; that is different. In the first place, Gerty wouldn't do it; and—"

"Precisely. And Miss Grierson shouldn't have done it. But if you really want to know why we haven't cultivated her, I can tell you. There are a few of us who think she wouldn't be a pleasant person to know, socially."

"But why?" insisted the obtuse one.

It was his sister who undertook to make it plain to him.

"It isn't anything she does, or doesn't do, particularly; it is the atmosphere in which she moves. If it wasn't for her father's money she would be—well, it is rather hard to say just what she would be. But she always makes one think of the bonanza people—the pick and shovel one day and a million the next. I believe she is a frank little savage at heart."

"I don't," said Raymer, doggedly. "She may be a bit new and fresh for Wahaska, but she is clever and bright, and honest enough to ignore a social code which makes a virtue of hypocrisy. There isn't one young woman in a thousand who would have had the courage to do it."

"Or the impudence," added Mrs. Raymer, when her son had left the room. "I do hope Edward isn't going to let that girl come between him and Charlotte."

Gertrude laughed. "I should say there is room for a regiment to march between them, as it is. Charlotte has been home a week, now, and he hasn't been over yet."

"But he is going over to dinner with with us to-morrow," amended Mrs. Raymer, complacently. "He promised me yesterday."

Gertrude was arranging the centerpiece for the dinner-table, and when she spoke again it was of another matter.

"Did you know Mrs. Holcomb has found a boarder, at last?"

"No; who is he?"

"A young man who has been sick at the St. James for two or three weeks. He is from New York, I believe she said; but she didn't have time to find out much about him. He had a relapse last night; and to-day, when she sent for Dr. Farnham, he was delirious."

"Dear me! That will be hard for Martha. What is his name?"

"Kenneth Griswold. She says he is an author, but I don't recall the name in any of our reading."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Raymer. "Poor Martha! We must go over and see if there is anything we can do."

(To be continued)

A REFORM

Mankind could save one-half its wasted labor
Would each but heal himself and spare his neighbor.

Frank Putnam

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN

By One

PART II.

MAMA was always a dependent woman when it came to action, and I began to discover that her health was failing after we were settled in Leipsiz for the winter. I took her to southern France at once, where she seemed to rally and in the fall, after a summer in Switzerland, we returned to Germany. In Heidelburg, where we spent some time, I had an experience so mixed with the pathetic and the ridiculous that I hardly know which to do in thinking about—laugh or cry. Mama's health prevented our going about much, so I settled down to study German, languages being the only thing I ever cared to study besides people—*they* are more interesting than books. Being still greatly sobered by my experience with Jerry Dennison, and by my responsibility with mother, I determined there should be no flirtatious professor engaged to teach me, and I selected the oldest man I could find in Heidelburg. This went very well for a while, but presently his son, a middle-aged professor at the university, began to call at the house with messages from his father. Professor Heinrich, the son, must have been good looking when twenty-five, but at forty flesh was rapidly destroying a once regular outline, and his hair curled nearly down to his shoulders around a shining Baldwin-apple face. His spectacles were not becoming, but absolutely necessary, because there was serious trouble with the retina—so serious that the thought of blindness haunted him day and night. Somehow he got to calling upon us on his own account. His English was so funny that Mama would have to leave the room to laugh sometimes, and during her absence he would first look alarmed at being *tete-a-tete* with a girl, and then turn sentimental—a condition unbecoming his looks. He had a way of coming into the room with his soft hat pulled well over his eyes, but as he entered he would slowly remove the hat from his head, reversing its position with a long sweeping movement until he held it extended crown downwards containing a bunch of flowers. He always carried roses or violets inside his hat when he came, and as he offered them with this ceremony he would bend forward with the sentimental expression of a Werther, saying "Für die schöne mädchen." Of course I always accepted and wore them—what else could I do?—but I did wish he would let us pay for them. I could afford to do it so much better than he could. Professor Heinrich had a peculiar fear of spiders, which we discovered one day by his jumping up suddenly and standing on a chair with the expression women wear towards mice. "Gott in Himmel!" he cried "He vill haf us! Gome up here ladies, or mount the pianoforte! He is a monster! I vill embloy a book on him!" I thought he was suddenly taken with delirium tremens, as there was no monster to be seen, but he kept

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This interesting series of human revelations will be continued next month by "The Frank Confessions of a Bachelor."

ejaculating and pointing to the corner of the room, and there I finally saw a big, black spider as fat as he was. Professor Heinrich, the teacher of mental philosophy, began to shy books at the insect as he stood there on the chair and I laughed till I was weak. The spider, taking a good look at him and at the books falling about him, advanced towards us a pace or two as if curious to inspect such fools, then disappeared from whence he came. Heinrich jumped down, shaking the house with his weight. "Himmel! what for a victory! He is conquered, ladies! The beast is no more—not at all! The females of America are most brave! Why did you not get up on one to be safed?" Mama's manners being better than mine, she retired to laugh, leaving me alone with the hero of the hour. "Excuse my fears, Fraulein," he continued. "They gome by heredity. It is a great failure I haf. Ach, Fraulein! Too much weakness I haf—too much! But there vould be one larger than this, one which at days makes the life an empty hollow because of my fears." "What is that, Professor?" I asked, hardly able to keep my face straight. "Ach, Mädchen wie schöne! The weakness is for you Fraulein, for you!" Then he fell on his fat knees before me and poured out a great deal of Teutonic love too strong to be doubted and too ridiculous to be believed. Perhaps if the declaration had not followed so closely upon the heels of the spider episode, I might have taken my German philosopher more seriously. As it was, I got rid of him somehow—I can't remember what I said—I only remember how funny he looked. That is the way with most great minds; they grapple with large thoughts and deeds bravely, but spiders or mosquitoes turn them cowards. Professor Heinrich's face showed scars, bearing witness to sufficient bravery in his student days, yet he could jump on a chair at the sight of a spider. What a noble protector he would have made! He ought to have married a woman from Boston. She would have taken care of him. We left Heidelburg soon after that, and although I have never seen Heinrich since, I have read as much of his philosophy as I can understand in his books, and I know that he has never married. Sincerity will sometimes cover a multitude of peculiarities in a lover—but not in a husband.

Mama grew rapidly worse. By the time I got her to Paris, Father had to be sent for, and he arrived the very day she died. Mother's illness made her more patient, and no doubt as I grew more sedate and thoughtful of other people we understood each other better. Her loss and the responsibility of her illness aged and sobered me greatly. Then, too, I saw that Father was to be my care through life, and as soon as I had something definite to live for I began to think to more purpose and to realize the realities of life a little bit. Frank Gibson, who came from London to Paris with Father, said he hardly knew me, I seemed so changed. He did everything for us at that sad time. When he bade me goodby at the boat he said, "Kate, I thought you would have been married to Arkwright by this time." "Billy Arkwright?" I exclaimed. "Dear me! You are behind the times! I had forgotten there was such a person." He looked at me keenly. When Frank looks right through you there is no use to evade him, for his eyes are gimlets. "I hear that you have grown into a common flirt" he continued—he never hesitated to tell me the truth.

"*Common* flirt! I don't know exactly what you mean by that; it doesn't sound gentlemanly," said I, letting my

nose rise higher, I expect. "I think I'll have to go back to America and regulate you," he replied, smiling. "Oh, if you think your influence would be beneficial, pray use it by all means," I replied, then added, "I notice that you are still unmarried yourself." "Oh, I'm not the marrying kind," he answered, turning and speaking to Father. Good-night, Diary. Frank's light is out. It must be late.

* * *

April 10th.

Easter and new hats have passed by. I'll soon be thirty-six years old. I have recently overheard people saying, "That Miss Farnsworth must be getting on to forty, but there are times when she doesn't look a day over twenty-five. Why do you suppose she doesn't marry?" That is my secret, kind friends, not yours. Well, to continue the review of the men I did'nt marry:—After Mama died Father and I took up the life alone. I learned to keep house during that quiet year of mourning. Nothing in particular happened, and the next year I made Father take me to London for the spring season. Wasn't it strange, Frank Gibson passed us in mid-ocean, as we found out afterwards? He came home and settled down in business with his father. I have always believed he had a love affair over there during those years of travel and study. I had neglected to answer one of his letters after Mother's death, and we never afterwards kept up a correspondence. By this time I had grown hard to please where men were concerned. In London that year we saw something of society, being well introduced, but we—

(*Sheets lost*)

* * *

May 1st.

This soft, thick air, so like an English summer night, reminds me of the hero of my next heart adventure, for hero he truly was as nearly as they are made nowadays. Our habit of crossing to England at least every other season had become established. We had many friends in London, and I gradually taught Father to enjoy himself away from business. I must have been twenty-nine years old then. Yes, I was that spring. I remember how Father laughed when I told him the first indications of middle-aged youth had set in. "How is that, Paddy?" he asked—he always calls me by the name Frank gave me when a child. "Widowers and college men have set in. It's a sure sign," I replied. A woman knows her early youth is past when boys begin to worship her and widowers find her suitable matrimonially. Sure enough, on that very trip across there were a young Harvard boy and the bereaved husband of the only close woman friend I ever had. He and I had buried her together three months before, but by the time we were three days out I perceived that he had begun "to take notice," and before we landed he actually showed little enough refinement, to say the least, to tell me that Caroline would be happy could she know that I was to be his inspiration during the remainder of his life. I am afraid I laughed at him. Anyway, we have never been friends since. Had I been Caroline I should have turned over in my grave and called "Fie!" on him, for he had professed ardent devotion to her to the day she died. Woman's fickleness is an endless theme for jests and jibes, but man's inconstancy is too patent to elicit comment. We don't talk much about everyday realities—they go without saying. And on that trip the college boy actually asked me to marry him. He was twenty and I nearly thirty. The poor child simply lost his

head. I told him that I could not offer even to be his sister, but I should be delighted to adopt him as my son. This made him angry and brought him to his senses. For several days he would not speak to me, then we made up and the next winter in New York I took him to call upon the daughter of a friend of mine. A few years later I attended their wedding. Ah dear! Those weddings of mere children make me feel old. Yesterday I helped marry off a child I used to hold on my lap as a baby in long clothes. She would have me as her maid of honor, instead of some girl of appropriate age, but I felt out of place for the first time in all of my long social career. An unmarried woman suffers socially between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. During that period she is invariably lonely. The friends of her youth are married. Most of the men she knows are married. She cannot be friends with them because of gossip. Boys think of her as old by this time, and in fact she is painfully isolated until she is elderly enough to mother young people; then she finds a certain place again—at least she is not unwelcome. But to return—after those experiences on the boat I thought I was safe for the remainder of my existence, but strange to say, soon afterward in London I met and nearly loved one of the finest men I ever knew. How much life he had lived! Father always laughs at me for saying I missed my opportunity in not having known Othello. People who have had thrilling experiences and can tell about them are as scarce as hens' teeth, and much more interesting. Sir Edward Henry Vane Blanesford was his name. Now, that sounds as if I had taken it from a Duchess novel, doesn't it? No, that was his name, although almost every one knew him as Harry Vane, and he was of the historical Sir Henry Vane's family. The first time I saw Sothern, the actor, do Captain Letterblair I was struck with his resemblance to my old friend Vane, for in both men there is a certain quiet and reserved bearing indicative of good breeding without stiff assumption of dignity. I met Sir Harry Blansford during that season at a delightful musicale where many of the painters, actors and musicians were in evidence. He was a sincere musical enthusiast and a discriminating patron of art in every form. Englishmen are supposed to be "slow on the move," but I have never met any men so rapid and determined as they are in affairs of the heart. They carry out their national policy of aggression, no matter how sentimental the question may be under discussion, We had only known each other a matter of ten days, I think, when he told me all about his early adventures. I decided afterwards that he wished me to know him on the bad side as well as the good from the very start. At this distance of time I cannot recall the details of his experience, but in substance it was this: His grandfather was a baronet, Sir Henry Vane Blansford, but his own father was Mr. George Henry Vane, the second son. The heir to the title being of an adventurous turn of mind, ran away from home as a boy and made a fortune in South America. My Sir Harry told me that from childhood this unknown uncle was his hero. His people lived in the north of England in Northumberland, almost on the Scottish border, with old Sir Henry, who would have disowned his eldest son had not the property been entailed. They educated my Sir Harry to be a barrister, a tedious, expensive education in England—but the boy chafed under the prospect of parchments and legal technicalities; he was for seeing the

world like his uncle. A neighbor who had moved to Florida, in the United States, some years before, returned to Morpeth to visit, running over with enthusiasm about the business outlook for a young man here in the states, especially in Florida. He offered the boy of twenty a place in his bank and Harry was eager to go. His people objected—unreasonably, he thought. One day they realized their mistake when they found him gone.

He started off with all the money he had—just enough to pay his passage and the trip to Florida from New York, with one dollar over as it proved. All the way to Florida he had scarcely a mouthful of food. With his dollar bill he bought one full meal and received a bad fifty cent piece in change when he paid for it, so he reached his destination, a town not far from Orlando, penniless, only to find that the week before the man who had persuaded him to leave home had defaulted, leaving his bank broken and his honor impaired. The boy thought things looked pretty hopeless for him, but he insisted that even then he did not regret leaving home. He fell in with a lot of English officers who for divers reasons had landed in Florida, and among them they fitted him out with clothes appropriate to the climate —his heavy English clothes were useless down there. His vicissitudes were innumerable, but after selling a coat and several family trinkets he shipped as cook on a passenger boat on the river. Never having cooked even a cup of coffee his services were not of much use, but he ingratiated himself with the women passengers and they helped him out and shielded him from the wrath of the captain. That trip was not a long one, but he got several dollars out of it. Nobody would give him work in the rice fields or orange groves. Only the omnipresent negros were employed. There was nothing for him to do there, but hearing of a vacancy in a district school back in the wilderness, as he called the country in Florida, he tramped several miles through the heat bare-footed, wearing the last of his wardrobe—a pair of trousers and one shirt. When he arrived, after being nearly drowned in a swamp, he was met with the intelligence that not enough pupils could be secured to form a school, but twenty miles farther up country they wanted a teacher. Plucky Harry marched on and was rewarded by a school in a log cabin (the inhabitants of the plantations erected it in three days for him) made up of eleven pupils, half of them grown men and women who could neither read nor write. There he taught during that winter, reading and studying shorthand at night. Finally he worked himself into the good graces of an English syndicate in control of the surrounding plantations. They took him as secretary and he counted himself a millionaire, now that he no longer had to wash out his one shirt and stay in the stream near by until it dried sufficiently to be worn again. Then he had all sorts of adventures; rode his own mare at horse races and lived on the fat of the land, which was little more than hog and hominy, judging from what he said. But hard luck began again. The orange crop failed; his company became insolvent, he lost all he had on a horse and persuaded by a New Yorker, a friend of his father who was silently working to bring him back into civilization, he returned to New York to take a position under this gentleman—my father knew the man in New York. The day after his arrival this Mr. French died suddenly, leaving him stranded again.

Having studied bookkeeping and stenography he answered advertisements until he got a place as a book-

keeper, and there he was plodding along for two years, during which time the uncle in South America was shot in a quick revolution when Harry had about made up his mind to go to him in Brazil, the grandfather died, and his own father was taken ill. His people cabled him, but he reached home too late; his father was dead; he was Sir Henry and heir to the South American fortune besides, for the uncle had never married legally, contrary to their understanding of his affairs. If I knew how to write stories I'd certainly put Harry Vane in a book. Since those early days (a dozen years past, when I knew him) he had travelled the world over, but he insisted that the rough time in America was the making of him. He was so well read and deeply experienced that I was almost afraid of him. I knew he was my superior in every way and wonder still that he chose me from all the finer women he knew to be his wife. It must have been because I was an American. He actually said he would give up his title and go back to the states to live did he not feel his responsibility as head of an old family. Of course I never really loved Sir Harry—if I had I should have acted differently, but to this day there is no man living whom I respect and admire more, but the other element, called love, was lacking. Sometimes I think that would have come too had I married him. Ah me! It is hard in this world to know what is best. I don't know why, but I always felt when with him as if we were on the stage, acting a romance—not that he was insincere, but he was absolutely too romantic to seem real to me. However, I firmly believe that had he asked me to be his wife a day earlier than he did I should have married him.

We saw each other constantly until the end of that London season, and in the fall we met again when we visited a country place near his home. He had been shooting in Scotland, but returned to his own place when I let him know we were in the neighborhood. We resumed our intimate friendship and I believe Father made up his mind that I was at last settled in life. One morning a letter came to me, forwarded from our London banker—a sad letter from Frank Gibson, telling us that he had just buried his mother and imploring us to come home and comfort him, declaring that we were the only human beings left to him on earth—his father died several years before. I sat reading this letter over and over, pitying poor Frank, when Sir Harry was announced. I went to drive with him and on the way home he asked me the great question. Almost before I knew what I was doing I had refused him, adding that Father and I had been called home by the death of an old friend and we intended to sail at once. He was too proud a man to plead with me. He bore my answer as bravely as he endured his early hardships, but I knew by his sad eyes how much he had lost, and I did wish to relent, but I could not. I do not know why. I am not good at analysis. I never can explain myself the way I hear girls doing nowadays. We did sail for home during that week and found Frank alone in his big Fifth avenue house without a relative or a friend as near as we were. That next year was spent in trying to cheer him up, and we fell back naturally into our old boy and girl friendship. He began to call me Paddy again, and so we have continued for the last five years.

I told him about Sir Harry Blansford, in hopes that he, knowing me so well, might be able to define my feeling for the baronet better than I could.

"You'll marry him yet, Kate," was all he said, and I noticed for the first time how old he was looking for a

man of thirty-three. "You always did care for the romantic sort of chaps; you are well fitted to be a baronet's wife, or a duke's, for that matter."

"I suppose that is intended for a compliment, Frank," I returned. "You hav'nt paid me one for so long I hardly know your kind when I hear them."

"What's the use of compliments between us, Paddy?" he replied. "You know everything I think about you." "You don't think much, then," said I. He only smiled rather sarcastically and talked of something else. We have been abroad several times since then, Father and I, but we have never met Sir Harry again.

I had hoped we would, but I had not the heart to call him to me as long as I was uncertain of myself. They told me in London last year that he had gone off with a lot of war correspondents ordered to the scene of a war scare six months before, and had not been heard of since. How many men just miss being great! He ought to leave a name in history, and perhaps he will yet, who knows?

That is about all that I have to say about lovers, Diary. Even a heartless flirt feels an unusual tenderness for the men who have offered her their hearts seriously. No matter how she may value the offering at the time, when age lends her magnifying glasses she sees that they gave her their best possession. I have not been wise nor kind nor always just with men, but I am sorry if I ever really hurt anybody. Never until of late have I realized how serious a matter love affairs are to most people, because I took them lightly myself. They seemed to me more or less of an amusement or entertainment as they are on the stage, but now as wrinkles creep about my eyes and I know that eventually I must be left alone in this big house with more money than I know what to do with, I see that my life has been a mistake in many ways, and I feel —Oh well! what is the use of crying over spilt milk? I have drunk the cream off it anyway—I have lived a great deal of life and seen considerable fun in my day. With the cream drunk the milk might have been pretty blue if it hadn't been spilt. No one will ever hear my moan, anyway, if in my dotage I make it unconsciously. There have been one or two stray offers of marriage during these last years, but they were uninteresting to a degree. I liked some of the men well enough as men—but not as husbands. Father notices how restless I get at times and often he refers casually to Sir Harry, but as long as I can live without him I do not need him! and he may be married by this time—or he may have forgotten me. Men *can* forget, you know.

Frank spends a great deal of time with us, but I think he is growing to care for a young girl we all know, a débutante. How odd it is that the older a man grows the younger are the women he cares for! Frank ought to marry, and I suppose Helen Winslow will make him as good a wife as anybody would after he trains her in.

* * *

June 1st.

There is certainly a heavy storm coming up—the air is suffocating to-night. Generally an approaching storm makes me nervous and irritable, but to-night I feel as serene as a calm lake reflecting sunshine. I don't know why. We sail next week for Liverpool, and will spend the summer on the continent somewhere. I hardly think the possibility of seeing Harry Vane again is calming my blue devils to this extent, because they were not calm by any means this morning when Frank Gibson came in for a moment.

I can hardly bring myself to talk to you about this, Diary! Habit is a stern master, and never in more than ten years have I said so much about myself. I wonder if I would better. Oh well, one might as well 'be killed for a sheep as a lamb!' I begin to think that as intimately as I have known Frank I have never understood him. He said some queer things to me this morning. When he started to go into the library to see Father I remarked, "We sail next week, Frank. I suppose you would like to have us back for your wedding in the fall?"

"My wedding?" he replied, taking off the eye glasses he has been wearing recently. "Who told you I was going to be married?" "I rather took it for granted. You ought to marry, you know."

"Not unless I marry the right woman. There is no greater mistake than the wrong wife."

"Hav'nt you found her in all these years?" I persisted. "Yes, but she hasn't found me. See here, Kate, is Harry Vane to be called back? I don't think I told you that we met two years ago in London and liked each other immensely before I realized he was the man you had told me about. There is no better chap than Harry Vane, Kate. He is one of the few men worthy of you. Will you see him over there this time?"

"That is a matter of indifference to me," I replied, trying my best not to look at him, but he made me; he always could manage me with his eyes.

"See here, Paddy, is that the truth? Did you ever hear that a flirt goes through the woods and picks up with a crooked stick at last?"

"Yes, sir, I have heard that wise saying. Who do you predict for the broken stick, may I enquire?" I asked. He walked over to my side and looked down at me, throwing aside that mask of indifference his face usually wears, and said gently, "Paddy dear, I can tell you who thinks he is a crooked stick, but wouldn't mind being one if you picked him up. I never could have said this while I thought there was a chance for better men, but you have let the titles and all the rest go by, for what—I wonder?"

"*I* shouldn't wonder if it was for the crooked stick," I said, and my breath came in short catches as it has not done since I was a girl. At that moment Father came in and Frank began to talk business to him.

Now I must fix my windows for the night as he suggested, so that a direct current of air will pass through this end of the room—but I shall not feel the draught. I must remember to put you away, Diary, for fear you'll blow out the window if a storm comes up. You know too much about me to be lost. Isn't it a pity Frank Gibson has had so little self-conceit all his life?

FAIR MAY

Fair May! once more thou bringest leaf and flower,
The soft south wind and grateful vernal shower,
With thrill of feathered songster, and the sigh
Of wavelet, reed and foliage, haunted by
Mysterious murmurings. But, alas, Fair May!
Thou bringest round the annual moving day!

C. W. Hall

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" OF INDIANA

By O. S. Borne

IN "Old Culpeper," where the rugged peaks of the Blue Ridge keep their eternal guard over the "Mother of States" and the echoes of the Revolution still murmured, Richard Wigginton Thompson was born on June 9, 1809.

The courtly dignity of the old-school southern cavalier was his by inheritance, and though he had not the advantage of a collegiate education, he was carefully taught by the private tutors that it was then the custom to employ.

* * *

When he was about eighteen, Richard, whose mother had died of consumption, showed delicacy of health, and was sent by his father to Kentucky, to sell a farm he owned in that state. He continued the journey into Tennesse to the Alabama border. At this time he had an opportunity of seeing General Jackson at a great meeting at Nashville, where the hero of New Orleans was first brought forward as a presidential candidate.

* * *

When about twenty years old, he set out to seek his own fortune, and first settled at Louisville, Kentucky, then a town of 10,000 people, and found a situation in a wholesale dry goods house. While here he cast his first ballot, and it was for Henry Clay. He brought from Virginia his leniency for slave-holders; for, as he said, he could not condemn his ancestors. For many years he was a Whig who opposed disturbing the south, or promoting discord between the sections. When Abraham Lincoln and he were in Congress together, 1847-48, their views were much alike, and when a vote was taken on the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, they were the only northern Whigs to vote against it.

Among his acquaintances was a young lawyer, who became financially embarrassed, and of whom Mr. Thompson bought his law books. The purchase of this little library was the turning point in Mr. Thompson's career, for it occurred to him that the best way to realize on his investment would be to study the books, and thus he took up the study of law in the leisure he could obtain from his business. He had already exhibited the possession of oratorial powers and at the village debating club connected with the seminary, had begun the cultivation of that facility of speeeh which was never to fail him in the next three-score years. He was soon called upon to deliver the oration which was always expected at the old-time Independence Day celebrations. His ability as a speaker, industry, good habits and promise as a lawyer led his friends and admirers to urge his candidacy for the legislature.

Mr. Thompson was elected to represent his districts in the legislatures of 1834-6, and in the state senates of 1837-8. The young senator was elected president pro tem of the senate and was acting lieutenant-governor for a time, until the vacancy caused by the resignation of the lieutenant-governor was filled. His ability and facility of expression were soon recognized, and in 1838 he was selected to

prepare the customary address that was issued to the Whigs of the state before the meeting of the national conventions.

* * *

It is believed that since 1838 Colonel Thompson never missed a state convention of his party, except that of 1898, drafting and reading the platforms and always electrifying the audiences with the ringing eloquence that combined the dignity of the old school with the popular elements of the new.

Colonel Thompson removed from Bedford to Terre Haute at the close of his first term in Congress, declining the renomination that was tendered him. This was in 1843, when he was thirty-four years old. Although he had been a member of the bar about nine years, his legislative and congressional duties had interfered with his practice, and he was more anxious to settle down to legal work than to continue in office, and for that purpose went to Terre Haute to compete with one of the most able local bars in Indiana at that time or since.

The only prolonged absences of Colonel Thompson from Terre Haute during his more than sixty-five years of citizenship were during his second term as congressman in 1847-8, the years 1850 and 1852, when transacting business in Washington for the Menomonee Nation, and the four years, 1877-1881, when he was secretary of the navy.

Year after year his friends have taken note of his birthday and gathered round him. Among his most devoted and admiring friends have been young people and little children. When I called to see him, one pleasant afternoon in the summer of 1899, a number of little tots were playing happily about on the lawn. I found the Colonel in his library, where he passed so many of the latter days of his life. For an hour he smoked and talked of the olden time, and men who are gone but whose names will live forever. One of his little grandchildren stole in and climbed on his knee, and I came away with a never-fading memory of the silver-haired old man, musing of the past, and the sweet-faced child, peering with wondering eyes into the unknown future.

At the age of ninety, Colonel Thompson was the greatest smoker among the public men of the country, not even excepting Grant. Up to the last few years, when his doctor forbade it, he smoked almost incessantly night and day. When the Colonel went to Washington as secretary of the navy, he was the subject of much cheerful badinage.

A correspondent of a New York journal devoted a long letter to Colonel Thompson's cigars, which were described as being as black and strong, and atrocious. He had them made on the Wabash, would smoke ten a day and use no other kind, and generously urged them on his friends.

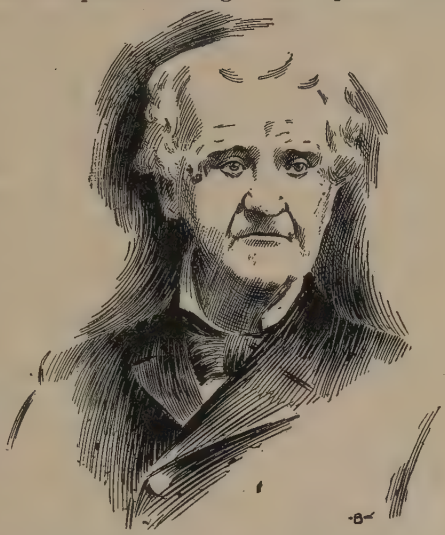
A sketch of the interesting cases in which Colonel Thompson had been engaged during his long career would grow to great length, though he was long ago drawn from the active practice of law in home courts by his many engagements elsewhere. Many years ago he had business before the United States supreme court, and claims to prosecute at Washington.

In 1894 the people of Terre Haute celebrated the 85th anniversary of Colonel Thompson's birth by a congratulatory reception. It was one of the most beautiful occasions that Terre Haute, or the distinguished recipient, ever knew, and was alike honorable and gratifying to the warm-hearted people and the beloved veteran.

Colonel Thompson's reminiscences

of the presidents of the United States are unique in our history. No other living man has seen and conversed with so many, and his memories of those whose history was part of the war for freedom, and the second war with Great Britain, carry us back to the foundation of our government.

In 1825, when Richard Thompson was sixteen years old, he was at Charlottsville, which was three miles from Monticello, when Jefferson came to town to make some purchases for his household. As he passed along the street, in a light covered carriage drawn by two horses, driven by an old negro, Richard followed the carriage to the store and entered, to get a nearer view of the ex-president. who was then eighty-three years old, his form slight and bent with age, and his voice feeble and tremulous, but his eye was clear and penetrating.



James Madison, the fourth president, lived at Montpelier, about thirty miles from Culpeper, and Colonel Thompson saw and heard much of him. Such was the general opinion of his purity of life and many virtues that young Thompson thought him second only to Washington.

James Monroe was seen more often by Colonel Thompson than the other ex-presidents. He lived at Aldie, in Loudon county, about as far from Culpeper as Madison lived in the other direction. He made occasional visits to Jefferson and Madison, as he was the youngest of the three, and on his journey passed through Culpeper, where it was his custom to stop over night.

Colonel Thompson, who was in the House with Adams, admired him and thought his was the greatest intellect of all of the ex-presidents. He saw the death of Adams, who was stricken in the House during debate and soon after died.

He had opportunities of closely observing Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler and Polk. With Taylor, for whom he had spoken in the west and east, he was on familiar terms. He was in the House with Filmore and had served on committees with him.

General Pierce was much liked by Col. Thompson, as an amiable and elegant gentleman who always received him well and said he liked to see him because he never had any favors to ask.

The Colonel, who was in Washington some time during Buchanan's term and also while the latter was in the senate, knew him well.

Lincoln, naturally, filled the largest place in Colonel Thompson's memory. He sat with him in the Thirtieth Congress, and they were on friendly terms. The Colonel has related that he accompanied Mr. Lincoln to a fashionable party, whose hostess was a brilliant woman. He looked up at one time and saw Lincoln sitting on a low stool, talking with much animation to his hostess, unconsciously twisting his long legs and leaning forward as he talked. When Colonel Thompson

afterwards asked the lady what she thought of the Illinois congressman, she replied that she had never before met such a man, and that "he has an intellect like a star."

Hayes, of course, he knew very well, as a member of his cabinet. General Garfield was the subject of the Colonel's finest address; an address delivered in 1881.

General Benjamin Harrison and Colonel Thompson met often in convention as elsewhere. They enjoyed the honor together of being elected by acclamation as the delegates at large to the National convention of 1884. Colonel Thompson made the speech nominating General Harrison at Minneapolis.

When President Cleveland visited Terre Haute in 1897, Colonel Thompson made the welcoming address, which was a very fine one, closing with a most graceful tribute to Mrs. Cleveland, who sat near the president. Again, in 1898, Colonel Thompson made the address of welcome for Terre Haute to President McKinley.

He was an elector on the Lincoln and Johnson ticket and delegate to the National Republican convention in 1864; a delegate to the convention at Chicago in 1868, when he reported the platform and promoted the selection of Schyler Colfax of Indiana as the second on the ticket with Grant; and at the Cincinnati convention in 1876, he made the principal speech nominating O. P. Morton, but Hayes was chosen.

At the National convention of 1888 he placed Benjamin Harrison in nomination, and again in 1892 at Minneapolis spoke for Harrison, and was the recipient of an ovation, for his birthday was celebrated by the convention. Chauncey Depew presented him to the delegates as the "Grand Old Man of America." In 1896 Colonel Thompson was again one of the delegates at large for Indiana to the St. Louis convention which nominated William McKinley.

Colonel Thompson was a very industrious writer, having published four books and a complete number of articles on public questions. He had in hand at the time of his death a large amount of manuscript of a story of Virginia life, in which he had introduced some of the interesting characters he knew at Culpeper.

His last book was "The Recollections of the Presidents" that the writer had known, and altogether unique as it was possible for one man only to write it.

Colonel Thompson died at Terre Haute, February 9, 1900.

His passing marks the close of an epoch in the political history of the country. He was the last survivor of the old school of public men who grew up in the backwoods and went from the log cabins to the halls of legislature. He was the last link in the chain which bound the fathers of the republic to the fourth generation of their sons. After he had retired from private life as he thought for all time, he was called to Washington by President Hayes to take the portfolio of secretary of the navy. From this position came his nickname of "The Ancient Mariner of the Wabash." When he entered Hayes' cabinet he was in the midst of a generation that scarcely knew him. Of all his old Whig friends only Alexander Hamilton was left to greet him.

To the last he preserved a rare personal influence on his associates. Gifted with a voice the beauty of which has rarely been excelled, dowered with natural eloquence, and without a trace of egotism, the impress of his winning personality bound men to him wherever he was heard.

THE WALLOPING OF WOON

By Winthrop Packard

(BEING THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF BILLY REED AND TROLLIE)

NOT long after the adventure in the Land of Upside Down, Billy Reed and Trollie were walking in the garden, where violets grew and the Bobolink sat on a mullein stalk and turned his head on one side and looked at them and thought things. The old gardener was on the other side of the lilac bush and he, too, put his head on one side and thought things, but Billy and Trollie did not think—people don't when they are that way—they just looked at one another.

By-and-bye Trollie, with hands full of violets, held a bunch of them up to Billy's nose that he might sniff their fragrance, and Billy did not sniff at all, but just kissed her hand where it came up to his lips. The gardener put his head through the lilac bush that he might see better, and the Bobolink gave a preliminary gurgle of song, lifted his wings and sat motionless. Trollie drew her hand away and blushed, and then put the other one up, violet laden, that he might not sniff again in the same way he had not sniffed before.

At this, the Bobolink fell off the mullein stalk in seven thousand fits of ecstatic song, and the gardener slapped his leg and chuckled, then rushed off, wagging his head, to tell his cronies that Billy Reed and Trollie were engaged, which was true; even the Bobolink was sure of it.

All the Wishtown people were much pleased with the engagement, for they all loved Trollie, in spite of her waywardness. No one knew that a Troll sentinel had stood at the mouth of a rabbit burrow and heard the Bobolink sing all about it, and immediately carried the news to the Underground People. But that was what had happened, and the Trolls were very angry about it, for they had always wanted Trollie to come back to them. I think it was that very night that Billy dreamed that he heard wonderful music, faint and fine, yet so sweet that it seemed as if he must get up and follow it; but very sad, too, for when it ceased he waked to find that his pillow was wet with tears from the thought of it. Everybody in Wishtown had the same dream and waked with pillows tear-wet in the same way, but every single one of them went to sleep again, except Billy's mother. She had more sense than most people, and knew that the music was a Troll serenade. She immediately rushed into Trollie's room, but was too late. The window was open and Trollie was nowhere to be found. Very evidently she had been carried off by some enchantment, and everybody said it must be the Trolls.

Everybody was very much disturbed and Billy Reed was simply in despair. He hunted everywhere for her, and sent others out to hunt, but all in vain; and he returned one night, weary with fruitless search, to sit down in a chair in his room and think. But think as he might, he could think of no way to find Trollie, and he flung himself on a couch by the wall and

buried his face in his hands while a sob shook him. It was a large, deep, go-as-you-please sob, and it shook not only Billy, but Hoohoo's hat, which always hung just above and which now dropped on his head. The moment that the hat lighted there Billy rose and rushed out of the house, for the hat brim had whispered in his ear:

"Why not ask Hoohoo?"

Over at the Place of Echoes Billy made a great hullaballoo, and Hoohoo rushed from his cave in great surprise.

"What do you want?" he growled.

"If you please, sir, I want Trollie," said Billy, breathlessly. Hoohoo's hand crept to the strings of his violin, which he stroked gently; meanwhile looking at Billy with much contempt.

"Do you take me for a department store?" he said; "I don't keep trollies in stock. You'll be asking me for a war balloon, next."

Billy did not understand this, at all, so he simply waited; and in a moment Hoohoo had put the violin under his chin and begun to fiddle. His marrow-squash head nodded and bobbed, and the violin gave out the same outrageous shrieks as it had done once before, and everything within hearing, even the rocks and trees, began to run away. Just as before, too, Billy kept his presence of mind, and instead of putting his hands on his ears, as he wanted to, he clapped them. Hoohoo stopped a moment to nod to him, and Billy said: "That was wonderfully well done. I do so like classical music."

"Yes," said Hoohoo; "that's classical, all right." He looked around at the fleeing landscape. "It's a very moving thing."

He played again for some moments. "How do you like that strain," he asked.

Billy had hard work not to run. "It's a great strain," he gasped; "a very great strain." Hoohoo regarded him kindly.

"You seem a very nice young man," he said; "and I'm sorry your trollie is off. Tell me about it."

Billy told him about Trollie and her disappearance, and as they talked the trees and rocks came tiptoeing hesitatingly back into their places again, and the landscape became normal once more.

"What you'll have to have," said Hoohoo, after a time; "is a Hocus Pocus."

"Yes," said Billy; "that's it, I think." He did not in the least know what a Hocus Pocus was.

"I've had the whooping cough and the measles," he said; "and I—I've been in love, but I've never had the Hocus Pocus. Is it catching?"

At this the corners of Hoohoo's mouth went round his head and shook hands, and his jack-o'-lantern face lighted up with delight. Then he put his violin beneath his chin on his right shoulder, and taking the bow in his left hand began to play. To Billy's astonishment there came from it this time no terrible discords, but the most entrancing music, music that thrilled his very soul with ecstasy; music like that of a hundred thousand nightingales singing love songs in the garden of Eden. All the wild things of the wood flocked near to hear it, and the trees bent low over him while the very wind sobbed with pure delight. He finished with a wonderful rush of melody that brought everything to his very feet.

"There," said Hoohoo, "that is a Hocus Pocus. You do it on your right shoulder." And playing again, as he walked, he entered his hole in the cliff and by the magic of his music drew the hole in after him.

Billy stood for some moments motionless with ecstacy, then he came to,

and set out for home at a great pace. Arriving there he snatched his violin from the wall, went out in the garden behind the lilac bush, put the violin on his right shoulder as he had seen Hoohoo do, and began to play. The notes of the wonderful melody came tripping to his memory and seemed to dance from the strings of the violin. The Bobolink, who was the cause of all the trouble, came fluttering up in great delight, but the gardener swore. He had started to wheel a barrow-load of rubbish out of the garden, and the music had backed him into the lilac bush, barrow and all, in spite of himself.

"Everything within hearing, even the rocks and trees, began to run away"

"Wot is this 'ere toon?" he growled, "wot makes a man go forward, backwards."

Sad as he was, Billy smiled at this. "That," he said, "is a Hocus Pocus." Just then there was the sound of caving earth, and the gardener went down out of sight right under the lilac bush, barrow and all. Billy looked down in surprise. There was a circular pit and a passageway leading from it into regions underground. The magic of the Hocus Pocus had drawn it up all the way from Troll Town. Billy jumped down and offered to help the gardener, but the old man would not budge.

"Nay, nay," he said. "Ye hocuspocused me in here, and ye can e'en hocuspocus me out again," and there he sat.

"That's easy," said Billy, and he put the violin on his left shoulder and brought from it the usual horrible sounds. For a moment the gardener held his hands tight over his ears, and then he scrambled out of the pit with the wheel-barrow chasing him, and the lilac bush tugging hard at its roots to get away from the dreadful discords. As for the Bobolink he was already a half mile away with his feet tucked tight into his ears as he flew.

At all this Billy smiled again, sadly, and with his violin under his cloak and Hoohoo's thinking cap on his head, marched resolutely down the passage toward Troll Town. Half way there the passage began to grow narrow, and Billy became very thoughtful. He realized that he was large and the Trolls small, and that to get much farther down the narrowing passage he would have to make himself smaller in some way. Just as he got where he could go no further he heard footsteps approaching, and a procession of queer little men came up from the depths, each wearing a large board hung round his neck. Each board reached from the chin to the toes and bore the words:

"Take Ratkinson's Anti-expansion Pills for that Obese Feeling."

The little men saw Billy and hurried forward with a shout of: "Here he is, here's the best one yet." Behind them came a Troll bearing a pill box, and behind him was another with a long grey beard and big spectacles. At sight of Billy this one threw up his hands with a shout of "Excellent! Splendid!" The sandwichmen bowed until their boards chucked them under the chin and shouted:

"Hail to Professor Ratkinson, the only man on earth!"

"Sir," said the Professor to Billy, "I am the chief physician of Troll Town. You are the worst case of this expansion disease that I have seen yet. I would like to secure you as an awful example."

Billy had known what it was to be exhibited in Troll Town before, and his pride revolted, but the hat brim whispered in his ear:

"Say yes, it is the only way."

So Billy said yes, to the Professor's great delight, but when the procession turned and tried to march Billy farther down the passageway they found it impossible because he was so large. The Professor was greatly excited and capered about, but in vain. By-and-bye he tripped up the pill box bearer and strewed pills all about. Seeing these he shouted: "I'll do it, I'll do it; you'll be big enough then. Open your mouth."

"Open it," whispered the hat brim, and Billy made a wry face and did as he was bidden. The Professor balanced on one foot, stamped the other and pitched seven large pills, with an elegant out-curve and down-shoot, right into Billy's mouth. He swallowed them and immediately shrunk

to half his size, while the Professor stood by and wrung his hands lest he shrink too much. But not so. When he finished he was still twice the size of the largest Troll, but was small enough to continue the march down the passage. And thus Billy Reed entered Troll Town once more. At sight of it a great anger seized him, and he felt that he must not only win Trollie back, but so punish the Trolls that they would never again interfere with his affairs.

But Troll Town knew nothing of this and would have cared less. It was in the midst of festivities to celebrate the marriage of the king's son, who was Prince Woon. Not only all the people of Troll Town were there, but all the folk from the distant caves and passages were there; every single Troll, yes, and every married Troll, and all the children. Booths were erected all about, and everyone feasted and feasted again, till they were so swollen with good things to eat that Professor Ratkinson's eyes snapped with delight. He marched Billy immediately to a stand in the midst of the booths, and having placed him on it began to harangue the multitute.

"Behold," he said, "what ye are coming to, ye people of Troll Town. Ye who swallow anything in sight. Have I not told ye to beware of English plum pudding and floating islands and all these abominations which ye absorb so freely? But ye may yet be saved. Before it is too late take my anti-expansion pills for that obese feeling. See this thing that I set before ye and beware."

Billy blushed with shame, but the Troll people patted their distended stomachs with horrified glances at him and rushed up and bought pills so fast that Professor Ratkinson danced with delight.

"I'll be rich," he chuckled; "I'll be a pill trust. I'll buy a seat in the senate. Maybe I'll have money enough to run an anti-administration newspaper."

But his antics were cut short by a stately cavalcade that came down street escorting a carriage, the royal carriage of Troll Town, containing the King of Trolls, Prince Woon and his bride to be. Billy looked at them and his heart sank within him, for, sitting with Prince Woon, her hand clasped in his and her eyes resting on him with something very like love in them, was Trollie. She was just the size of the other trolls now, and she was as beautiful as Prince Woon was ugly.

In the carriage beside was a little old lady who should be, by the twinkle in her eye, Trollie's troll grandmother.

All this Billy saw with a great pain at his heart, and when Trollie looked straight at him, with curiosity but without recognition, he felt that he had nothing more to live for. She was a Troll once more; she had forgotten Wishtown and her playmate and lover—and that settled it. Then he sprang to his feet and shook his fist at Prince Woon and shouted: "Thief! Villain!"

There was an uproar immediately, and Billy would have been in much danger from the Troll people had not Professor Ratkinson explained.

"He's not responsible," he said; "it's the result of this expansion disease. Makes them mad when they see anything coming another fellow's way. Take my anti-expansion pills and you'll escape it. Erving, pass some pills to the gentlemen."

The Troll with the pill box opened it and passed packages of pills to the crowd, and the procession went on. The Trolls all thronged after it to the great public square, and Professor Rat-

kinson and his suite, and the awful example, which was Billy, followed. Here a trumpet was blown, and the king of Troll Town rose and announced that they were assembled to celebrate the marriage of Prince Woon, who was the most accomplished man in the whole kingdom.

A great shout went up from the assemblage, and Prince Woon rose with Trollie's hand in his and bowed low. Trollie looked full at Billy with a troubled look, and for a moment it seemed as is she was about to recognize him, then the enchantment became strong upon her and she turned her eyes back upon Prince Woon with the same look of love in them that Billy had seen before.

"People of Troll Town," continued the king, "behold your prince and his bride to be. If any man know cause why these two should not be joined together, let him now state it, or else forever remain silent."

There was was a pause in which it seemed to Billy that the troll grandmother winked at him, then he stepped forward.

"I forbid the marriage, your majesty," he said. "The lady belongs to me." A great shout of derision went up from the people, and Prince Woon looked very fierce, but the troll grandmother nodded her head and winked again; an unmistakable wink this time. As for the king, his face became as purple as his royal robe and for a moment he was speechless; then he thundered forth:

"What proof of this can you give, monstrosity?"

Billy would very much have liked to thunder forth, too, but just then he was short of thunder. What proof could he give? Trollie evidently did not know him and could remember nothing of her engagement. As he stood in doubt, he saw the Troll grandmother looking at him and making the form of words with her lips. He could not make out the words, however. Then she put her hand as if to her ear and made the form of words again. Billy put up his hand to his ear, and in so doing bent the hat brim down and heard it say very softly:

"She says 'demand the test.' "

"Your majesty," cried Billy, very loudly and as bold as brass, "I demand the test."

Again there was a great uproar; among the princes of the royal blood this time. Prince Woon turned pale with rage and the king' s face was a regular Turner sunset picture, but the common people who did not love Prince Woon applauded.

"There shall be no test," the king cried. "There can be no competition between Prince Woon and this—this monstrosity."

Here the Troll grandmother arose. It was evident that she was held in great respect, for all became silent.

"Your majesty," she said, "an hundred years have I lived in Troll Town, and never yet has the test been refused when called for. It is the privilege of the people." A murmur of assent went up from the common people of the Trolls, and they began to draw together at one side of the court while the nobles grouped about the king and Prince Woon at the other. Matters looked ominous, and the chief secretary whispered something to the king. The king's manner changed.

"It is wise to accord generous treatment to the suppliant," he said; "Prince Woon shall submit to the test."

There was a cheer of approval at this, and the chief secretary whispered to Prince Woon. Immediately Woon's face lighted up with a self-satisfied grin, and he arose.

"People of Troll Town," he said, "the ancient right of the people shall

be respected. I will submit to the test. But as I am the challenged party it is right to say what the test shall be."

He paused and smiled again; a very ugly smile.

"The test is this:" he went on, "He who shall with his music move the greatest number of people to the most tears shall be the winner, and shall be declared the husband of the most beautiful Trollie, forthwith."

A shout of laughter and approval went up from the nobles at this, for Prince Woon was well known as a wonderful player of the troll mandolin, and one who could work all sorts of enchantment by his music. Indeed all Trolls are very susceptible to music, very fond of good times, and have a great horror of discords.

"Thus shall it be," declared the king, and he too smiled. Billy Reed said nothing, but he thought he saw the Troll grandmother wink again, and he was very sure he heard the hat brim chuckle.

The mandolin was placed in Prince Woon's hands and immediately he heard the same wonderful music sweet and sad, that he had heard the night Trollie was stolen away. The people of Troll Town swayed to it like reeds in the wind; they smiled at first, then they saddened and sobbed, and by-and-bye tears shone in their eyes and fell to the ground in a gentle patter like spring rain. The only people who did not weep were Billy, who was too mad to cry, and Professor Ratkinson, who was greatly troubled because he feared it would interfere with his business.

"Stop, stop, good people," he shouted; "weeping will make you lean. It is not right to make yourselves lean in that way. My pills are the only remedy."

Prince Woon ceased playing and smiled scornfully. "The contest is open," he said; "perhaps the monstrosity will make better music than that."

The nobles laughed derisively and the people were silent, but Billy Reed rose with a smile.

"It may not be better music," he said; "but I shall make more people weep, and they shall weep harder." He drew the violin from under his cloak, where it had been concealed, and a murmur of interest was heard. Then he placed it beneath his chin, on the left shoulder, and drew his bow firmly across it. Its wild, discordant shriek echoed back and forth through Troll Town, and all the people sprang to their feet with cries of horror. They rushed frantically about, they covered their ears in vain, they begged him to stop, they danced in pain and they wept; not gentle spring rain weeps, but with roars like spanked children and torrents of tears that ran in the streets in rivers. It was hurting him a good deal, too, but he felt that he could stand it a while, as long as he thoroughly punished the Trolls.

After a while the king, with the nobles behind him, and all the people, rushed up and knelt before him.

"Oh, good freak," cried the king; "Oh, noble, wonderful monstrosity, cease your playing. The lady is indeed yours; take her and all we have—only cease playing!"

Billy gave a particularly vicious rasp in Prince Woon's ear and sent him rolling head over heels in a dead faint, while the king climbed a tree in fear it would be his turn next. Then he stopped.

All Troll Town drew its breath in one great sigh of relief that blew down signs and took most of the bricks off the chimneys.

The king came down from the tree in most undignified haste, rushed to

Trollie, seized her hand, and hurried her to Billy.

"Here," he said; "take her quick and go. I pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on you both. Hurry up and go."

For a moment it seemed to Billy as if Trollie recognized him, then the enchantment became strong upon her again and she dropped his hand and stretched her own toward Prince Woon, who was over in the corner where he had rolled, crouching on his hands and knees and looking with horrified fascination at Billy's violin.

"My Prince!" she cried, and started toward him. Billy's heart became as lead within his breast. Trollie was his now, even by the gift of the Trolls, but her thought was only of the ugly, fallen prince, where he crouched in the mud of Troll Town tears. And now again the hat brim whispered in his ear.

"Give 'em the Hocus Pocus," it said. "Give it to 'em good."

A great groan came from all Troll Town as Billy raised the violin again. But this time he put it on his right shoulder, and there came from it sounds that sent thrills of happiness through everybody. Children laughed for joy, lovers clasped hands and gazed into each other's eyes, and Professor Ratkinson was so moved with ecstasy that he hugged the Troll grandmother and got his ears soundly boxed for the proceeding.

Trollie paused at the first notes of the music, hesitated a moment, then turned with recognition in her eyes and came swiftly to Billy. So potent was the magic of the Hocus Pocus that it broke the enchantment that was upon her, and all her love for Billy came back to her with the first recognition.

There was a queer little throb and break in the music when she came to him and, climbing upon a chair (for she was still Troll size, you know,) laid her head upon his breast with little murmurs such as lovers alone understand. Still playing, he slipped his arm about her, lifted her to his shoulder, and started back across the court, in at the passage and away toward Wishtown again.

The Hocus Pocus rang back in jubiland teasing tones and whether they would or whether they wouldn't the people of Troll Town could not help following. Up the passage they went, every single Troll, yes, and every married Troll, and all the children, and scrambled out of the pit, beneath the lilac bush in Billy Reed's garden. Then Billy threw all his strength into a last effort of the Hocus Pocus and drew the hole up after them. It came out completely and left nothing but the solid earth and the lilac bush waving in the spring wind.

The people of Wishtown were overjoyed to see Billy and Trollie again and wondered much at the Trolls, who were very shy in the daylight and hid themselves in wood and field and all sorts of queer places, where I dare say they are to this day.

Billy told his mother what had happened and how the Troll king had married them, but Billy's mother was far enough into society to have no use for a marriage like that. She took them straight to the Episcopal rector and had the wedding solemnized with all the forms and ceremonies he could think of, which was a great many.

They were an odd couple, Billy only half size and Trollie still a Troll, but as the ceremony proceeded they began to swell with pride at the dignities and importance of it all, and by the time it was all over they were both as large as anyone else and perhaps a bit bigger, and they stayed so.

They sat long together on the bench under the lilac bush in the kindly

dusk of the garden that eveinng, and what they said to one another is nobody's business. Only at the last Trollie lifted her head from Billy's shoulder and sighed.

"I suppose," she said; "we won't have any more adventures."

"No," said Billy; "we've had 'em all. The giants are dead, we got away from the castle of enchantment, we dodged the Bumblepuppy, and I've just walloped Prince Woon."

"Yes," said Trollie; "you just walloped him, and—we're married. All our troubles are over."

No doubt they both thought so, but those of us who have been married what seems a long time know better.

TWO MULES AT THE WINE-SHOP DOOR

Patiently they stand and wait,
Tobias, and Juan, his mate,
Nor do they grumble at their fate—
Two mules at the wine-shop door.

Burthens on their backs they bear,
In noontide heat of the sun's fierce glare,
And yet they stand, with none to care—
Two mules at the wine-shop door.

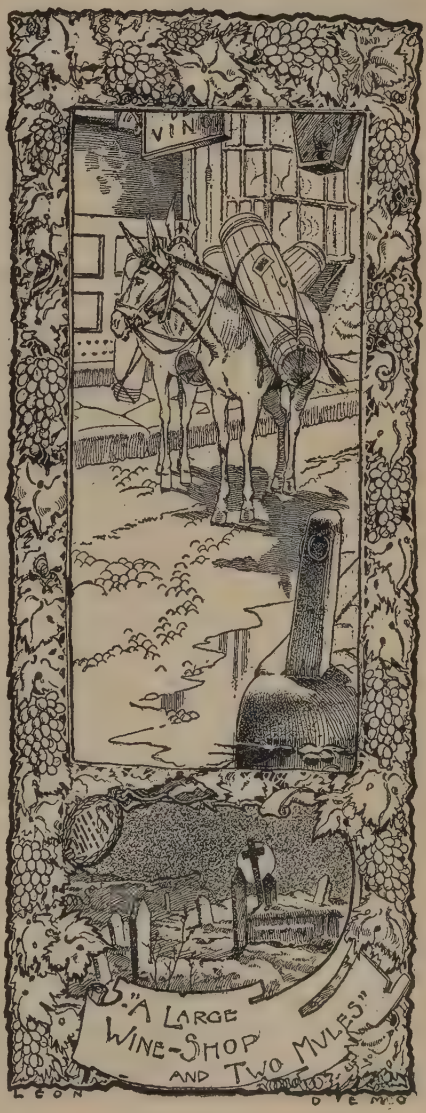
Pietro takes his ease within
The tap-room of the well-stocked inn.
They take no heed of the boisterous din—
Two mules at the wine-shop door.

Their's the lot to stamp the pave
While Pietro, like a heartless knave,
Neglects them, though their draught they crave—
Two mules at the wine-shop door.

Soothing draughts their loads contain;
Ah! how they long a cask to drain—
Yet must they, as they are, remain—
Two mules at the wine-shop door.

He who piles the load, can drink,
Nor for the bearers stops to think.
They merely hear the glasses clink—
Outside the wine-shop door.

Everit Bogert Terbune



A LAD IN HOMESPUN

By E. Crayton McCants

HE summer sun poured relentlessly down on field and pasture. The cattle stood with drooping heads in the shadow of the untrimmed hedgerows; the heat waves rose and shimmered above the brown furrows; and the faint breeze scarcely rustled the green blades of the lush young corn. A crow sitting on a panel of the rotting rail fence cawed derisively at the gray mule slowly drawing the plough. The lad who followed watched mechanically the upturning of the mellow soil, while his long-drawn "Haw, Wo-haw!" had a listless cadence that bespoke force of habit, rather than any need of directing the old and understanding animal, which plodded on exactly as before.

"Haw, Wo-haw!" They rounded the bend in the row and approached a little knoll near the centre of the field. The crow hushed his raucous cry and flew lazily away; the boy bent lower over the plough handles and the corn leaves ceased to rustle. The gray mule went slower and slower.

"Haw, Wo-haw!" They were just at the top of the knoll; the voice sounded far-off, faint and weary; the mule stopped; tentatively, at first, and then resting one foot on its toe settled into an easier position. The boy said nothing, but leaning against the plough, pushed his old slouch hat back from his hot forehead, wiped the sweat from his face with the sleeve of his ragged shirt and looked off across the fields. He was thin, and stooped by toil; there was a weary look in his eyes and the stains of dust and sweat were upon his homespun clothing. The partridges were calling in the wheatfield across the hedge, and just beyond in the shadows of the pines the wild strawberries, cool and ripe, sprinkled the ground like scarlet stars in an emerald sky. How hot and tired he was, and how good it would be to lie there just a little while and rest and dream. For he did dream—this poor, bent, toil-scourged clod. From the elevated spot where he stood he could see field after field of corn and cotton and yellowing grain, spread broad and fair in the June sunshine. Back there in the dilapidated gray house a wealth of old books lay hidden away in nooks and corners. Many of these he had read, spelling them out in the slow painful fashion taught in the village school. And among them he found, now and then, old papers between whose faded lines he could read how his forefathers had wrought in the old days, how all these broad lands, as far as the eye could reach, had once been theirs, how they had lived, and how in troublous times they had ridden forth to battle from the open doors of the old mansion, whose battered columns, long since bereft of plaster, looked out like rain-bleached skeletons upon the one field left of all its broad domain. As for the rest, the gray gravestones beneath the cedars told it all.

He had read the inscriptions an hundred times, and to-day they mirrored themselves before him upon the background of the hazy, heated air.

Soldiers of the Revolution and of 1812 were there. His grandfather, brought, dead, from the field of Churubusco, was there. And in another place a stone, small and mean when compared with the others, marked his father's grave. How well he remembered that tall, soldierly figure, marked by a long scar across the face from a sabre cut at Gettysburg, and limping because a rifle bullet—a relic of the Wilderness, was still in his leg.

There were other gravestone—of lawyers and lawmakers, whose names are written high in the old-time annals of the state, but these did not appeal to him, save to intensify the realization that "Ichabod" was written on the pillars of his house—that glory had departed his name and his race. His learning was small and he could do nothing in such pursuits. He knew this—and then it seemed a little thing to fight with words, and to march and countermarch with the quips and quibbles of the law. The old books in the garret said little of such things, but pages were filled with stories and pictures of Light Horse Harry Lee and his dragoons, of Green, Marion, Sumter, Putnam and Wayne. A great, full-page illustration showed Washington, standing erect in his boat, crossing the ice-filled river to Trenton and victory. Further on there was "Jackson at New Orleans," and "Scott at Lundy's Lane" and "Mexico." "Old Rough and Ready" was pictured there sitting cross-legged on his horse while the smoke of Buena Vista rose and eddyed around his head. And then, although these histories of fifty years ago told nothing of them, what thrilling tales he had heard of Lee and Jackson and Grant and Sherman and scores of others, told by gray old farmers in front of the village stores on Saturday afternoons. It was hard to realize that these peaceful old men had once held a place in a flashing, lurid picture, where the trampling squadrons, the rattling musketry and the deep throated cannon met and smote and strove, foot to foot, and knee to knee to shape the destiny of an empire. Ah! even if they were old and poor now, they had that behind them to which they could point and say: "See! I have lived!"

But to plough, to see his mother patch his threadbare garments and weep when old Solomons grumbled about the interest on the mortgage. What was a life like this worth?

"There goes your broken-down aristocracy," he had heard the fat wife of the shopkeeper whisper in church a few days before, as she pulled aside the ample folds of her "imitation silk" dress, to let his mother, in faded calico, pass. He set his teeth hard at the thought of it. Only wait! Sometime, somehow, his chance would come, and then men should see that there was sap in the old stock yet.

II.

Wearily the years ground round their never-ending circle. The gray mule and the boy grew older, but that was all. The gravestones looked at him reproachfully now and he avoided them. The old histories lay dusty and unopened on the garret floor. The time was so long, and it was so hard to wait. Then a word suddenly flashed round the world. "War!"

In the far-off east Dewey's sea-dogs were straining at the leash. Down the west coast the "Oregon" was racing for a place in the fray. In the South the ships of Sampson, loosed at last, were off and away. Northward lay Schley grimly waiting. All over the land the drums and fifes were out keeping time to the new duet of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." The graybeards felt their pulses stir, and sighed

because they were old; and the young men answered "Coming!" from every little hamlet in the land.

* * *

It was morning at the State rendezvous for the assembling volunteers. Already the regiments of militia, not yet full, but rapidly filling, were encamped on the ground. The round edge of the great red sun came peering over the eastern horizon, and long spears of yellow light shot suddenly through the branches of the trees. A man in uniform, with stripes on his sleeves, came out of a tent and placed a bugle to his lips.

"I cain't git 'em up; I cain't git 'em up;
I cain't git 'em up in the morning!"

sang a member of the guard in rough accompaniment to the sharp, clear notes of the instrument. A sergeant with a striped bundle under his arm hurried from the guard-tent to the tall flag-staff. He fingered the halyards deftly, and as the last long echoing note of reveille floated away across the wooded hills, the bundle shot up the staff, and catching the morning breeze in its folds liberated the starry glory of the flag.

Then, as his country's emblem floating fair and free burst upon his sight, a homespun-clad lad just without the guard lines bared his head, and in the fullness of his soul shouted his greeting. There was infection in his tones, for man after man took up the cheer until the vibrant air was filled with acclamation.

The cheer died into silence, and the busy hum of the camp took its place. It was too early for admission, and the lad sat down quietly trying to breakfast on the bread he carried in his pocket. He was tired, for he had walked all night lest he be too late; but his heart beat fast, and every hurried breath whispered: "At last!"

He could scarcely have told why he was happy. He knew that weariness and privation lay before him; knew that wounds and suffering and death, perhaps, waited just ahead; yet he felt that he could joy in suffering here.

The bread was dry and hard, and his eyes were very heavy. The cool breeze fanned his hot forehead, the noise of the camp sounded dreamily in his ears, and with a sigh of content he sank back on the damp grass and slept.

An hour later a guard awoke him. He went in and took his place in the line that waited before the surgeon's office. An officer scrutinized him sharply, muttered "Doubtful," and passed on. A great fear tugged at the heartstrings of the lad. He touched the elbow of the man in front of him.

"Do you think I can pass?" he asked, anxiously.

"Silence in ranks!" commanded a sergeant.

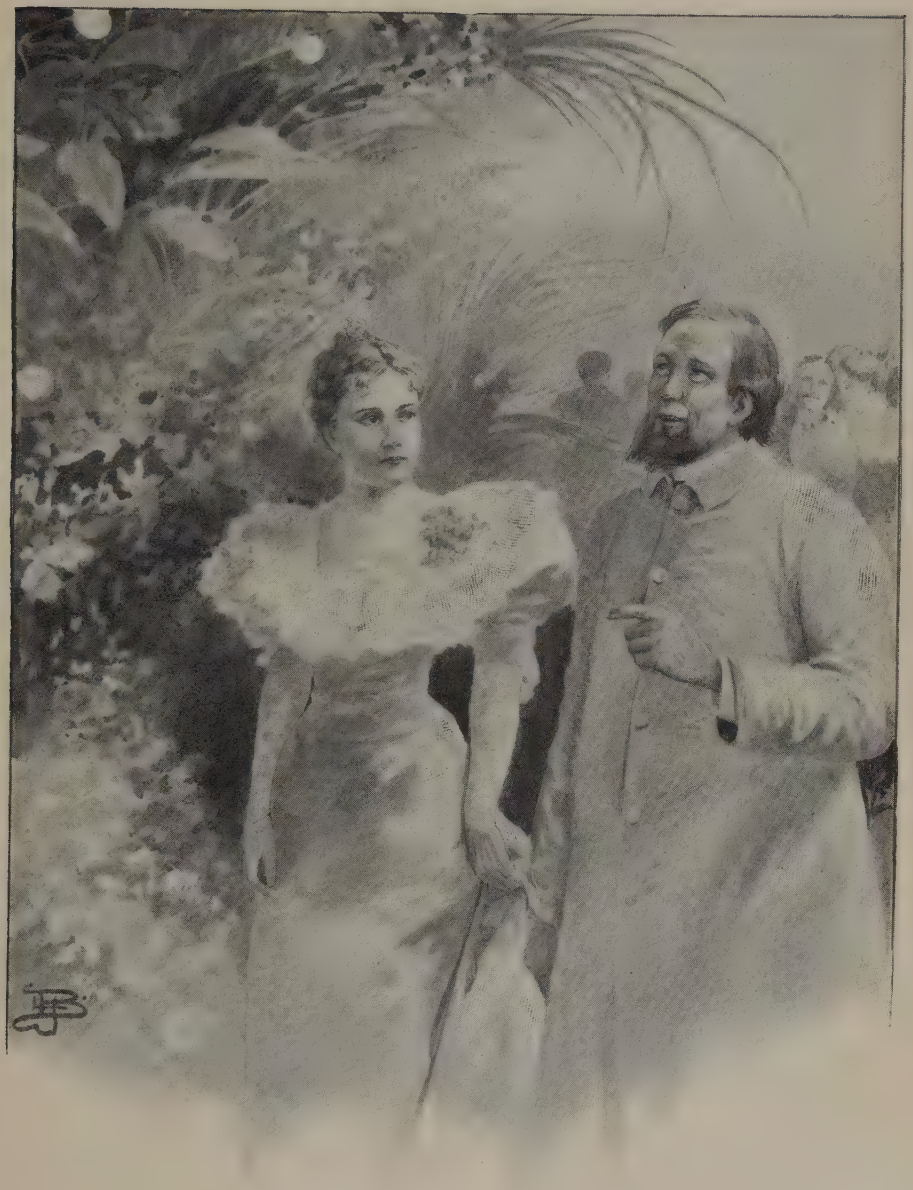
* * *

The sun sank low. The shadows grew longer and longer, and wearily, very wearily, a lad in faded homespun climbed the long, red road that led over the western hills.

"Six pounds lighter than the minimum recruiting weight." The words of the surgeon kept forming themselves in his brain. Away back yonder, the white tents gleaming against a green background of trees and grass, lay the encampment with its star-flecked banner still waving in the evening sunlight. Struggle as he would the tears filled his eyes as he turned to watch it.

"Six pounds lighter than the minimum recruiting weight." Something rose in his throat and choked him. Then the sun dipped below the horizon, a gun boomed sullenly across the valley, the flag fell gracefully earthwards, and the boy faced the sunset.

For him there remained the gray mule and the plough.



"'*Mar's so fond er posies,*' *he said, as he looked toward them with a pleased smile.*"—See page 70.

JACK LONDON AND "THE SON OF THE WOLF"

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

AFTER the manner of the bold adventurers of old, searching for the golden-fleece, a modern argonaut has fared forth from the storied land of the golden gate into the vast white silence of the frozen north. There, close to the most primeval mood of Nature, where man is but an atom in infinitude, the impress of a mighty force was laid upon him; and now, with a largeness and impelling vigor, rare in this materialistic age, he

"Writes of things as he sees them
For the God of Things as they are."

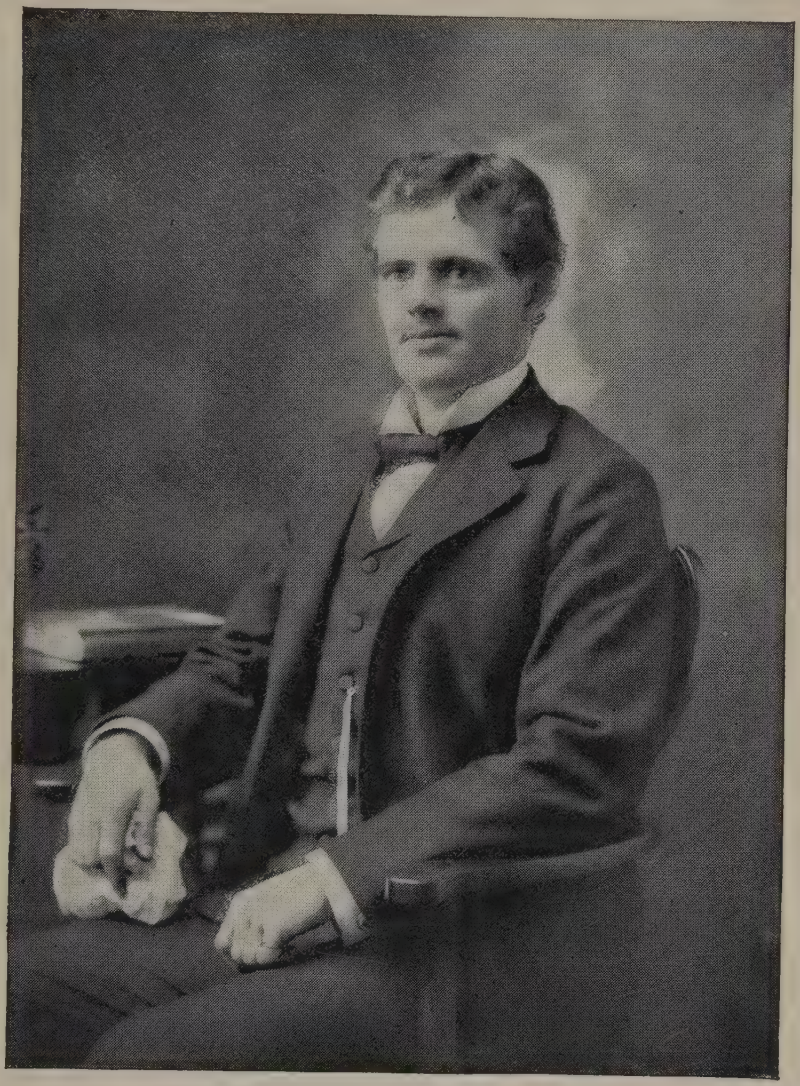
This latter-day argonaut, Jack London, who bids fair to take foremost rank among American writers of romance and adventure, is not yet twenty-five years old, and into the past ten years has crowded the adventurous and romantic experiences of a lifetime.

He was born in San Francisco and lived on Californian ranches—where life cannot be said to be very nourishing to the imagination—until his tenth year, when his parents removed to Oakland; where, as he says, he "at once fell into paradise in the shape of a free library." He was a book-worm as a child, exceedingly nervous and sometimes on the verge of collapse. At six years of age he was reading Trowbridge's books for boys; at seven, Paul du Chaillu's travels, Captain Cook's voyages and the like; at eight, he was deep in Ouida and Washington Irving, besides devouring whatever novels he could lay hands on, and a great deal of American history.

A well-defined nomadic strain in his blood, and the unrest of the pioneer spirit of his ancestors, nourished by reading and romantic speculation, led him to leave home soon after he was fifteen. In his search for adventure among the scum marine population of San Francisco Bay he soon lost his imagined romance and replaced it with the real innermost romance of things. He became—in turn—a salmon fisher, an oyster pirate, a schooner sailor, a fish patrolman, a longshoreman, and a general bay-faring adventurer—a boy in years and a man amongst men. And always he had a book at hand. When he was seventeen he shipped before the mast as an able seaman; went to Japan and seal hunting on the Russian side of Behring Sea among other things, and served at divers times in various forecastles.

In Australia it is the custom of the sailor man to "jump" his ship and "hit off" into the bush with swag and billy-can. There happens to be no bush in the United States, and no billy-cans, but there is an under world which he determined to explore. By the time he was eighteen he had become possessed of an interest in sociology and economics. Swayed partly by this, and partly by the fascination of the enterprise, he stepped down and out of the commonplace world, and was swallowed up for a time in that strange region so vividly described by Josiah Flynt, known as "the road." Out of this sociological exploration he

JACK LONDON, THE AUTHOR OF "THE SON OF THE WOLF"



emerged a revolutionaire of the extremest Karl Marxian type, having still to learn that that society is an organism, the inertia of the masses profound, the evolutions slow and painful; and has had to temper his radicalism as every normal man who has thought along such lines has done before him.

After this tramping expedition, having lost his sentimental worship of the dignity of labor, and learned somewhat of its injustice, he applied himself to study. Returning to Oakland, he

completed the first year of high school work, then without coaching crammed the next two years' work into three months' study and entered the state university of California.

JACK LONDON

Then came the rush to the Klondike in the fall of '97, and in its forefront went Jack London. He was one of the few argonauts who went in over the Chilcoot Pass, the greater majority failing and waiting for the spring. Packing for the thirty miles from salt water to fresh was forty-three cents per pound, so he packed his own thousand pound outfit.

After a year in the country, devoted to prospecting, he succumbed to scurvy. Fresh vegetables were not to be had. He could not await the problematical arrival of the river steamers, so picked up two companions and an open boat, and ran the nineteen hundred miles of the Yukon to the Behring Sea.

Then he accepted his manifest destiny and settled down to writing. His omniverous reading had early bred in him a taste for literature, but his manner of life had hitherto prevented him from attempting anything in that line. His first magazine article appeared in January, 1899, and since then his name has become familiar to the readers of the "Overland Monthly," the "Atlantic," "The National Magazine," the "Wave," the "Arena," the "Youth's Companion," the "Review of Reviews," and a host of lesser publications.

His first published book, "The Son of the Wolf," just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is a collection of short stories of life in the gold regions of the Yukon, portraying with masterly broadness of treatment the conditions of life and the hardships of nature in the far north. In picturesqueness of phrase, terseness of expression, originality of imagery, graphic touch and depth of insight it is perhaps comparable to the work of no other writer so much as that of Kipling. The excitement of the search for gold and the toil of mining it are dramatically depicted. The reader's attention is enthralled by vivid pictures of the loneliness of life in the isolated mining camps, the terrors of the long Arctic night, and the horrors of freezing and starvation. The grandeur and solemnity of the vast "White Silence" are convincingly portrayed, and through it all is revealed one of the author's strong beliefs: that the Anglo-Saxon is the salt of the earth and bound to be master thereof, though the Slav may object thereto and seek to make his objection valid by force of arms. The last tale in the book, "An Odessey of the North," is quite the most notable and bears the unmistakable essence of true romance. The theme has an epic sweep that

makes the narrative superbly imaginative and tragic, and conveys a deep impression of romantic inspiration.

In the reading of this Alaskan epic there is an alluring touch of mystery surrounding the wanderings of Naass, the Akatan Indian, and Axel Gunderson, "in the making of whom the gods had remembered their old-time cunning and cast him after the manner of men who were born when the world was young." One is fascinated with the masterly pen pictures of Unga, the beautiful Indian woman; the strange, secret journey into the darkened north in search of the fabulous gold which lay over the mountains, and the tragic culmination of Naass' revenge.

Jack London has a striking and engaging personality. His years of life in the open air, the strenuous toil of his sea-faring experience, and his close observance of the good and the evil side of mankind when beyond the restraints of conventional environments, have given him a range of thought and depth of insight clearly observable in his writings. A close student of men and books, a lover of vigorous exercise, and a possessor of the true instinct of comradeship, such is Jack London; and with it all, the pen is poised to add his name to that brief and well-loved list of western writers, whose books, with torn and tattered covers and well-thumbed leaves, lie ready to our hand in the coziest corner of the snuggery.

TO THE PILGRIM FLOWER

(RONDEAU)

O arbutus, brave flower of May,
That dares to bud in autumn gray!
You hold white light of winter moons
Adrift down azure night lagoons,
Cold flush of dawns, rose lights that lay

In wintry sunsets long away,
And attared fragrances of Junes
That filtered rootward in their noons,
O arbutus!

You bring the spring to us to-day,
As when you starred the Pilgrims' way
And set two lovers' hearts to tunes
That sang above the sea's sad runes,
O arbutus!

Charles Stuart Pratt

THE JAVA CAPTAIN AND A GROUP OF SAILORS

HOLLAND AND THE BOER WAR

By Peter McQueen

DEN HAAG, HOLLAND, March 15, 1900

OPPOSITE to me at the table sat a weather-beaten old man. He was bronzed with many storms and bearded like a Boer. By the way he applied himself with such vivacity and cheerfulness to hot gin, I took him to be a Holland man. On the deck the first day out he spoke to me, and I found he was a Dutch captain coming home from Java.

The "Rotterdam" is the most comfortable steamer I have ever sailed upon in eighteen voyages across the Atlantic. From captain to cabin boy there is an air of cordiality and *camaraderie* which you will seldom find on the great ocean greyhounds. Never was boat so clean; never was crew so orderly. If you can imagine a ship without a smell, this ship fulfilled that condition. Truly the Dutch are the sailors of the world.

The Java captain developed into a most interesting companion. He held to his *schnapps* at each meal, and had a healthy good nature that made a man religious to look at. Of Holland and her colonies he was exceedingly proud. Java (which he pronounces Yava) was, he deposed, the best country in the world.

"Dot Ingland has much landt of India, but he come not near de Holland as a colonizer. Vee haf 70,000,000

Mr. MacQueen sailed early in March for the Transvaal, where he was sent by "The National Magazine" to obtain an accurate, authentic and comprehensive idea of the situation in South Africa from the personal observation of an American. Mr. MacQueen's letters each month will be read with unusual interest.

of colony people, all happy. Vee protect de Inglish of Singapore from deze pirates of Sumatra; vee show dot Inglisher how to govern. De American officers von Manila are now in Yava to study de Hollandische men's colony methods."

* * *

Speaking of the Boer war, the captain often told me that the Hollanders, though a unit in their sympathy with their kinsmen, yet wished only to see peace and justice established in South Africa. All the French, Germans and Americans I met on the boat were in favor of any honorable peace that would give to the Boers justice. I did not hear an anti-Boer word on the whole voyage. The whole world, including England herself, is thrilled with the heroic defense of the Burghers. The captain, when *schnapps* was flowing freely, went farther than the other passengers in his defence of the Boers and gave me some rather discouraging opinions of the English.

"Of all de badd of dot English de Boer war bin de worst. Dis meester John Bull has much religion (here the captain laughed inconsiderately) for which he does his stealing and his murders. But his Bible, dot not defend him against de bible of de oder man if dot oder man got better guns. De man mit de best gun, he have de best bible and de best religion."

* * *

One March night it blew a gale. The captain was regaling some French and German friends on international affairs. The inevitable Boer war came up. Opinion was quite moderate till it came to our Java friend. After a pause in a heated debate he said:

"How dot air in Natal must smell—one live Inglisher iz badt enough, but thousands of dead one—" here the captain held his nose, slapped his knee and roared till his laughter rose above the bluff March wind. It was evident he had no love or pity to throw away upon the fighting Briton. He laughed so I thought the veins of his forehead would burst—the wild mirth of a man who knows how to hate and for whom it was sweet to contemplate the long winrows of English, Irish and Scotch soldiers who moulder beside the Tugela, fallen in defence of an impalpable something which they vaguely believe to be patriotism.

The ship's company was delightfully various. We had Germans, Canadians, Alsatians, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Americans and Britishers. There seemed to be a tendency among all to avoid the vexed troubles of the Philippines and the Transvaal. When, however, these subjects came up, I found that the English people on board regretted the Boer war and the Americans regretted the Philippines, and all the continental folk were solid-

JOHANNES ROUX

ly against both wars. The Hollanders told me that by their wars in Acheen in Sumatra all the rich revenues of Java were eaten up, while 100,000 of their best soldiers have perished miser-

ably in the jungles. The Dutchmen said that the Americans fight too much in Luzon. We ought, they aver, to hold a few cities, control the trade and let the interior gradually settle, giving the native government into the hands of natives.

I was chairman of the concerts, and a strange thing happened; the Americans quietly suggested to leave off the toast for the President, and the Englishmen did the same complimentary thing toward their Queen. On the other hand, the Germans sang the "Marseillaise" along with the Frenchmen, and the Englishman sang in company with the Hollanders "Het Volkslied" of the Transvaal. The first verse of this hymn goes thus:

QUEEN WILHELMINA

Kent gy dat volk vol helden moed
En toch zoo lang geknecht,
Het heeft geoffered goed en bloed
Voor vryheid en voor recht?
Komt Burgers last de vlaggen wappern,
Ous lyden is voorby;
Roemt in de zegen onzrer deppen
Dat vrye volk zgn wy.

A rough translation is as follows:

Ken ye that folk with courage bold
So long in bondage dight,
Who freely gave their goods and blood
For Freedom and for Right?
Come, burghers, let your banners wave,
Our sufferings have gone by.
Joy in the glory of our brave,
That a free folk are we.

Everybody on the boat seemed to favor the heoric burghers. But all the Hollanders regarded as reprehensible the late caricatures of Queen Victoria in continental papers. The Dutch are a simple-hearted, peace-loving people, but terribly tenacious when once aroused. They adore their little queen, but say they would not let her marry the German Crown Prince, as Germany might absorb them.

"If dot Germany come for Holland he not get de Holland — we giv her back to de sea." This was the declaration by my Java captain one night when the subject was up. The captain amused us with his old ring-dove, seventeen years old, a bird he has carried with him several times around the world.

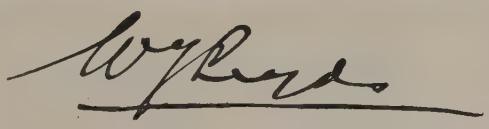
* * *

At our concert we sang "Columbia" and the Dutch national hymn. I noted that the Frenchmen were sort of crest-fallen and so called across the table at a venture: "Frenchmen, sing us the 'Marseillaise'." Ten French gentlemen arose and began the grand martial air. At the last verse the audience, including twenty Germans, rose and joined. A German proposed

a "viva" for France and the company went wild. It seemed to me that the Europeans were delighted to present such a solid front. They tell me with great gusto that Frenchmen and Germans are fighting like brothers in the Transvaal. This, to me, has weighty meaning. It may be only imagination, yet Napoleon said "Imagination rules the world."

* * *

I have just been to Brussels, where I met and interviewed the famous Dr. Leyds, who is a remarkable man. He is the right bower of President Krüger, and is accredited as minister extraordinary to Berlin, Brussels, Lizbon, Paris, Petersburg and the Hague. In person he is tall, with a pleasing face and presence, a clear, piercing eye, deep set in a strong head. He has the suavity of a born diplomat, and weighs his words well.



The doctor visited the Hague on the day Lord Salisbury wired Pretoria refusing the president's all terms but unconditional surrender. I called on him there a second time. Leyds still believes the Republics will somehow win. There is an evident understanding between him and Krüger. He is said to be greatly favored by the latter and to have sustained him for president as against General Joubert. There are two parties in the Transvaal, the party of Joubert, which was conciliatory to England, and the party of Krüger, which was uncompromisingly the reverse.

Leyds contends that the message for peace sent by the two presidents was sent purely from humanitarian reasons, because they feel that up among the mountain passes the slaughter of Modder and Tugela rivers will only be uselessly repeated. The Dutch people here seem to think the same thing.

* * *

The Belgian papers, like those of Holland, are filled with sarcastic cartoons, and the English are equally caustic in their humorous points.

An English society paper, published on the continent, has a long article on "Why the Germans Hate Us." It blames first the writings of Heine and Schiller, and next the bumptiousness of a certain class of English travelers long familiar to Europeans. So it seems the English are willing to criticize themselves.

Entering the office of the London & North Western Railway in Brussels, I was greeted by a hearty Yorkshire man.

"How are things with you?" I asked him.

"Oh, very middling," he answered cheerfully; "they're a bit down on us here, doan't ye know, but they'll get over it."

It is certainly conspicuously charming to see the *sang froid* of the English

THE QUEEN S MOTHER

in face of a storm of wrathful, and sometimes reckless, criticism. We all admire pluck, and they have certainly got it. Returned officers here are all high in their praise of the marvelous courage of the British troops.

Dr. Hendrik Müller, consul for the Orange Free State, is a stout and genial man, with benignant face and keen wits. His office on Java Straat in the Hague I found a busy place, but he had time to talk to an American. He is of opinion that if this war had not broken out, all of South Africa would have been peacefully assimilated under one government; but that now there will be a bitter race feeling for many years. He has no hope of England's ever having a satisfactory and united South Africa.

A young Boer that I met at Müller's office told me he had three brothers in the war. He was studying in London when hostilities commenced. Individually, he was very fond of Englishmen; but he heard no talk except about the crushing of the Republics, so he left London for Paris. This man's family is very influential in the Orange Free State.

"We were almost Anglicized," he said. "Nearly every one was learning English, and in ten years, without the war, all South Africa would have been one United English colony. The war, however, has made us a nation, and in time we will find in England's difficulties our opportunity for entire independence. The bitter, useless part of the struggle is that England wants what the Boers don't want, and the Boers want what the English care nothing for—their farms and the veldt. The Orange Free State and the Transvaal have all they desire. Not riches, but peace, is what my people most desire."

All the Boers I have met look and act very like Americans. They have splendid, strong faces, and are not excitable. They do not understand the art of advertising as we do at home. An American would die of *ennui* at the slow way business is done in Europe.

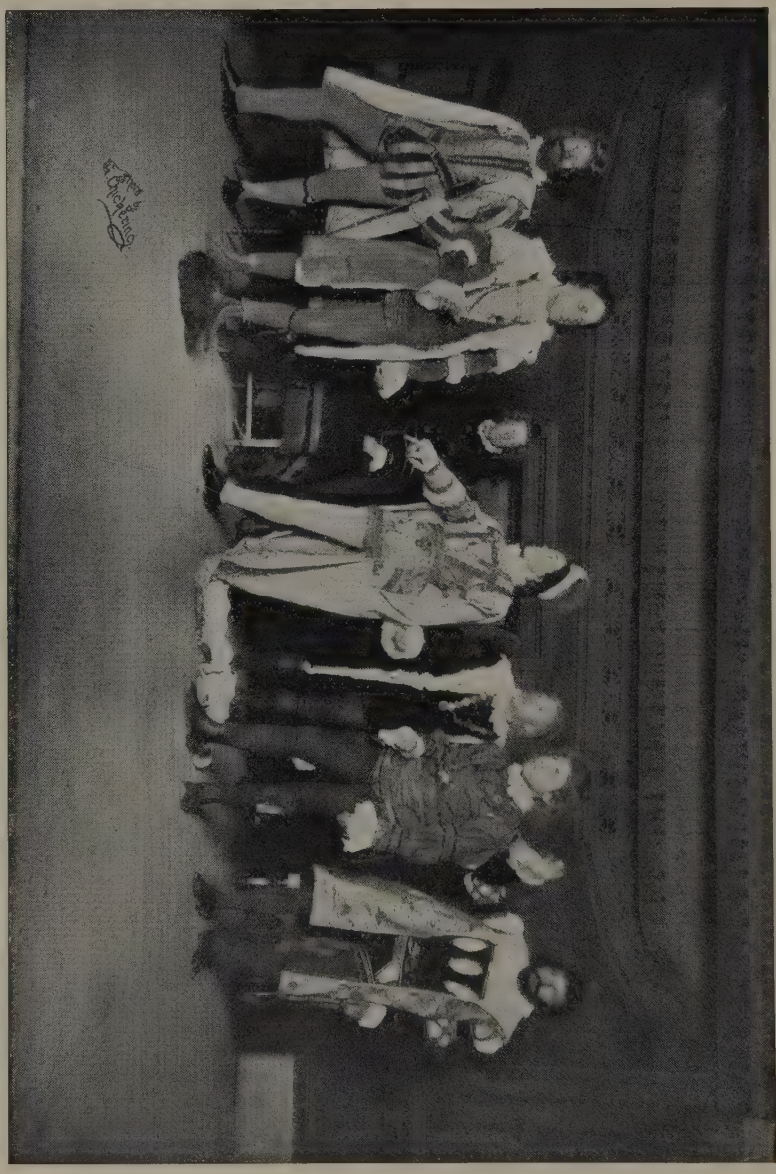
They think nothing of keeping you waiting an hour. Dr. Leyds was an exception to this, and when I made one of my calls on him he was in the midst of a meal, but left it and came out to talk—a feat worthy of a good Boston Yankee.

The school children have boxes, in which they gather collections for the Boers; and I can hear the boys arguing as to what would be the best way to smuggle guns into South Africa. Here, however, the people are quiet, but do a lot of stern, deep thinking.

Photo by Chickering ISADORE RUSH

ABOUT THE DRAMA

A NEW portrait of Isadore Rush will be welcomed by the host of friends of this bright, particular star. She is a native of Berwick, Pennsylvania. As Mrs. Lucy Joy in "The Woman Hater" she made her debut in Boston. Then followed Bessie Bunting in "Send me Five Shillings;" Mrs. Oakes in "The Club Friend;" Kitty Farmington in "Innocent as a Lamb;" Mrs. Dorrington in "In Dakota;" and Cleopatra Sturgess



PRINCIPALS IN THE BOSTON COLLEGE SOCIETE FRANCAISE PRODUCTION OF CASIMIR DELAVIGNE'S THREE-ACT TRAGEDY, "LES ENFANTS D'EDOUARD"

READING LEFT TO RIGHT: TYRREL, GLOUCESTER, TONY, EDWARD V., LORD GREY, RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM

in "The Politican." She collects old china and "wish bones" as a pastime.

"Les Enfants d'Edouard" is the title of a three act tragedy first performed in the Comedie Francaise in 1833. Its highly successful presentation by talent drawn from the Boston College students in April, 1900, was a really noteworthy dramatic event. The leading characters are shown in the engraving. Its performance reflected great credit upon all who parcipated.

A TRIO OF CANADIAN WRITERS

By J. Gertrude Menard

THAT the land of "Our Lady of the Snows" appeals strongly to writers of fiction has been amply demonstrated by such well-known persons as Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Conan Doyle, and other literary workers of established ability. Whether the period chosen be the romantic days of ill-fated New France, or the more recent years of English rule, the wealth of material remains equally profuse, and attracts by the diversity of its character the lover of the picturesque, the heroic, or the religious in human nature.

But if Canada has become thus alluring to outsiders as a setting for their tales, her charms have not failed to be appreciated by her own sons, and it would be possible to name many native exponents of French Canadian life, in whose productions, whether prose or verse, may be found either the encouraging promise of youthful talent, or the pleasing excellence of matured power.

Perhaps none of these authors has, however, in a single effort, gained so thoroughly the attention and the affection of the public as has Dr. William Henry Drummond in his recently published volume, "The Habitant." In this collection of dialect poems, now become one of the treasures of every Canadian household, the writer has struck a note which echoes deep in the hearts of those familiar with the sturdy, simple-hearted people he portrays, and which has done more to create a sympathetic interest in the details of their lives than any louder heralding could have done.

The secret of Dr. Drummond's success, aside from his mastery of dialect, lies without doubt in his complete knowledge of his subjects and his absolute fidelity to their varying natures. The *voyageur*, matching his strength and

DR. W. H. DRUMMOND

skill against the fury of torrent and rapid; the farmer, living out the monotonous years of his life on the isolated acres of his forefathers; the returned explorer from the "States," rich in store-clothes and broken English—all these he knows from personal contact and it is this intimacy that has enabled him to produce a work very nearly approaching literature. In the preface to his book, Dr. Drummond says: "Having lived, practically, all my life side by side with the French Canadian people, I have grown to admire and love them; and I have felt that while many of the English-speaking public know, perhaps as well as myself, the French Canadian of the cities, yet they have had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habitant; therefore I have endeavored to paint a few types, and in doing this, it has seemed to me that I could best attain the object in view by having my friends tell their own tales in their own way."

His Baptistes, Philorums, and Pierres speak, therefore, not with stilted phraseology or with any attempt at poetic elegance, but with the vigor and raciness which their quaint combination of two languages alone makes possible. "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," perhaps one of the best known of the collection, is a striking example of this unique style:

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane;
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole;
He call de cook also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She came from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas',
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two-t'ree-four—
De captinne—scow and de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane;
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane;
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

But Dr. Drummond can move to tears as well as laughter, and it is perhaps in his pathetic moments that the charm of his truly poetic nature is most strongly felt. Who does not appreciate the pensive retrospect of the old *grandpere*, who, relegated to the quiet of the chimney-corner, recalls tenderly but sadly, the good old times of his long-past youth.

Venezici, mon cher mai, an' sit down by me—so.
An' I will tole you story of old tam long ago—
W'en ev'ryt'ing is happy—w'en all de bird is sing,
An' me!—I'm young an' strong lak moose an' not afraid no t'ing.

I close my eye jus' so, an' see de place w'ere I am born—
I close my ear and lissen to musique of de horn.
Dat's horn ma dear ole moder blow—an only t'ing she play
Is "viens donc vite Napoleon—'peche-toi pour votre souper."

Or the melancholy musing of the aged raftsman, useless now, and left stranded like one of his own crafts upon the bank of his beloved river:

It seem dead place for sure now, on shore down by de lan in'—
No more de voyageurs is sing lak dey was sing alway—
De tree dey're commence growin' w'ere shaintee once is standin',
An' no one scare de swallow w'en she fly across de bay.

I don't lak see de reever she's never doin' nothin'
But passin' empty ev'ry day on Bout de l'ile below—
Ma ole shaloup dat's lyin' wit' all its timber rottin'
An' tam so change on Bord-a-Plouffe since forty years ago!

The temptation to quote is well-nigh irresistible, but one must, after all, read the poems in their entirety to fully understand their tenderness and drollery.

Dr. Drummond is a practising physician, living in the heart of the busy city of Montreal, and his literary work is necessarily more or less a matter of recreation to be indulged in during leisure hours; but notwithstanding the demands upon his time, he has not infrequently consented to appear upon the platform, and has been heard with great success before the most critical audiences of the Dominion as an interpreter of his own inimitable dialect. In recognition of his important contribution to the literature of his country, he has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of England and of the Royal Society of Canada.

WILLIAM McLENNAN

A second volume of poems, similar in character to "The Habitant," is now in process of preparation, and its appearance will be awaited with interest by lovers of unconventional poetry both in the United States and in Canada.

* * *

William McLellan has become so well known to American readers through his contributions to Harper's Magazine, that an introduction to him as writer of entertaining prose would be superfluous. His dialect stories, supposed to be told by an amusing individual named Melchior, are still of sufficiently recent publication to be remembered as most agreeable studies of Canadian life, while a monograph on Dulhut, the explorer, and a number of tales descriptive of the French Revolution, entitled "As Told to His Grace," displayed the author's deep historical research and his ability to produce pen-pictures which remained indellibly impressed upon the mind. His later book, "Spanish John," and the recently published "Span o' Life," written in collaboration with Miss McIlwraith of Hamilton, are also historical novels, and are marked by an elegance of language and purity of style that suggest the art of the late Robert Louis Stevenson.

As a poet, Mr. McLellan is, perhaps, less widely recognized, but his work in this direction has been of a most interesting and original nature. In the volume, "Songs of Old Canada," he has undertaken a translation of the ancient folk songs still current in French Canada, and so well has he succeeded in this difficult task that one finds still preserved in the English verse, the subtle swing, spirit, and tenderness of the French *chanson*. But little of the elusive beauty and lightness of the original has been lost in the translation. That stirring lilt, "En Roulant ma Boule," which lends itself so satisfyingly to the robust vocal powers of the jovial native, and which in point of popularity is second only to the plaintive "A La Claire Fontaine," he presents in this form:

Behind the Manor lies the mere
En roulant ma boule;
Three ducks bathe in its water clear,
En roulant ma boule.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule, roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

Three fairy ducks swim without fear:
The prince goes hunting far and near.

The Prince at last draws near the lake:
He bears his gun of magic make.

With magic gun of silver bright,
He sights the black but kills the white.

He sights the black but kills the white.
Ah! cruel Prince, my heart you smite.

Ah! cruel Prince, my heart you break,
In killing thus my snow-white Drake.

My snow-white Drake, my Love, My King;
The crimson life-blood stains his wing.

His life-blood falls in rubies bright,
His diamond eyes have lost their light.

The cruel ball has found its quest,
His golden bill sinks on his breast,

His golden bill sinks on his breast,
His plumes go floating East and West.

Far, far they're borne to distant lands,
Till gathered by fair maidens' hands;

Till gathered by fair maidens' hands;
And form at last a soldier's bed.

And form at last a soldier's bed,
En roulant ma boule;
Sweet refuge for the wanderers' head,
En roulant ma boule.

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant;
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

That Mr. McLellan is possessed of marked talent in the line of creative work, as well as of the power to interpret the genius of others, is demonstrated by the choice lyrics which he has incorporated in his latest achievement, "The Span o' Life," as for instance:

"The span o' life's nae lang eneugh,
Nor deep eneugh the sea,
Nor braid eneugh this weary warld
To part my love frae me.

And that rhythmic refrain, lately set to music by Mr. Frederic F. Bullard, beginning—

"In Spanish hands I've bent and swung
With Spanish grace and skill;
I've scoured Lepanto of the Turk,
And Spain of Boabdil.

Like so many other men of letters Mr. McLellan was educated for another profession—that of law, and in 1881 was admitted as a notary public of the Province of Quebec. He holds

LOUIS FRECHETTE

at present many positions of responsibility in the city of Montreal, being a Fellow of Law in McGill University, president of the Fraser Institute, and official notary of the Bank of Montreal. That in literature he has found his life work, however, is easily perceived by a glimpse of him in his quiet study, where, surrounded by many mementos of the days of heroism and romance, and with the presence of his favorite authors, among whom are his own Champlain and Dollier de Casson, to strengthen and inspire him, he spends his time in preserving for the world the memory of the past century, whose charms he knows so well.

* * *

To Louis Frechette belongs the distinguished title of Poet Laureate of Canada.

However faithfully the English writer may devote himself to the cause of this northern country, it is in the musical language of its founders, and by one of the same race, that her

songs are most fittingly sung, and M. Frechette, upon whom has fallen the flattering duty of official poet, undoubtedly most ably upholds the honor conferred upon him.

Of his poems, which comprise not less than seven volumes, it may not be overstating a fact to say that they surpass the greater portion of contemporaneous French verse. Strength is their most prominent characteristic, combined with an out-door atmosphere —the breath of the woods and fields, which is inseparable from all truly Canadian literature. So delicate is his imagery, so refined his diction, that he renders poetic many subjects naturally devoid of that quallty. In the lofty patriotism which inspires his best work, he strongly resembles Francois Coppee, than which scarce greater praise could be given.

M. Jules Lemaitre has made the statement that poetry is dying out in France, and if that be true, it is not to be wondered at that M. Frechette finds in that country so warm a welcome. His two works, "Les Fleurs Boreales" and "Les Oiseaux de Neiges," were crowned by the French Academy, being unanimously awarded the first prize. M. Frechette is also an officer of the Academy of France, a member of the Academy of Rouen, a member of the Imperial Institute of London, and Vice-president of the Royal Society of Canada.

It seems somewhat incongruous to state that this representative Canadian was at one time a naturalized American citizen, yet such is the case. A business connection which he formed with the Illinois Central Railroad necessitating a residence of several years in the state of Illinois, he decided in 1871 to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. M. Frechette has also a more personal interest in Americans, being closely related by marriage to our own famous novelist, William Dean Howells, whose charming little story "A Chance Acquaintance," he has translated into the French language. That such an achievement called forth all the subtleties of M. Frechette's pen, will be acknowledged by the admirers of the peculiar style of our celebrated realist.

Although for a number of years devoting the greater portion of his time to the profession of literature, M. Frechette has in the past led the busy life of the lawyer and the journalist, while his public services include a term of five years in the House of Commons. As with Mr. McLellan, however, the heroes of his native land have always held a firm place in his affections, and to each of them, from Cartier to Riel, he has paid a tribute of glowing verse. Indeed, we may easily believe the truth of the line included in the dedication of one of his most recent volumes:

"Cette page est ecriteplus avec le coeur qu avec la plume."

IS IT FAILURE?

How many times in life's short course
Our spirit may ebb or flow,
Or under the gloom of fear and doubt
Our courage-lamp burn low;
And faith seem ever so far away—
Through beckoning shadows grope—
Yet often our souls great ramparts rise
On the ruins of blasted hope.

W. S. Peirce

OUR INAUGURAL GUEST

By Ina Capitola Emery

THE March winds were howling around the corners the night before inauguration and brought the visitors a little nearer the fireplace, where logs brightly blazed and crackled. While intent on telling stories amid peals of merry laughter, we were startled by a sharp ring at the bell. I hurried to the door and on opening it beheld a man in a long linen duster, which the wind tossed about, leaving his lank form clearly outlined, while one hand grasped his hat tightly.

"Whom do you wish to see?" I asked, as he stared at me with a bewildered gaze. Nervously he clutched at his pocket as he drew out a crumpled piece of paper from which he read slowly, "Mrs. Abigail Tracy."

"Does she live here?" he questioned, glancing up.

"No," I answered, "but her daughter does."

"Oh—yes—eh—" he stammered, "it was she I wanted ter find."

"Won't you come in?" I asked, as he stooped to pick up his baggage.

"Guess I will," he replied, as he entered the hall and walked at once into the drawing-room.

"So this's the place?" he exclaimed complacently, as he settled himself in the rocker and deposited his old-fashioned carpet-bag on one side, while he carefully laid the umbrella on top, and then drawing his fingers through his wind-tossed hair, he calmly continued, "been on the go continuously since yesterday noon. Had a few stops but nothin' restful to a feller. It's been jest a continual jog right along. Ever been on the cars?" he questioned, abruptly.

"Yes, oh yes!" I replied. "Who shall I say wishes to see my mother?"

"Bill," he replied calmly, as he rose and strode across the room to an oil painting. "Beats all how they do make 'em natural's life now days," he commented cooly, as he stepped a little closer.

"Bill what?" I questioned.

He turned and looked at me a moment before he spoke.

"Jest Bill," he replied with a questioning look as to my meaning.

"But will my mother know Just Bill?" I ventured at last.

"Yes—oh yes," he replied slowly. "She that was your mother's mother, uster to teach up'n our district when I was a little shaver. She boarded at our house more'n two weeks once. She and Sue uster be great friends," he added, resuming his attitude before the picture.

"Are you Sue's brother?" I queried, as I paused with one step on the stair.

"Oh—no!" he replied with a lowered inflection in his voice, "I'm Sue's son."

"Sue's son!" curiously queried my mother, "who's Sue, I would like to know?" and without saying any more left the room and descended the stairs.

"I am glad to meet you," she exclaimed, as she entered the drawing room.

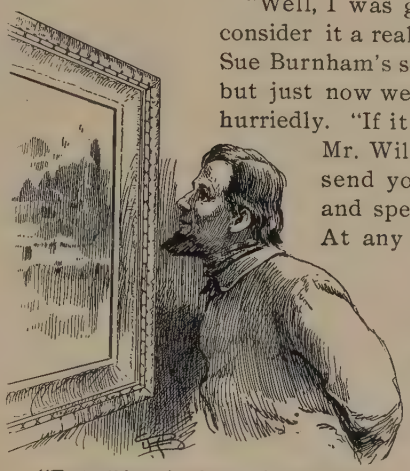
"And I'm glad ter see you," he burst forth, as he grasped her hand. "The sight er you is good for one's eyes."

"I would like to introduce you to my daughter if I only knew your name," said my mother pleasantly.

"Oh—we've met," was his reply, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "My name's Bill—jest Bill. Non'er yer mister's about me."

"My daughter tells me mother taught in your district when you were a little fellow."

"She did," he interrupted, "an' a likelier teacher 'twould be hard to find, they say. They got to talkin' about her when Melinda was up ter our house some three weeks ago. Then it was we got to speakin' about the doin's that was to take place when we made the new president, an' the cheap rates 'tween here and back. Then Melinda spoke up and says she: 'Now Sue, why don't ye put it in the head er Bill to go an' see somethin' er the world. There's Abigail Tracy that was, whose daughter is livin' right in the midst of it all. An' Bill ain't goin' ter be any younger nor have a better chance,' says she, 'an' if I were you I'd let him go.' And so Mar she thought it over an' went down ter meetin' the next Sunday an' gets yer street and number an' here I be," he exclaimed, with a broad smile.



"Beats all how they do make 'em natural's life now days."

"Won't you take off your coat?" asked my mother, smiling musingly.

"Guess I will," he exclaimed, "my ticket's good 'til the fouteenth an' I told 'em to meet me on the six o'clock train ther fifteenth. I'm goin' to stop quite a spell," he added, as he slowly drew off his long linen duster, then the long ulster coat and finally the worsted scarf from around his neck.

"Pretty fine establishment your runnin' here," he continued as he seated himself and looked around complacently. "This ain't a hotel, is it?"

"No," my mother hastened to say. "It would be quite convenient now if it were. Our room is limited, as the house is full of company. And I was about to say, Mr.—er—I don't know your name—" she hesitated.

"Jest call me Bill like the rest er the folks," he replied.

"Well, Mr. William—your mother was a—"

"Burnam," he interjected; "Sue Burnam," as she paused.

"Well, I was going to say I would consider it a real pleasure to entertain Sue Burnham's son for mother's sake; but just now we are full," she spoke hurriedly. "If it were not just as it is, Mr. William, we'd have you send your trunks right here, and spend the time with us. At any other time we would be glad—"

"Oh, you needn't bother 'bout a room," he interrupted, "I'll camp right down on this sofy an' be as neat's a pin, my luggage's all right here," he added, thumping the carpet bag with his foot.

A few minutes later my mother excused herself as she motioned me to follow her. "It must be done," she said with a perplexed brow. "It would never do to have him say we turned him out of doors. But what shall we do?" she questioned, as in vain we endeavored to solve the problem. My brother solved it for us by insisting that he would go to one of the nearby hotels, and then our guest should take his room. And so it was arranged. There he deposited his luggage, brushed up and then returned to the library.

"Havin' a little music, be yer? Will yer jest strike up a tune an' I'll join yer," he commented, clapping his hands with a complacent air. He sang "Home Sweet Home" not once, but thrice, for the guests of the house clapped and encored until his eyes fairly shone with delight. So pleased was he with the way they seemed to take his music that he noisily exclaimed, "Yer see, I'm not new at this kind'er business. Been leader in our school house meetin's ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper." Then he struck his tuning fork against the broad heel of his cowhide boot once more as he waited for the right pitch, and turned to find a new tune.

My face grew crimson, but when I endeavored to leave the piano an uproarious exclamation came from them all as they shouted, "One more, please —you don't know how much we are enjoying this treat."

And I knew they regarded it as a treat, yet it did not seem right for me to allow my guest, for such he was then, to stand there and in his honest way afford them an opportunity to make fun. It was almost twelve when we retired, and the evening had been passed in listening to his songs. We slept soundly, but next morning were aroused by a great stampede and a sharp ringing of the bell—once—twice —thrice—it rang loudly. When we gathered around the breakfast table questions were raised as to what had been the commotion.

"Oh, it's all right!" said our guest in a drawling way, "but I was afraid you'd all been murdered in yer beds, an' I was givin' the alarm. Why, we'd been up two hours or more an' a day's work half done," he continued. "The sun's been up much's an hour or more. Muster been takin' sleepin' powders," he commented as he turned to mother.

Immediately after breakfast we started out to view the parade, and it was then that I discovered the plans formulated, but I determined to lose no part of the fun myself, so appeared unconcerned. They had all paired off and there stood Mr. William holding the gate.

"I guess it's you'n me," he commented, as I walked demurely through. As we approached the car a young man waved to the conductor; my escort saw him and waved his umbrella furiously in the air, continuing until the car had stopped. With a rush he made for the car steps, almost dragging me on board. It was crowded and I was pushed on until my position was near the door. I looked down, only to see my escort standing at the other door. He was apparently observing all taking place, for in a loud, penetrating voice he called to me as the conductor entered, "Never mind, I'll pay yer fare this trip!"

Unconscious of the suppressed merriment depicted on every face, my escort complacently gazed out of the window, standing a little more erect perhaps because of his gallantry, but in no other way seemingly conscious of the impression made.

As days passed I climbed the steps to the dome of the Capitol, mounted the stairways of every government department, walked through the streets and endeavored in every way to treat our guest with courtesy. But about the White House reception I was determined—for there he should, I said, go alone. I declared nothing would induce me to subject myself to the ridicule of the crowds which would assemble. In all our travels he had never worn a glove or parted with his linen duster, although the chilling March wind whistled around corners and down the open chimneys with its usual bitter cold. I suppose his reason

for retaining the garment consigned to oblivion long years before was for the protection of his new store clothes. But I had no reason to believe that he would change his attire on the coming occasion, and I did not intend to be drawn into a position of ridicule, and accordingly set to work devising plans.

"What a couple! They'll be the observed of all observers," laughingly teased the girls, whenever the subject was brought up.

Eventually the hour arrived when I should act. My heart was beating unusually fast, for I feared he could read my plans, and not for the world did I intend to hurt his feelings. At the last moment, however, fortune seemed to favor me, for he decided he would take the midnight train rather than wait until morning.

"Just the thing!" I exclaimed, enthusiastically, and then you'll give them all a surprise when you walk in, just as they are ready to meet you."

He seemed pleased with the idea until he grasped the situation more fully.

"Mr. William," I half stammered, "you are going on the midnight train—"

"Yes!" he interrupted.

"And you want to see the President and Mrs. McKinley," I continued.

"Well, you can just bet yer life I do!" he said, as he slapped his hands together. "Wouldn't miss that treat for a cow or two, with the settin' hens thrown in," and his eyes brightened with the prospect.

"Yes, I know," I hastened to add, "but let me plan for you."

He shifted one foot and bent forward eagerly with his eyes fastened on me, and I was a trifle disconcerted, but I managed to get my breath as I said: "You know your baggage must be at the station."

"Yessem," he replied, drawing his lips together, and nodding by way of emphasis.

"Well, then, it will be necessary for you to bid us good bye here, and take your baggage to the station, look after your ticket; then, having everything checked there, you can take a car for the White House and get back in plenty of time."

But a clearly defined change overspread his countenance. The beaming smile faded as he looked toward the floor.

"But I'd thought I'd go with you," he said.

"Yes," I said, conscience smitten, "but that can't very well be arranged." I hastened to add, "My plan is the best one for you to adopt."

"But I might not be able to find you with all that crowd," he said, in a shaky voice.

"No," I replied slowly, "it would be useless for you to try; but I must hurry or we will all be late, and here's your lunch, Mr. William, and I do hope you will have a lovely time and a pleasant journey."

"Good bye!" he said affectingly; "but I guess I'll see you again to-night," he added in brighter tones.

"Not if I can help myself," I thought, as I hurried to my room. I sank into a chair and thought of his disappointment. Somehow I could not drive his troubled face from me as I prepared to dress. But with the merry jokes and the laughter of our household, he ceased to be discussed, and not until we had arrived at the porte cochere of the Executive Mansion did we think of him again. But there behold, in raiment of linen, with carpet-bag, lunch-box, and umbrella, stood our guest, leaning against the marble pillar at the entrance to the mansion. A comical picture he made as he turned his head from side to side and eagerly scanned the passing faces,

then rushed forward excitedly and caught my arm.

"I knew I'd find yer," he chuckled, as we were pushed forward with the crowd. Heedless of long trains and crushable sleeves he wedged his way, pushing through the crowd with his elbows and all the time beaming on me as he said, "I've been waiting much as an hour. I went to the station," he added; "but bein' as it wasn't just safe to leave these in such a public place, I fetched 'em along. I had thought for awhile I missed yer," he continued, as we entered the corridor.

"An' that's Uncle Sam's brass band," he exclaimed, stopping before the Marine Band. Before I realized it, he was keeping time with an awkward martial tread. I caught his arm; he seemed to understand my glance, and dropped back into his slow step again.

My friends, grasping the situation, had lost themselves in the crowd, and I knew that they were probably watching us from some point of vantage.

We had entered the dining-room, where wraps were checked. The porter reached for my companion's carpet-bag and umbrella, but he drew back, looking at him questioningly.

The porter by that time had them strapped together and was reaching him the check.

"It's all right!" I whispered, "just let him take them."

With a questioning expression on his face he turned, not once, but twice, as he looked at the storage of wraps.

"I've heard er them sharpers," he added, still glancing anxiously, "and I'm not such a greeny—" but his attention was diverted just then, as we had entered the red parlor. Smilax entwined the chandeliers, potted plants in pyramids adorned the room, while a solid embankment of bright crimson buds studded the mantel.

"Mar's so fond er posies," he said, as he looked toward them with a pleased smile.

"Your name?" softly inquired the handsome marshal, as he stood erect in full army regalia.

"Bill; just Bill!" my guest exclaimed, as he grasped the extended hand of the new president. But the new arrivals and din of feminine "I'm glad to see you," left no time for smiles or comment, and we passed on.

How he greeted the ladies in the receiving party I do not know, for I was in front of him and dared not look back, but when the pretty Miss Wilson, daughter of the secretary of agriculture, was reached, I turned, as she was the last of the party. Just then I heard him say, "I hope your health's good." Perhaps, however, the smile which overspread her face was the greeting for the next comer. Then we entered the east room. Myriads of tiny electric lights in red, white and blue, dotted between the mass of green, covered the ceiling. Roses and buds twined around the tall mirrors, while sweet scented violets and odd faced orchids in solid embankment were surrounded with tall tropical plants, filling every nook and corner. Amidst the scene of fairy-like splendor my guest seemed lost in wonder. I watched him in silence, as he gazed first above, and then around him, but my amusement changed to chagrin when I was startled by his voice, as loud as if calling his oxen to a halt: "Golly, but them are fine! Beats taller candles and kerosine all ter holler." Before I was able to control my indignation he grasped my arm, as he half whispered, "I say, Mar's china asters wouldn't be nothin' here, an' all the neighbors say she beats the Dutch a-raisin 'em."

So intent on the floral decoration had he become that he did not notice

the line forming for a promenade. He turned to gaze at elegant gowns, and I could see amazement written on his open, honest face, as he seemed to be studying the contour of throat and chest of the decollete attired. Before I had time to realize what was being done, we were marching arm in arm down the crimson corridor, keeping time with the march rendered by the Marine Band. Familiar faces greeted me on all sides. I met smiles and suppressed exclamations as we passed them. However, I determined to accept the inevitable, and my spirits rose accordingly. Gowned in pale blue silk and lace, cut with low corsage and a bunch of violets on my shoulder, I was escorted by our guest, who strode majestically down the corridor in his cowhide boots, a starched shirt revealed only by the laundered collar, and the much worn linen duster reaching almost to the floor. I know we presented the most amusing spectacle of President McKinley's inauguration. We passed on through the conservatory and back for our wraps, and then started on our return home. There the folks were all assembled, but one glance into my face convinced them of the danger of saying too much to me just then.

"Let's sing once more," he said; "'Home, Sweet Home.' I've just time," he added, glancing at his open-faced timepiece. So once more, for the last time, I struck the keys in a rambling introduction. Once, twice, —I struck the first note, while all waited for our guest to begin. Again I struck the key, this time softly, but still he faltered. I looked up and he seemed to be gazing far away. "I can't sing it to-night," he said. "It'll never be home, the same to me."

He seemed to forget any one else was in the room, as he glanced down and huskily spoke: "I'll never forget your kindness. Never—so long's I live. An' I want ter tell yer I've never had such a good time in all my life before. I've always been kept back on the farm, so to speak, without seein' nothin' er the world. But this trip—why, it's been like a peek inter Heaven ter me."

The girls had stolen silently away and left us two alone, and I had dropped my hands on the keys and listened, "Yes," he repeated slowly, "like Heaven—to me."

For a moment my heart rebelled at his praise, and I could not speak; but recovering myself somewhat, I said huskily:

"Your train—I'm afraid you'll be late."

All the uncouth manner seemed to be vanishing—I forgot his clothes. It was his soul revealed which seemed to shine before me as he slowly arose and reached out his hand.

"Good-bye; good-bye;" he spoke slowly, with a slight tremor running through his words. "Thank yer again an' again for all you've done. An' it's more'n likely we'll never meet on earth again," he continued, more huskily still, "but I had a glimpse er God's land, and some day I'll be waitin' like I was to-night for yer. Maybe it will be at the gates of the holy land. Good bye! God bless yer for all you've done," and his voice sounded like a benediction. I paused as he passed the threshold, for something in his earnest gaze gave me a glimpse of his soul life and the thought arose in my mind: "Perhaps, who knows, we were entertaining an angel unawares."

THE ADMISSION OF TEXAS AND THE MEXICAN WAR*

By Charles W. Hall

THE Louisana purchase of 1804 undoubtedly transferred to the United States all the territory now embraced in the state of Texas, and a large portion of what is now Arizona and New Mexico. Whatever rights of domain were thus acquired, however, were transferred to Spain in 1819, in return for the cession of the Floridas, which was consummated and ratified by the King of Spain in 1821. Passing into the hands of the Mexicans shortly after, through the revolutionary establishment of the republic of Mexico, it remained politically a territory annexed for the purposes of government to the ancient province of Coahuila.

At this time, Texas, despite its enormous extent of territory and great natural advantages, was of little real value to the Mexican republic. All along the real limit of Mexican rule, the Rio Grande del Norte, the *Indios bravos*, the fierce Lipans, Kiowas and Commanches, held in check that wave of civilization which should have steadily swept northward to the Sabine River, and indeed seemed likely in time to depopulate and lay waste the frontier provinces of the descendants and successors of the Spanish *conquistadores*.

Against this savage inundation of the wild horse of the desert, the Indian serf and white peon could and would do little or nothing, and the royal viceroys and the earlier presidents of Mexico were unable to make head against their constant incursions. It was no wonder, therefore, that in the second and third decades of the nineteenth century they welcomed the coming of emigrants from the slave-holding states of the American republic, who could and would invade the haunts of their hereditary enemies, and as they fondly hoped, buttress with the American rifle the new frontiers of the land of Anaahuac.

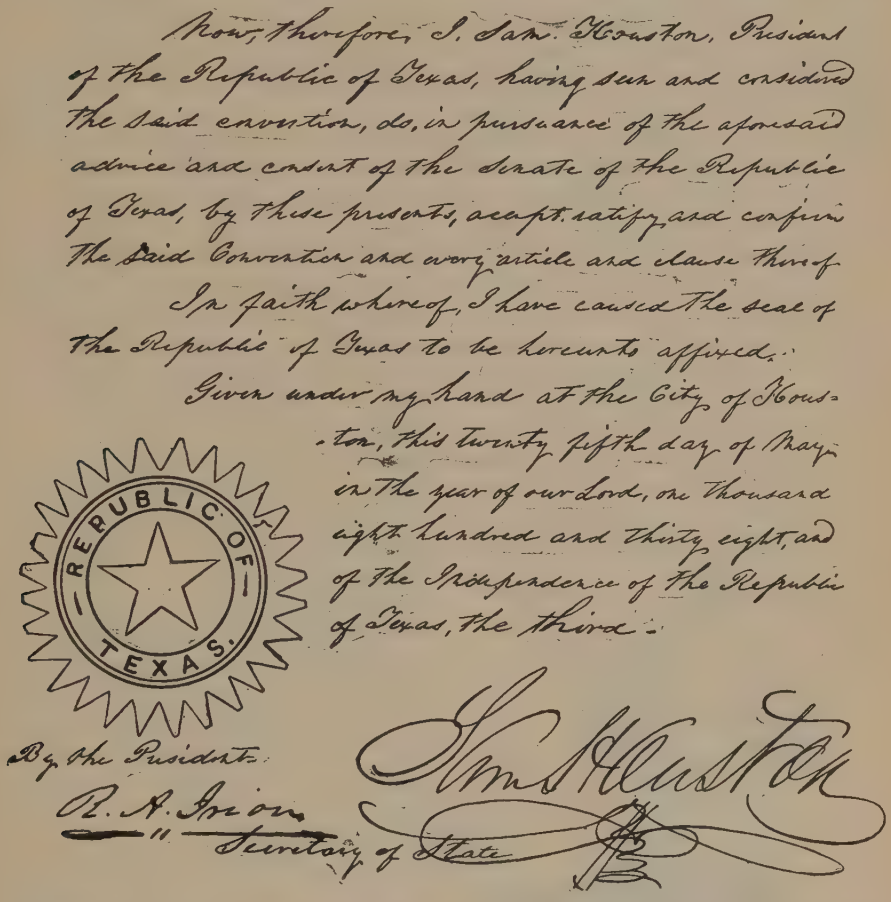
Large grants of land were made to the earlier immigrants; special exemptions from customs, duties and municipal and provincial imports, encouraged the new comers, too many of whom had good reasons for leaving their former homes for an asylum in which no sheriff or United States marshal could secure a writ of extradition. Many others had come with no worse record than that of improvidence or an honest poverty, and many more were able, intelligent, brave and enterprising Americans.

In 1835 the independence of Texas was declared, and war promptly followed. The brutal massacre of Colonel Travis and the defenders of the Alamo, and of Fanning's captured force at Goliad; the outrageous treachery, cowardice and cruelty with which the Mier expeditionists were decimated and cruelly abused after an honorable surrender; and minor barbarities and treacheries on the part of the followers and tools of Santa Anna evidenced his complete unfitness to rule, and were followed by his utter defeat and ultimate capture at the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. Later the defeat, at the Salado River, of General

*Fifth of a remarkable series of articles dealing with great epoch-making events of the Nineteenth Century in American History.

Adrian Woll, who invaded Texas in 1842, undoubtedly established the existence of a de facto republican government, such as in those days the failings, certainly were not lacking in affection to the land of their birth.

General Jackson was most strongly impressed with the danger of such a


Now, Therefore, I, Sam. Houston, President of the Republic of Texas, having seen and considered the said convention, do, in pursuance of the aforesaid advice and consent of the Senate of the Republic of Texas, by these presents, accept, ratify, and confirm the said Convention and every article and clause thereof.

In faith whereof, I have caused the seal of the Republic of Texas to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at the City of Houston, this twenty fifth day of May in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty eight, and of the Independence of the Republic of Texas, the third.

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS

By the President:

R. A. Irion
Secretary of State

Signatures and seal affixed to the ratification of the convention with Texas in 1838, now in the State Department at Washington, and here published for the first time.

United States was ever ready to recognize.

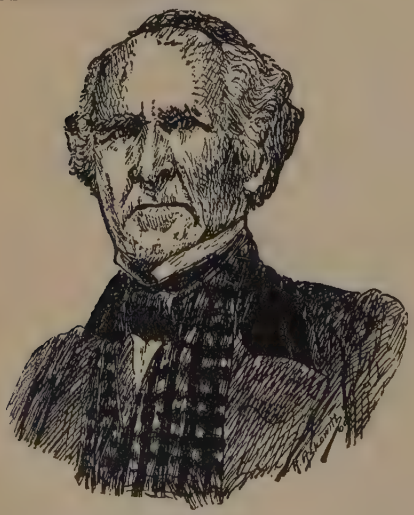
In 1844, France and England had offered to acknowledge the independence of Texas, if they could be assured that the new empire would not seek admission to the American Union; but these negotiations, while skilfully used to impress Congress, were not favorably received by the Texans, who, whatever their other solution of the destiny of Texas. He pointed out that the northwestern boundary was still unsettled, and that Texas once made a centre of British influence, would, in case of hostilities, also become a base of English naval and military action.

The joint resolution passed both houses, but the treaty which was negotiated with the State of Texas was not at first ratified by the Senate, because

"the question of annexation had not as yet been placed before the people of the United States." The election of President Polk, in November, 1844, on this issue, disposed of this objection, and on March 3, 1845, the last day of his administration, President Tyler proposed to submit to the republic of Texas that part of the joint resolution which must be ratified to complete the compact. This ratification was promptly forthcoming, and Texas was formally admitted to the American Union, December 29, 1845.

The authorities of Mexico strongly resented the act of annexation, as an unjust, illegal and unfriendly spoliation of her territory, which she proposed to resist to the extent of her ability, appealing to the justice of God and the sense of right and sympathies of the nations of the earth. President Herrera favored an arbitration and peaceful settlement of all difficulties,

GENERAL HOUSTON



From his last photograph

but was compelled to resign, and General Paredes succeeded him.

President Paredes very properly refused to receive or recognize in any capacity Minister Slidell, who had been sent to Mexico as an envoy extraordinary, and a long period of non-intercourse and of frontier disturbances, presaged the inevitable storm of war. It should be understood, however, that at no time for years had there been peace along the line of the Rio Grande or even in Texas itself.

These conditions were completely ignored by Congress, and in the early summer of 1845 General Zachary Taylor "was ordered to take positions in the country between the Nueces and Del Norte, and to repel any invasion of the Texan territory which might be attempted by the Mexican forces."

General Taylor, with a small force, proceeded to Corpus Christi on the western bank of the mouth of the Nueces River, in August, 1845, and remained there until March 11, 1846, when he marched west and south, and on the 28th encamped on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoros.

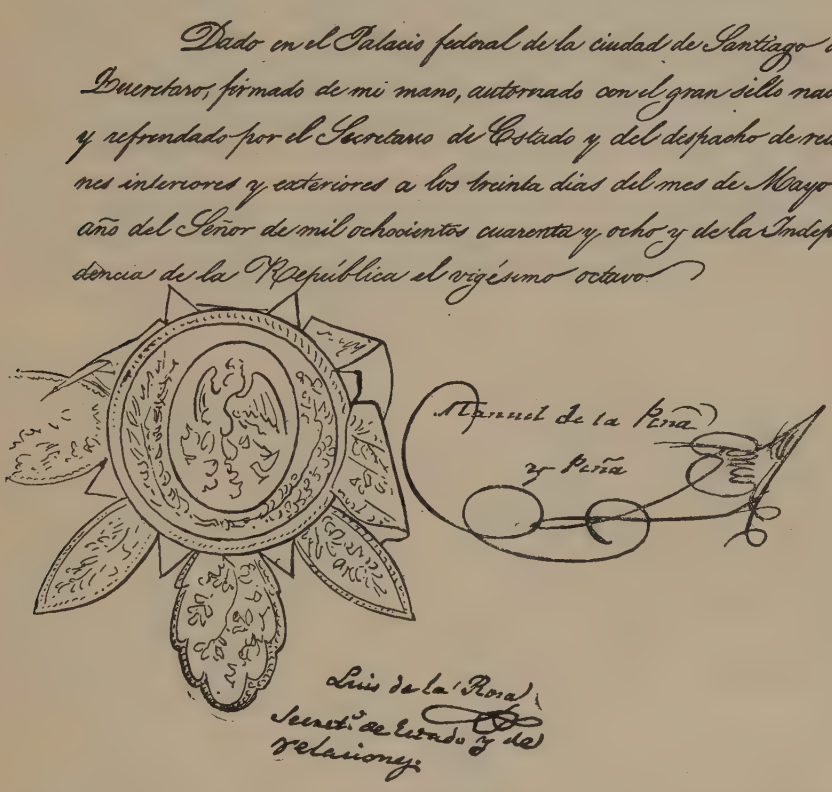
He made Point Isabel on the Laguna de la Madre his base of supplies, and faithfully executed his order, "to abstain from all aggressive acts toward Mexico or Mexican citizens, and to regard the relations between the two countries as peaceful, unless Mexico should declare war or commit acts of hostility indicative of a state of war."

On May 1, 1846, General Taylor set out for Point Isabel, leaving at Corpus Christi, afterward called Fort Brown, a regiment of infantry and two companies of artillery under Major Brown. This officer was almost immediately attacked by a strong force of infantry and artillery, which attack was continued almost incessantly until May 8, when the Mexicans raised the siege and went to join General Arista, who was opposing the forces of General Taylor at Palo Alto.

On the evening of May 7, General Taylor had left Point Isabel to relieve

Camp Brown, and after marching seven miles had halted for the night. About noon of the 8th, the cavalry advance reached the water holes of Palo Alto, and reported a large Mexican force in front.

Three-fourths of a mile away, across the prairie, their right wing, made up


Dado en el Palacio federal de la ciudad de Santiago de Querétaro, firmado de mi mano, autorizado con el gran sello nacional y refrendado por el Secretario de Estado y del despacho de relaciones interiores y exteriores a los treinta días del mes de Mayo del año del Señor de mil ochocientos cuarenta y ocho y de la Independencia de la República el vigésimo octavo.
Manuel de la Peña
y Peña
Luis de la Rosa
Secretario de Estado y de Relaciones

Signatures and seal of the treaty with Mexico, 1848, now in the State Department at Washington, and here published for the first time.

of heavy masses of infantry and the artillery of that period, confronted the Americans; while on their left wing, a cloud of dragoons, lancers and guerrilleros occupied the road and lined the impenetrable wall of tangled and thorny chapparral. The whole force opposing the Americans, as reported to the Mexican authorities, numbered over 6000 rank and file.

Taylor had in all about 2900 men, consisting chiefly of regular infantry and artillery, with a battery of 18-pounders, Major Ringgold's horse artillery, May's and Kerr's cavalry and Walker's Texan horse. His line of battle broke into column and advanced across the prairie, the 18-pounders taking the road. The Mexican guns opened upon the American advance, but were promptly answered by the fire of the 18-pounders and Ringgold's horse battery, which completely dispersed the Mexican cavalry. These rallied, however, and with two light guns swept around behind the chapparal and attacked Taylor's right wing, but were repulsed by the Fifth Infantry, Walker's Rangers, and Ridgeley's section of Ringgold's bat-

tery. The prairie was on fire, and under cover of the smoke Taylor now formed his line parallel with the road; the Mexicans also shifted their position to confront him; and for one hour the cannonade ceased. When this brief interlude was ended, the American artillery reopened with tremendous effect. Repeated charges by the Mexican horse and foot ended in utter disorder, and under cover of night the Mexicans fell back, having lost about 600 in killed and wounded.

On May 18, Matamoras was occupied by the American army, and General Arista, who retreated to Reynosa, some seventy miles up the river, awaited re-enforcements and orders from President Paredes.

In June, Taylor received large re-enforcements and had occupied all the principal forts of the Rio Grande, making his headquarters at Camargo.

Paredes was deposed, and Santa Anna became president in his stead. Before the close of 1846 he had assembled 20,000 men, with headquarters at San Louis Potosi, in the province of that name. Taylor had set out to meet him there, when he was superseded by General Scott, who sent the veteran back to Monterey, there to await fresh troops.

Meanwhile, Taylor, learning of the advance of Santa Anna with over 20,000 men, awaited his attack at Buena Vista, seven miles south of Saltillo, in the ancient province of Coahuila, of which Texas had once formed a part.

At sunrise the Mexican line of infantry and artillery covered the whole front as far as the eye could reach, and came on steadily, opening a tremendous fusilade and fire of artillery, while clouds of lancers and dragoons wound through the mountain defiles and charged upon Taylor's army on the flank and rear. The American artillery was advanced to meet these attacks and its rapid and deadly fire mowed the Mexican cavalry down by hundreds.

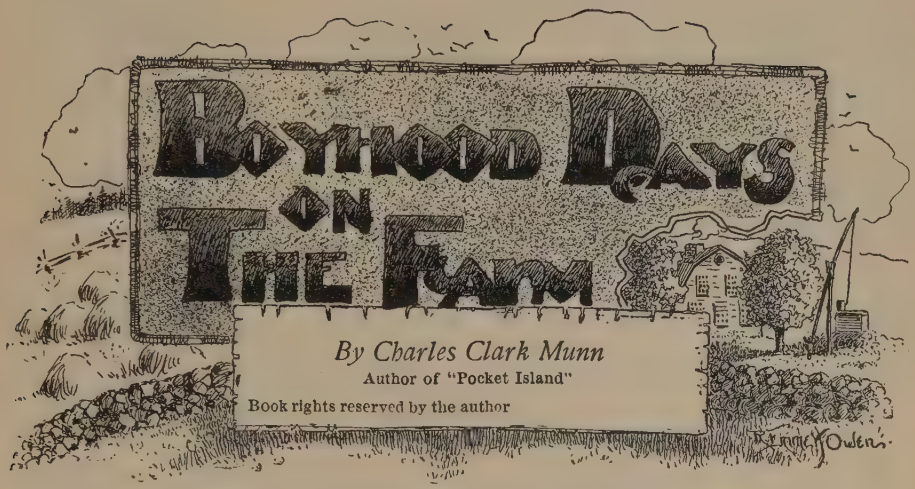
On March 9, 1847, General Scott, with 12,000 men and a fleet of 100 sail, began his investment of Vera Cruz, and on the 22d summoned the city to surrender. The authorities replied that "they would bury themselves under the ruins of Vera Cruz sooner than surrender it into the hands of a foe." A terrible bombardment followed, until, on the 25th, the people demanded of Governor Morales the surrender of the city. This he refused, but the people deposed Morales and elected Landero, who, on the 27th, surrendered the garrison and city.

On August 19, 1847, began the attack on Contreras, which was carried on the 20th, and succeeded by the victorious assaults on Churbusco and the tete du pont, and a pursuit of the flying Mexicans to the very gates of the city.

On August 24, an armistice began, which was abruptly concluded September 6, and on the 8th the Casa Mata and Molino del Rey were carried by the bayonets of General Worth's division, numbering about 3,200, nearly one-fourth of whom were killed and wounded.

On February 2, 1848, a Treaty of Peace was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo. It was received at Washington and submitted by the president to the Senate February 23, 1848, and ratified by a vote of thirty-eight to fourteen, March 10, 1848. It was ratified by the Mexican Chamber of deputies at Queretaro, by a vote of fifty to thirteen, May 19, 1848.

In this war, for the last time, whole armies moved to battle with flintlock musket and pistol, and the chivalrous lance and the antiquated ordnance of the 18th century.



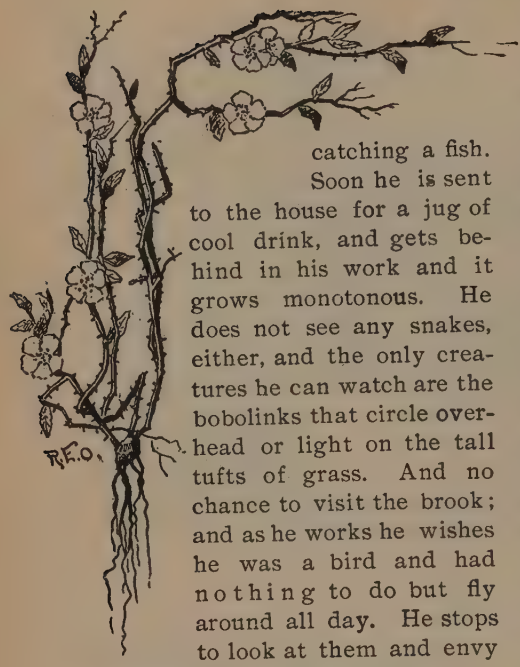
PART I. PLOTS AGAINST THE BOY

"ORLO," said his father at four o'clock that July morning, "git up an' hurry with yer milkin'; drive the cows, go 'round by the cedar pastur' an' fetch home the oxen 'fore breakfast. We want ye to turn grin'stun."

The boy hates a grindstone, and to make matters worse, just as he starts with the cows there is wafted to him from the kitchen an odor of frying bacon. It will take him a good half hour extra to go around by the cattle pasture, and he wonders if there will be any of that bacon left when he returns. There isn't much—only two little pieces and they are burned. He does not like burnt bacon either, but is very hungry and it's that or nothing.

Then comes the grindstone! The sun is up, the day promises to be a hot one, and how the big hired man does bear down! Orlo tugs away at the crank, watching the scythe as it slowly moves across the stone and back again and wondering how soon it will be done. His arms begin to ache already and there are three more to grind! When they are all sharpened he is a very tired and cross boy, and his day's work has only just begun.

The men are to mow the north meadow that day, and that fact contains a grain of comfort; for on one side is a wide brook full of holes, and maybe he can steal away a moment and spy a sucker, or possibly a school of dace. His work is to toss the fresh cut rows of grass with a forked stick, and that isn't so bad, at first, for the dew feels cool to his bare feet; and then there is always the chance that he may see a snake slipping away and can kill it. That is almost as much fun as

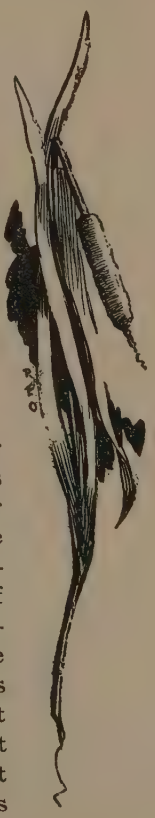


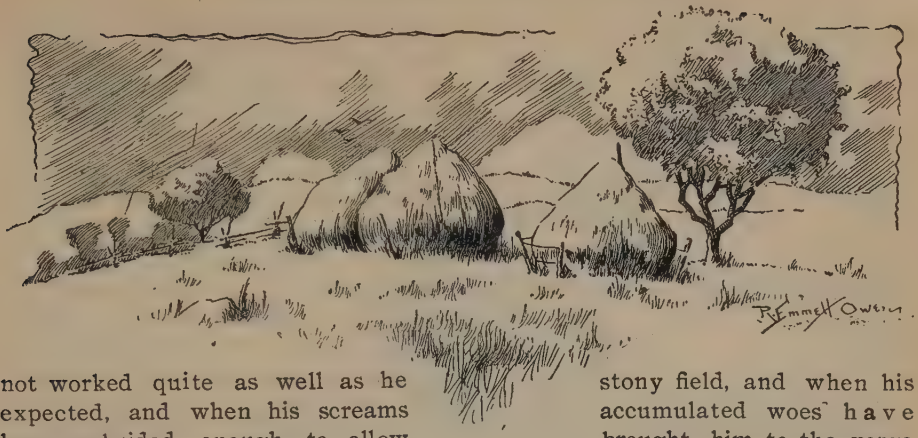
catching a fish. Soon he is sent to the house for a jug of cool drink, and gets behind in his work and it grows monotonous. He does not see any snakes, either, and the only creatures he can watch are the bobolinks that circle overhead or light on the tall tufts of grass. And no chance to visit the brook; and as he works he wishes he was a bird and had nothing to do but fly around all day. He stops to look at them and envy the ease with which they flit from tree to tree. How nice if he could do it, and how delightful to perch on a tall one and swing in the summer breeze! So charming is that ideal existence that he forgets he is a much abused boy, only to be brought back to earth with a "Quit gapin' at them birds, an' tend to yer teddin'!" from his father.

Along toward noon he discovers a bumblebee's nest in the top of a dry bog, and that fact fills his young heart with joy. Ever since he donned his first pants he has cherished a grudge against those insects and never missed a chance to give them battle. He has even been known to lay down his fish-pole just to "do" one of them. And he has not always got the best of his enemy, either! Instead, he has occasionally felt the worst end of him; and at such times his yells were usually heard clear across the farm.

I do not know of any more exciting race than that between a barefooted boy and a mad bumble, and the expression on the boy's face isn't the least of it.

But now Orlo has his enemies at bay, and by noon has decided the proper scheme will be to build a fire on top of the nest; stand by and watch them come out and scorch. It is a great scheme, and so elated is he at the thought he can hardly wait to execute it. When he hears the dinner horn he runs back to the nest and punches it just to worry 'em a little and show 'em his intentions. He hurries through his dinner and securing a few matches, a wisp of dry hay and bits of shingle, hurries back. The coast is clear, for the men are taking their nooning and no one is like to see him. He piles his fuel on top of the nest and, full of keenest anticipations, kneels and lights a match. Just then there comes an interruption, for the oldest bumble happens to come home from a honey-gathering trip at the critical moment, and the first Orlo knows of it is an angry buzz under one ear and the prod of a sting that makes him leap ten feet! The scene changes with lightning rapidity and he starts for the house at a speed that would make his fortune as a messenger boy. The bee goes along, too, just to cheer him up, and by the time the boy arrives, has succeeded. The worst of it is that Orlo has managed to catch the bee once in the palm of his hand while striking at him with his hat, but fails to hold him a great while. His scheme has





not worked quite as well as he expected, and when his screams have subsided enough to allow hearing ordinary conversation all he gets is: "I hope ye have larned a lesson," from his father.

Then, while the men lie down again in the shade to finish their nooning, Orlo is sent to the pasture to catch the horse. His hand and that spot under his ear smart and burn from the bumble's sting; he steps on a briar just as he enters the pasture; stubs his toe against a sharp stone, and by the time he has reached Old Dobbin, standing under a tree and lazily stamping the flies away, feels that it would be a positive pleasure to throw stones at her. He steals up, softly, however, and just as he reaches to grab her mane she turns and trots away. He mutters "Darn it!" and follows. Slowly he creeps up again, holding the oats out at arm's length to tempt her, and keeping the halter out of sight. Dobbin reaches her nose out, just sniffs at the oats and then, catching sight of the halter, wheels again and is off. Dobbin knows a thing or two, and one is that a shady spot in the pasture is better than the long road to the mill. Four times Orlo chases her across the stony field, and when his accumulated woes have brought him to the verge of tears he catches her at last; mounts and rides home in triumph—the first bit of pleasure that day.

His father is going to mill that afternoon, and when he is ready to start Orlo timidly asks if he may go, too. He wants to very much, for it's a pleasant road; cool and shady as it winds along by the river, and then the old mill itself is such an interesting spot. He loves to watch the big wheel as it chatters and splashes the clear water, or the millstone that rumbles so swiftly. Then there is a boat in the pond above, fastened with a long chain to a willow, and he can push it out a little way and maybe pick a few waterlilies! But no: father says he must rake after the cart that afternoon; then help stow away hay in the barn loft, where it's hot enough to curl every hair on his head! He wistfully watches the wagon out of sight and wishes he was a man. He would go to mill every day if he were.

When the hay is all in he is sent to pull pusley for the pigs, then to carry milk gruel to the calves in the corner lot, and after that it's time to go for

the cows and help milk. Just as supper is ready, his father re-

"Oh, if he only had his fish-pole now!"

turns and tells him he must unharness and take the horse to pasture before supper. All that long day since four o'clock they have kept him busy, and he has not had a chance to look into the brook even. The only bit of fun he expected resulted in disaster, and he is tired and cross and feels that Fate is against him. When at last he goes to bed and is just falling asleep, he hears mother's voice at the foot of the stairs asking if he has washed his feet, and then he knows the world is in league against him.

The next day it is the same, and he has another long hot forenoon in the north meadow, but manages to slip away and take a look at the brook, where he discovers a big school of dace gathered in the nicest kind of a hole under a shaded bank. He crawls up to the edge and feasts his eyes upon them. Oh, if only he had his fish-pole now! His one ambition is to catch fish, and here are a lot of them that he is sure are eager to bite! His eyes fairly bulge as he watches them! He can see them so plainly too in the clear water, just fanning the sandy bottom with their fins! He is so captivated at the sight he forgets his work, his troubles and all the plots against him, until he hears his father's voice calling him to come and rake after the cart. Almost tearfully he leaves the brook and returns to his toil. Oh, if only he were a man now, the hay might rot in the meadow until he could catch every one of those fish! When the last load is in and all the chores are done, he asks if he may go fishing the next day, and is told he can if it rains. But the weather also plots against him, and the following day is hotter than ever and not a cloud to be seen. At noon he steals away once more and runs to the brook to see if the dace are still there. He hardly

dares to look for fear they are gone; but they are not, and seem larger than before, and while he gazes at them he hears his father's voice once more and is told if he don't keep away from the brook he won't get a chance to go fishing all summer. For three days he watches for rain as only a farm boy anxious to fish can; and the fourth morning he awakes and hears it pattering on the roof. He don't need calling this time, but is out and doing his share of the milking ahead of the rest. After breakfast he asks if he can go fishing as he was promised, and is told he can when he

"A barefooted boy and a mad bumble"

"Holding the oats out at arm's length"

has pulled four baskets of pusley. He hates pusley worse than the grindstone, and is sure he has pulled over one hundred baskets of it already that summer, but it is as thick as ever in the garden. Just as fast as he pulls it up it seems to grow again. All other weeds he can get rid of except pusley, and that seems to chase him, and his life is one long fight against that hateful weed. He pulls his stint of four baskets and wonders if those dace are still in that shaded pool. Then he gets a rusty hoe and his tin spice box and digs for worms. This time he works with a will, and if he had put the same energy into pulling pusley he would have had the gar-

den clear of it in two hours. Then he gets his fish pole and line out of the woodshed and starts. He don't mind the rain beating into his face, and splashes through the mud in the roadway utterly oblivious of it. He scampers across the pasture and down through the north meadow, straight for the brook, the happiest boy on earth, for just ahead of him is the one glorious, joyous, thrilling sport of his life—a chance to go fishing! He stops near the brook to put a nice worm on his hook, and then crawls through the wet grass and bushes up to the edge of the hole where the dace were. He is sure in a moment more he will have a bite. His heart beats loudly. He dare not breathe. Cautiously he creeps nearer. He has the pole and line all ready to swing out and drop the baited hook in slowly. He peeps over the bank until he can see the deepest part of the whole; but the fish have gone! Not one is to be seen, large or small. Even the dace plot against him!

* * *

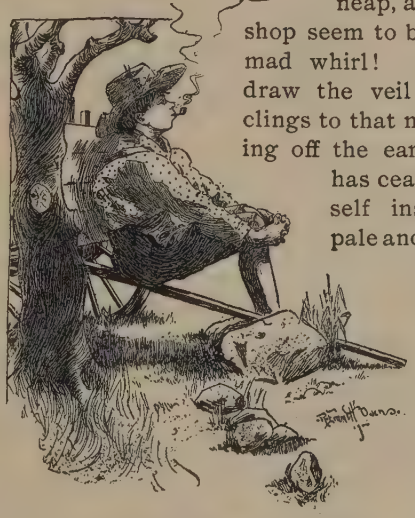
One of the farm hands is a big, stupid Dutchman, whose only ability is to do his work in a stolid sort of way, and eat. He is such an easy mark for jokes that Orlo can't resist playing tricks on him. For weeks he has had a spoonful of red pepper hid in the shed and waiting a chance to feed it to Hans. He thinks it would be such a cunning trick, too! At last his opening comes, for Hans is cutting brush alone in the swamp meadow, and Orlo is sent to carry his dinner. One of the items is a piece of mince pie, and when the boy starts he has that pepper in his pocket. Out of sight he deftly puts it in the tip of that piece of pie and laughs all the rest of the way. Hans is hungry, and when he comes to the pie the loaded end goes in and down before he discovers the trick. But a spoonful of red pepper in a man's stomach is a very warm joke, and, with an "Ach donner and blitzen," and a yell of pain Hans bounds to a near by spring and swallows water by the quart. And Orlo just howls and rolls on the ground with merriment. It was such a splendid trick and he has worked it so

"A very tired and cross boy"

nicely, and he feels that for once he has stirred up slow Hans as he was never stirred before! But even stupid Hans can see a hole in a ladder, and when, full of fire and water, he comes back to where the boy is, still convulsed with laughter, well—"It vas petter ash dot poy vash never been porn, I dinks." And Orlo tries no more red pepper on Hans, never more, not any.

* * *

He has one great ambition, and that is to learn to smoke. To him that seems the stepping stone to manhood, He feels he is old enough to begin, and longs for a chance. He has been told he must not, and even whipped once when caught smoking bits of grapevine, but the manly art allures him just the same. He can't see why it is forbidden when all the men folks smoke, and he has seen boys in the village no bigger than he is doing it, and they seemed to enjoy it, too. The more he is told not to the more eager he is to try. At last his chance comes. He is sent to the blacksmith one day to get the horse shod, and there, back of the forge, he spies the smithy's clay pipe, black and strong with use, and partly filled with tobacco.



"It is the proudest moment of his life"

No one is looking, and the next moment he is out back of the shop and has lit the pipe. It's a nice place to have a quiet smoke, for there is an old cart under a big apple tree and no one is around. Orlo sits down on the neap of the cart, happy as a king! It is the proudest moment of his life! The harsh smoke almost chokes him and his eyes smart, but he puffs away. He feels like a "big injun," and wishes some of the other boys could see him now. Then he puffs a little slower. It does not seem so nice as it did at the start. He takes two or three more puffs, but they are little ones. Then he stops. A queer feeling creeps over him. He lays the pipe down. The next instant he is on his knees beside the neap, and the cart, the tree and shop seem to be dancing around in a mad whirl! And then—but here I draw the veil! For ten minutes he clings to that neap to keep from falling off the earth, and then, after he has ceased trying to turn himself inside out he staggers, pale and haggard, into the shop and lies down in a corner on a pile of hoof parings and other shop sweepings. It isn't a particularly fragrant bed, but most any spot will do for him just now. He isn't particular. The smithy looks at him in a

benevolent way and says: "Ain't feelin' well, be ye, bub?" But Orlo says he is all right, only the smell of the shop and the burning hoofs made him a little sick. Then the smithy puts the horse into the old wagon shafts and the boy mounts and drives away. He has taken his first lesson in the manly art he was so anxious to attain. But he is glad none of the other boys were there to witness it. He does not tell anybody about it, either, and it is many moons ere he tries it again. After he has gone the smithy goes out behind the shop and finds his pipe. He chuckles to himself as he lights it, and a dreamy look creeps over his wrinkled face, for he was there himself many years before.

SONG OF THE BLOSSOM

I lifted up my timid face
Out of a hood of white,
When lo! the morning orchard place
Was flooded with a holy light;
And ere I rallied from the fright
To guard my spotless virgin grace
The lover sun, without a word or wink,
Gave me a welcome at the door of May—
A long, warm kiss:—I could not bid him nay—
And on my cheek there glowed a blush of pink!

All through the hours of summer shine
The lover sun was near.
The blossom grew a pippin fine,
And every smile and every tear
Of summer brought responsive cheer,
Or sadness, to my heart—the shrine
Of the deep sun's most inward thought—till wet
With his departing tears, I turned a cheek
To his farewell—and many a crimson streak
Tells where that parting kiss is burning yet!

J. A. Coll

HOW MAJOR WHARTON LET GO

By M. Quad.

MAJOR WHARTON was not a bad man. He sat down in his office one day with his feet on his desk and figured it out that he wasn't. He couldn't remember one single instance in his business career where he had been guilty of downright deception or swindling. On the contrary, as affairs passed in review, he could recall a dozen instances where the other man had got the better of him by unfair means. The trouble with him was too much truth and honesty. The man who did business with such principles to guide him was sure to get left. He had been left. Instead of getting ahead like other dealers and speculators in his lines, he had been growing poorer for several years. Of course he had had the consolation of his principles all the time, and while that was worth something, it was not cold cash to satisfy his creditors. Yes, he had been truthful and honest and square, and the world had thrown him down. It was high time that he changed. He would become a liar and a fraud. The world had driven him into it, and now the world must take the consequences.

The Major's plan to become a bad man was at first vague and unsettled, but as he clung to the idea the details began to work themselves out in his brain. There was the "Paradise" mine. He had bought and sold that mine three or four times over. Every time he bought it he had been grossly swindled; every time he sold it he had told the truth and lost money thereby. It had left his hands only a month before for a mere song, though queerly enough the purchaser was already kicking about it and claiming to have been done for. Indeed, as the Major was wondering over the perversity of human nature in buying a mine and expecting to reap anything but a hole in the ground, the owner of "Paradise" entered his office. His name was Clark, and he had a dangerous look in his eye. He intended to call the Major several kinds of frauds and swindlers, threaten him with a generous slice of the law, and make things generally so hot that a re-sale might furnish him with enough money to get out of Colorado, but his intentions were nipped in the bud.

"See here, Clark," began the Major, as he got his feet off the desk, "You're an honest man."

"But you ain't!" bluntly replied Clark.

"That's where you are mistaken. My honesty has almost headed me for the poor-house. I've lost a fortune by it. I've been figuring things out this afternoon, and I've made up my mind to do as others do. I sold you that mine dog-cheap, but there's nothing in it for you as it is. You and I are in the same boat. We are altogether too conscientious. We've got to take the other leg of it. I've been scooped and you've been scooped, and now we'll go in together and scoop the public."

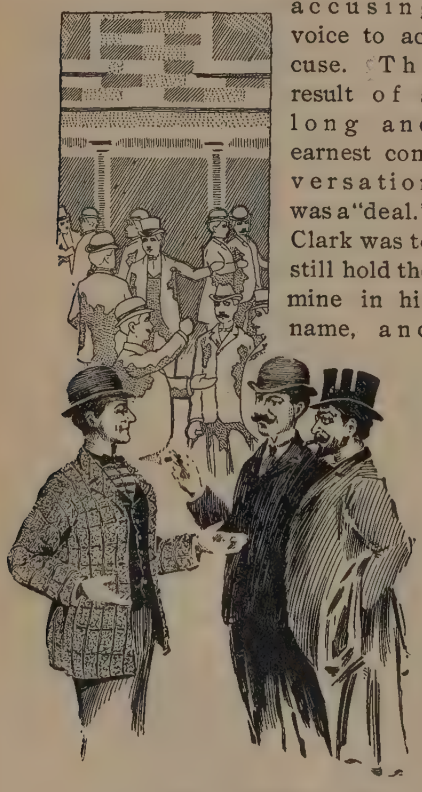
"How do you mean?"

"We'll 'salt' 'Paradise' and work her off for a hummer."

"But that will be swindling," protested Clark.

"Of course it will, but what of it? Hasn't the world swindled us? Hasn't it come to the point that even to pay our running expenses we've got to lay aside our consciences? We let go of our lofty principles because lofty principles and silver mines don't mix. Clark, we have been martyrs to principle. I'm going to turn sharper. We'll go in together and 'salt' old 'Paradise' and make her pan out fifty thousand apiece."

Clark went in. The Major had "soaked" him on the mine, and it was human nature to want to get even. He didn't have to hold any argument with himself to still the accusing voice. In fact, as in the case of most others who get left on a mine, there was no accusing voice to accuse. The result of a long and earnest conversation was a "deal." Clark was to still hold the mine in his name, and the Major was to work up a boom and get his half of the profits. Under his directions, and with more or less of his personal aid, the "salting" process was carried out. It wasn't exactly the salt of commerce and the dinner table which was blown into the mine. It was honest output from other mines, and though Major Wharton had always been too honest for his own good, he somehow had the process of "salting" at his fingers' ends. When he got through with that hole in the ground, which had been dug for a swindle, and had never given up five dollars' worth of ore, there were "indications" to make a man's hair stand on end. There was no sudden sunburst of excitement over the new bonanza. In fact everything was kept very quiet, and "Paradise" still passed for a hole in the ground. When the proper time came the Major began to throw out hints. His wife was the first to receive them. He had heard on the quiet that "Paradise" was panning out to beat the band, and he almost tore his hair when he remembered that he had sold it for a song. Mrs. Wharton was told to keep quiet about it while her husband planned to buy in, and of course she told everybody about the big strike. The news was public property in two days. The Major was sarcastically commiserated for not hanging on, and Clark was warmly congratulated for not abandoning the hole too soon. There were a dozen men ready to buy it if it was really a good thing, but "Paradise" was not for sale—not just then.



"The news was public property in two days"

It was only when a Boston capitalist who was travelling over the west with his wife, passed that way and heard of "the coming" that Clark would even consent to talk about a sale. He didn't know much about mines himself, but from what little he did know he judged that the mine was a fairish investment.

"She heard a couple near her speaking of the 'Paradise'"

He might be induced to sell, but he had a little rather hang on. He was in this undecided state when two or three parties were quoted as offering thumping big figures. That was where the Major's fine Italian hand came in. He was doing his share of the work, but doing it on the outside. The Bostonian wasn't averse to picking up a good thing at a bargain, even if it was far from home, and he soon began to talk business. The bait wasn't jumped at, however. An expert was secured to make investigation and report, and the Bostonian took a whirl further west while waiting.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Wharton was summoned east to receive a legacy left her. It was a sum large enough to have permitted the Major to return to his lofty principles and stick to them for life, or as long as he continued to buy and sell mines, but having taken hold of "Paradise" he was bound to see her through. If he could beat somebody out of $50,000 by working off that "salted" mine it would be just retribution for what he had suffered by being honest. His wife had heard more about the mine than all others in the state. Day after day the Major had bemoaned his foolishness in not knowing enough to hang on to a good thing, and bewailed the fact that he hadn't the money to buy an interest in the biggest hit of the decade. If that legacy had only come a few weeks sooner! If the Bostonian would only turn to redwood lands or a California fruit farm and surrender his option on "Paradise!" But things didn't come the Major's way. A few days after his wife left home the Bostonian returned. The expert's report was ready. It was glowing. It left nothing to be desired except a trans-

fer of ownership. A check was drawn and the papers were passed, and as the new owner departed for home to complete his arrangements for turning out a ton or two of silver daily, Major Wharton beamed upon Clark and chuckled.

"Fifty thousand big dollars apiece!" he said as he rubbed his hands and beamed some more. "Didn't I tell you so? As honest, square-toed men we were going to the dogs. As up-to-date chaps we have made a scoop at the first go-off. Let's look around for another hole."

Mrs. Wharton received her legacy in Buffalo. All the way from west to east she was thinking of the "Paradise" mine and wondering if her money couldn't get the Major at least a quarter interest. There was a delay of three or four days in Buffalo, and she was almost in despair. When she finally got the

"'You are the owner of "Paradise" mine at last'"

money she telegraphed the good news and advised her husband not to lose a good thing. He laughed as he read the telegram. He wasn't missing any good things thus far. When the wife reached Chicago on her return trip, she stopped for a day to order some dresses. To offset the delay she sent another telegram to brace up the Major. It was while she was lunching and thinking of bonanza silver mines and various sorts of dresses, that she heard a couple near her speaking of the "Paradise". It was the Bostonian and his wife. The discovery was soon made that the mine had changed hands. Mrs. Wharton was overcome with despair for a moment. Then she made a move which a business man would have hesitated over. She introduced herself and wanted to know if the new purchaser wouldn't sell out for a satisfactory bonus. For the last day or two there had been creeping into the Boston man's mind a feeling that he had better have invested his hundred thousand in hides and leather or Back Bay land. That expert's report had been a little too fervid. The assay had smacked too much of Golconda. He was not an impetuous man. He took ten minutes to think it over, and then

said he might be induced. He was induced, but it took exactly $150,000 to coax him around. Mrs. Wharton had barely enough money left to see her through, but "Paradise" was hers. What was hers was also the Major's. It didn't take a Chicago lawyer and a commissioner of deeds two hours to complete the transfer, and it was a happy, rejoicing woman who went west on the ten o'clock train. The proper thing to do was to telegraph her husband again, and she sent him a despatch which lifted him out of his rocking-chair, as he sat smoking and chuckling in his library at home. There wasn't much to it, but every word pulled his hair on end.

"Congratulate your little wife! I have bought the "Paradise" mine for a tenth of its value, and have the deed in my pocket! Home Thursday evening."

The Major didn't sleep that night as a business, and men missed him off the street for the next two days. He made a hundred attempts to figure out how his wife had got hold of that mine, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. As he waited for her arrival he tried to make himself believe that it was one of her little jokes. Two or three times in their married life she had attempted to spring jokes on him. They had been dismal failures, but perhaps she was not discouraged. The man who tries hard enough to make believe in anything can succeed up to a certain point. The Major's hair settled down on the second day, and he actually caught himself whistling now and then, but he refrained from going to his office. He even thought it better not to go to the depot to meet his wife. It was all over within two minutes after he had opened the door to her. She fell into his arms with a giggle, and fell out again with a laugh. She fell out that she might wave that deed in the air and exclaim:

"I telegraphed you about it, and here it is! You are the owner of 'Paradise' mine at last!"

The Major's knees began to wobble and he sat down. He was expected to say something right away, but his tongue refused to do duty. It was long minutes before he could pull himself together and tell his story, and there were dull thuds enough in it to shake the chandeliers. It amounted to just this: He had made $50,000 by selling a mine, and his wife had dropped $150,000 by buying the same thing back again.

Two days later Clark entered the office and said he had found another hole in the ground which could be bought dog cheap and "salted" to sell. The major looked at him for a long minute and made no reply.

"Being that honesty don't pay," mused Clark—"being that the world has no use for integrity and an honest man has got to bring up in the poorhouse at last, let's you and I—"

The Major held up his hand to stop him.

"What's the matter? Has that Boston man got on to the trick and come back to raise a row?"

"No, it isn't that," replied the Major in a voice as hoarse as if it had been filtered through an army blanket.

"We sold 'Paradise' for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Egad, but we did!"

"And my wife has bought her back for a hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Thunder!" gasped Clark after a painful silence, and he tiptoed to the door and passed out without another word or a look over his shoulder.

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

AN OPEN MIND

IGNORANCE of the great world and the fullness thereof is not confined to the rural districts. A large number of the better classes in every metropolis are more provincial in mind, if not in manners, than country folks.

The word provincial in this instance refers especially to the quality and quantity of culture acquired by the individual, and the possessive ease with which he wears what he knows.

A certain class of people settled for life in a country village would, by means of books and periodicals, keep well informed concerning the leading thought of the period, but introduce those same people into city residence, amidst the very environments conducive to new ideas, and observe the result!

On a summer day we chase flies all over the room without seeing one settled on our left ear—until it bites. Ideas do not bite—they are the flies we chase, unless they happen to originate within us. The finest education is that of ideas, not alone that of facts. Ideas demand thoughtful recognition or they use their wings. In a great tumultuous city there is small time allotted to thought, unless thinking happens to be an individual's special occupation. If one goes to a city for residence, holding his or her mind wide open, there is of course an enviable opportunity for education in many directions; but the practical expense of hearing and seeing all that would be delightfully necessary to obtain the desired results must be taken into consideration.

The poor man may live in the immediate neighborhood of good concerts, lectures or theatres, but he derives no satisfaction or direct benefit from watching other people going in to them while he feels his empty pockets.

Many misleading reports spread about relating to free concerts and lectures, to be had in cities, are a direct means of unsettling people comfortably situated in villages.

The occasional lectures or concerts opened freely to the people are so crowded, owing to a seating capacity inadequate to the demand, that the result is parallel to the effect of a Monday morning bargain sale upon the moral nature of shoppers.

Truth to tell, a large number of city people attain only the kind of shabby genteel information they had best be without, because they have few opportunities for gaining ideas first hand, and, owing to city residence, feel it their duty to keep up with the times by parroting the conversation of their more fortunate acquaintances. This turn of mind results in a cheap mental quality most undesirable.

If these same people lived with their minds open to the importance of commonplace events; if they went from home to business and back again with eyes and ears open to life, as real in a city as elsewhere, they would attain a culture of greater value than that to be found in the thin veneer we are familiar with in all large cities.

Let a man think for himself from a mind open to and eager for the best obtainable in any surroundings, and in so doing he will acquire a higher culture than cheap wit or flashy, unreliable criticism can ever give him.

❁

RICHARD HOVEY

NO situation can arise unprovoked. Accordingly, there must be some tangible reason for the prevailing dearth of actual poetry impelled to earth by imagination, rather than by the hope of sale. The actual poet writes because otherwise his deeply emotional thoughts would consume him, having no outlet.

The study of form is as necessary to his successful expression of these thoughts as is the study of the keyboard to the novice at typewriting; but if this study of the vehicle becomes paramount to the man's own creative faculties, necessarily influenced by the life of thought he leads, sterility approaches.

In the death of Richard Hovey, America loses one of the few men whose poetry reveals what we have long hoped—that the once liberal source of poetic literature is not dry.

Mr. Hovey, while perfecting his poetic style, gave his "Inward eye that is the bliss of solitude" full liberty to range the sun, the moon, the stars and the human heart. A man must see the light before he can describe it. He tutored words to shape his thoughts: not thoughts to fit his English vocabulary.

If Mr. Hovey cannot be catalogued among the poets whose art embodies all creation, he can safely be ranked beside those who gave promise at the termination of an unfinished life, of revealing secret beauties with superlative grace and instinct.

The music of his thoughts is grateful to ears worn with empty perfectness of form. Mr. Hovey may have written much that was stronger than the sonnet to his wife quoted below, but he wrote nothing more poetically lovely. The poet's life has gone on, but his thoughts we still have to revere beside the memory of his valuable existence.

"When I sit down with thee at last alone,
Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone;
When thou and I sit down at last alone
And through the dusk of rooms divinely grey
Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,
As tone melts meeting in accordant tone—
Ah, then our souls, far in the vast of sky,
Look from a tower, too high for sound of strife
Or any violation of the town,
Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
And over the huge misshapen city of life,
Love pours his silence and his moonlight down."

❁

PICTURESQUE COMMONPLACES

EVERY human mind to a greater or less degree craves whatever seems beautiful to its own eye.

Picturesqueness is a vital part of pure romance, without which the wheels of life would soon clog. We crowd the theatres and buy out great editions of adventuresome novels, simply because in that way our craving for what fascinates us, but of which our own lives seem bereft, is gratified. Considering this to be a fact, it does seem remarkable how small an endeavor we make to create and continue this atmosphere immediately about us in our daily lives; no existence need be humdrum provided the individual educates his perceptive faculties in their relation to commonplaces.

It is usage that creates the commonplace, joined to an unimaginative mind. A primrose contained an empire of beauty to Wordsworth. No matter how poor a man may be he can have at intervals the woods, spring violets, the trees, the sky and at least one human soul with its marvellous revelations to entertain him. In every home there can be romance as exciting as the stage if we but strive to please continually; creating by each act of gracious self-denial a golden halo about our heads equal in fineness and beauty to that with which Anthony Hope encircles his Rupert. The romance of simple things is worth careful study.

The city firemen speeding on their engine, the locomotive engineer, the day laborers in blue overalls, the grey-bearded flagman, a hundred Italians and Huns, with their passionate faces, working in picturesque groups along a road bed—all are picturesquely human if we only have the eyes to see them as we would similar figures on the stage belonging to far distant ages and conditions. The American mind is unimaginative, and therein arises the chief obstacle to our daily enjoyment as a race. When a man can create his own Paradise of simple things he no longer knows regret or longing.

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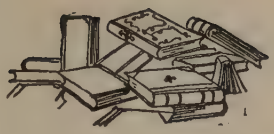
BOHEMIA IN AMERICA

IT is difficult to discuss a nonentity; in fact it is impossible except where a shadow bears the reputation of a substance, as is the case with what passes for Bohemia in the United States. To begin with, the unconventional life of our large cities misses the first requisite of European free living—fascination and frothy charm. Americans in French or Italian restaurants, established by enterprising Yankees or thrifty foreigners, in quiet by-ways of our cities, take their pleasure weightily—if pleasure it is to sit around amid dense tobacco smoke, eat good food, drink poor wine and listen to an unpleasant din of displeasing music and loud conversation.

The foreign lightness of touch is totally lacking, as is the atmosphere of aesthetic or literary discussion so necessary to the traditional Bohemia. There are several clubs of men from the aesthetic professions which meet at intervals for convivial purposes, but out of these prescribed social hours the members live, for the most part, discreetly domestic lives. The French restaurants, cited with sly winks as types of American Bohemianism, are merely cheap eating houses, whose public dining rooms are frequented by all kinds and conditions of people, known as the floating population of large cities, the majority of whom are more common than wicked, whose atmosphere is more repulsive than tempting. Unconventionality is no synonym for Bohemianism, because in the latter there is to be found the redeeming quality of brains; in the former the redeeming quality of disguised morality. A man can be unconventional without being cheap, but he can not be a Bohemian without taking pleasure in shocking conventions.

To be sure, there are gatherings of socialistic foreigners that might easily answer to the actual Bohemian type in mind and manners. But can we call that class of residents Americans?

I think not. No man is an American having been born and partially reared on foreign soil. The real American, like the Britisher, is too sober at pleasuring to shine in Bohemia; his habits are too methodical; his respect for public opinion too fixed. Nothing desirable need suffer, therefore, unless it be American art—now in need of freedom.

A GLANCE  AT BOOKS

Resurrection

COUNT TOLSTOY'S latest novel, "Resurrection," is distinctly one of the remarkable books of the year. Two-thirds of the tale is intensely interesting, and the style is picturesque, vivid and forceful. That the story, as a story, is sacrificed occasionally to the author's desire to "set the world right," cannot be gainsaid; and it is only the nobility of his opinions and unselfish wish for the uplifting of mankind that prevents his moralizing from wearying the reader. Tolstoy is a great novelist and a great teacher. "Resurrection" seems to be a combination of his art in both fields, and the result is something colossal. Of it, as of George Eliot's novels, one might say "a sermon disguised as a story," or vice versa. The long accounts of the processes of Russian law may seem tedious, but these contain the threads of an absorbing narrative of human passions. The book is at once philosophical, and wonderful fiction. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Poor People

By I. K. Friedman, is a plain little story of the thrifty, improvident, scheming, desperate, and the incorrigible poor of Chicago; well portrayed, mingling as in real life. The struggle of the young composer to resist drink for love's sake, and an old man's pathetic search or employment, are simply and strongly drawn. Such characters are alive to-day in countless numbers in all our cities. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Boys and Men at Yale

By Richard Holbrook, is disappointing at the outset to all true devotees of Eli Yale. "Why isn't the book bound in Blue?" one queries; and another scoffs at the colonial gentleman on the cover when those found in the pages are distinctly sons of modern Yale. However, the pretty little romance and sketch of college life deserves nothing but praise. The boys —beg pardon, men—live and move; the girls are flesh and blood divinities; and in all the athletic contests the Blue flies triumphant while the Crimson trails ignobly in the dust. The book will have a large demand at New Haven, Conn.,—and it should be welcomed elsewhere as a clever little story. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

My Lady and Alan Darke

The judgment of the reading public, the something that makes a book popular, is never twice alike. Some stories leap into instant and widespread favor, like "Janice Meredith," while other, like "The Honorable Peter Stirling" (to confine one's self to a single author), grow slowly and steadily in the public esteem. "My Lady and Alan Darke," by Chas. Donnel Gibson, is a book of the latter sort; and one is not surprised to learn that this original and extremely exciting tale is in continued and growing demand. Tales of adventure are certainly the vogue with this generation of readers, and Mr. Gibson's story is one of the best. (McMillan, New York.)

LOVE to walk abroad in May:
The winter trees are leaving now.
The daisies sparkle in the grass,
The birds are joyous; as I pass
The Plough-boy singeth at the plough.
The sun in splendor bursts to-day—
I love to walk abroad in May.

THE MOANING OF THE PINES

FOR many years Blind Jim stood each day, rain or shine, with his back against a pillar of the elevated railway station at Fourteenth street and Sixth Avenue, offering shiny red pencils to the passersby. When the weather was clear and the street teemed with shoppers many pennies dropped into the toy tin cap that hung from his neck by a cotton string, for he was a pathetic picture as he stood with his hat in his hand and the hot sun pouring down upon his sightless, upturned face, but when "raindrops splashed upon his face" he seemed more pitiful still and nickles often took the place of the copper offerings.

He was but one of many who shield the rawness of their plea for charity behind the mask of the sale of some petty article of slight value, and his face bore the typical lines of pleading woe of the city beggar who makes his infirmity support him and adds to its commercial value by a simulated sadness.

No one knew from whence Blind Jim had come, and none cared, least of all, those who had the pleasure of hearing their pennies tinkle in his cup. He had stood there many years. He was there when the earliest shopper hurried by to get the pick of the day's bargains, and he was there when the last clerk went home at night.

Blind Jim lived in one of the short streets near Hudson street, in a house that had once been a fashionable home. It was now the cheapest of boarding houses. He had long since learned the way to and fro, and walked it aided only by the tapping of his stick. He had not been off the path that led to his home for many years. But one day he went on a long journey.

Near that hollow of the hills where Amsterdam avenue dips down to cross Manhattan street, near 126th street, Blind Jim had a neice, and one day she died and Blind Jim bought the aid of Pete O'Shay, the newsboy, and under his care visited the rooms where his neice lay dead, and having done what little he could, started home again.

It was the twenty-fifth of September and the dying leaves on the fine old oaks in the University grounds rustled in the brisk breeze that blew across the wilderness of roofs of New York, bringing a saltness that was only an stickiness in the warm air of the upper city. Fleecy, white clouds hurried across the sky like snowy ships bound westward in an ocean of purest blue, and the sun was alternately hidden and revealed as they passed across its face. It was a fair Autumn day.

"When raindrops splashed upon his face"

Blind Jim decided to walk home. Leaning with one hand on the shoulder of Pete O'Shay, he walked slowly up Amsterdam avenue, using his cane to tap the stones before him as he walked. Pete O'Shay was getting what he could out of the corpse of a discarded cigarette, and slapping the telephone poles as he passed them, in an attempt to find as much amusement as he could in a very dull job.

The electric cars rushed by with a clanging of gongs and a whir, the horse-cars passed with a tinkle of bell and iron shoes, and an occasional wagon rattled along, but Blind Jim walked with his face in the air, drinking in the stillness of the day, for still it was, indeed, compared to the ceaseless noise of his wonted corner.

As he neared the University, the rustle of the leaves struck his ear and opened the doors of his memory. He turned his sad, sightless face toward the trees greedily. He had been born in the country. His mind hastened back to the years when he was a boy, when he could see the trees, when he had a mother, when he was not a blind beggar on a corner of stone-paved New York, listening to the rattle of trucks, and cars, and elevated trains, but a brown-legged country boy, digging his toes in the warm dust of the road and listening to the sound of—what was that sound he missed?

He walked on, keeping his face turned toward the trees, and Pete O'Shay wondered what was there and looked and saw only a great iron fence and some big trees and looked away again unconcerned.

What was that sound he missed? It would not recall itself and Blind Jim drew his brow into a frown of thought. Some sound, it had been, that was most typical of his boyhood. Some sound that came to him—was it by day or by night? By night! That was it! The pines! The uneven whistle of the sighing pines, as he lay waiting for the sleep that came so quickly then. The sighing of the pines as he lay in his bed beneath the sloping roof of the old house. What would he not give to hear it again.

An electric car rattled down the hill, its gong threatening death to some

one on the track, and then a horse-car toiled laboriously and slowly up the hill and before it had passed from hearing a truck rattled by.

As the noise of the truck ceased Blind Jim stopped and stood with one hand raised and his face tense with listening. Softly and uncertainly at first, then clearer and more pronounced came the heartbreaking sighing of the wind among the pines. He stood like one in a trance and his hand gripped the shoulder of Pete O'Shay sharply. He was back, back once more in his little room under the eaves; his upturned face glowed with childish pleasure and then dulled into a sorrow that was not simulated. The sighing of the pines! Two tears rolled from his eyes and ran across his cheeks as so many rain drops had run.

"Do you hear it?" he almost whispered.

"Yep," said Pete O'Shay.

"I was born in that sound," said Blind Jim, "and I love it. It makes me remember the time before I was blind. I like the sound of the wind in the pine trees."

Pete O'Shay looked at the remnant of cigarette, decided it was too short to be of further service, and cast it aside. He said nothing.

"I am going to have you bring me up here again," said Blind Jim. "Remember where we are. I want you to bring me right here."

"Sure!" said Pete O'Shay.

"I didn't know there were any pine trees in New York," said Blind Jim, softly, moving on and then stopping to listen again to the wail of the wind.

Pete O'Shay wriggled uneasily. The evening edition would be out and he would lose his "reg'lars" if he didn't get down town soon. He cast one contemptuous glance around.

"Come on," he said, "an' don't stan' here all day. Dem ain't no pine trees. Dat's jist de wind a-blowin' troo de tellyphone wires."

Blind Jim put his hand forward as if warding off a blow. Then he set his lips close, and stiffened his back to straightness.

"Well, take the car," he said.

Ellis Parker Butler

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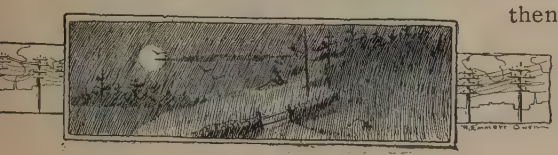


HIS MAJESTY, JOHN THE JANITOR

JOHN is our janitor. I mention him first because he is most important. To be sure there is the telephone, immediately outside our door—a joy and comfort forever. Then there is the gas range, sometimes a blessing, but uncertain of temper. Incidentally, there are two of us—Rose and I—but above all there is John, the janitor.

John is occasionally unsteady, and his last period of sobriety was broken on the coldest day of winter—and cold days are frigid in Boston.

Without it was snowing and blowing, within the radiators shivered. When I pushed up our airshaft window, there were three others already open. The school teacher on the floor above looked severely down through her glasses and said it was cold. The pretty little bride above her called into the vacancy below that it was very cold. And then a masculine voice from the very top window announced abruptly that it was dam cold.

Heads were withdrawn, and there was a silence and incoher-

ent muttering below at intervals as four windows closed.

Our telephone is one of the dime

"John is occasionally unsteady"

consuming kind. You put a dime in the slot and talk with anyone. That is, if anyone is out your dime stays in. I started for the telephone, but others were before me, the school-teacher first. She explained to the landlord that owing to the intoxicated condition of the janitor, there was no pressure of steam, and that the temperature was altogether too low for comfort or health. There was some sort of a reply and then she bade him a polite goodbye. The bell rang again and the timid tones of the bride confided to some one that it was only fifty degrees in her apartment.

For the third time I opened the hall door to proceed, but a third ring of the bell stopped me.

"I say, for Heaven's sake send up an engineer. The janitor's drunk and it's cold as the devil—What? All right, get a move on, will you?" Then a quick ring off and a run up the stairs, two steps at a time.

I went back to Rose with my dime box untouched and we sat around, wrapped in blankets till the crackling of the radiators told us that a temporary janitor was installed below.

Our red-cheeked Hebe brought in the coffee and placed it in cold storage near my couch. Rose settled herself in the warmest chair and put her feet on a sofa pillow. Then we drank cold coffee and ate frigid muffins.

Two days after, it was very warm—one of those unaccountably mild days that visit us in midwinter. The steam sizzled and hissed through the the pipes and our windows were open. The sound of coal, shovelled into the furnace, came almost continuously to our ears.

John was trying to provide a temperature appropriate for the place to which he had been consigned by the man on the fourth floor.

Anne Allen

BARNEY'S EXPLANATION

THERE was in time agone a division of a western city on the Mississippi river called locally Shingletown. It was thickly populated, but it's inhabitants were not of the highest social standing. Doubtless there were many honest and hardworking people in Shingletown, but the place had a bad name. Among those who had no good word for Shingletown was one Dr. H., whose office was over in the direction of the neighborhood and who had consequently become acquainted with it—to his sorrow. The Doctor used on occasion to foregather of an evening with certain choice spirits at the Pence Chop House. Among others there was one Barney O'Malley, a reporter of Hibernian extraction. Barney had more than one good friend in Shingletown, and was always as ready to stand up for it as Dr. H. was to condemn it. One night, the subject coming up, the Doctor launched out in this strain:

"Now, you can talk till the cows come home about Shingletown, but facts are facts, and figures don't lie. I've been looking up my books and I find that in the past two years I have treated three hundred patients living in Shingletown. Now guess how many of that number have paid my bills?"

Various estimates were hazarded, when the Doctor continued:

"No, you are all too high. Of that three hundred just ten have paid up."

"Docthor and gintlemen," said Barney, rising to his feet, perhaps a trifle unsteadily, "allow me wan word. No one doubts your figures, Docthor—indade, I stand ready to fight the man who casts the slightest aspersion on your word, Docthor. But there is a raison for all things—as a scientific man you cannot deny that for ivery effect there is a cause. The present instance is no exception. You say, Docthor, that you traited three hundred patients and only tin of them paid you. I'm sure we are right, Docthor, when we infer that the raison was that these tin were the only ones that recovered.

Hayden Carruth

A LOCAL GENIUS

Dunkel's smart and bright,
An' his head's shaped right.
Some day he'll get his po'tion.
I guess he knows how,
An' would be rich now,
Ef he on'y tuk the notion.

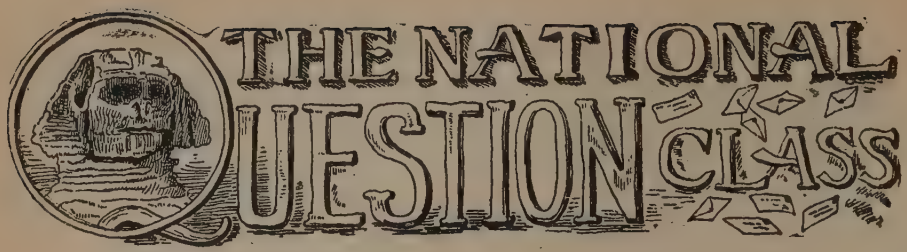
He ain't done much yit.
But jist wait a bit,
He'll get hisself in motion.
An' then, when he does,
He'll jist make things buzz,
Ef he on'y takes a notion.

I have hearn him talk.
They ain't another galk
His ekal—ocean to ocean.
Why, he could invent
A new continent,
Ef he on'y tuk the notion.

I never see his like
Come down airy pike,
He's forever dotin'.
Got the world down pat,
An' could do this, or that,
Ef he on'y tuk the notion.

There's a lot of sech,
That bring and fetch,
Yet never get promotion;
But that ain't Pant's size,
He's bound to rise,
Ef he ever takes the notion.

Frederick Lincoln



Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MARCH

First Prize; Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.

Second Prize: Edith O. Rankin, Monmouth, Ill.

Third Prize; Mrs. G. W. Hutchinson, 38 Congress street, Oshkosh, Wis.

Fourth Prize: J. W. Clay, Hickory, North Carolina.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN MARCH

Literature

1. Clio was a pseudonym of Addison, formed from his signature, C. L. I. O., in the "Spectator," probably the initials of Chelsea, London, Islington and Office.

2. "Atlantis," by Lord Bacon, was an allegorical fiction in which the author feigns that he was wrecked on an island in the Atlantic ocean, where he found every model arrangement for promotion of service and the perfection of man as a social being. Sir Thomas More wrote a political romance with a similar purpose, portraying an imaginary island where everything is perfect—the laws, politics, moral institutions, etc.

3. Demosthenes, the Greek orator, 385-322, B.C. Cicero, the Roman orator, 106-43. Sadi, the Persian poet, 1184-1263, A. D. Zoroaster, 589-513, B. C.

4. Sir Charles Napier fought the battle of Hyderabad, which he won, though for some hours his victory was doubtful. It was at this time that he sent his famous dispatch, "Peccavi." I have Scinde. Scinde, of which Hyderabad was the capital, was then annexed to British India.

5. Sir Walter Scott was called the Great Unknown, because his Waverley novels were published anonymously. It was James Ballantyne who first gave this name to the unknown novelist.

Art

1. John Ruskin, an eminent English art critic and writer, born at London, February 8, 1819, died January 20, 1900.

2. The Poor Man's Bible was a collection of some forty or fifty pictures of bible subjects used in the middle ages, when few could r ead, to teach the leading events of Scripture history. An extended Biblia Pauperum, with the subjects of the pictures explained in rhyme, was called the "Mission of Human Salvation."

3. The Dying Gladiator is the chief boast of the Capitol at Rome. The celebrated Apollo Belvedere is one of the attractions of the Vatican, of which it has been said, "This beautiful statue breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought, as if the sculptor had left a portion of his own soul within the marble to half animate his glorious creation."

4. When Napoleon was first consul and emperor, David, the French painter, having suffered imprisonment during the Revolution, returned to his studio and became a fervent follower of Napoleon. He was made the painter of the empire, the enthusiastic delineator of Napoleonic victories and of the Little Corporal in every attitude of triumph.

5. Rosa Bonheur, the famous animal painter of France, who has lately died, left a will which has caused much surprise and the reason for which is still a mystery. She bequeathed her entire fortune, funded property, house, grounds, pictures and studies, in fact all the accumulation of a long and industrious lifetime, to a friend, Miss Anna Klumpke, whom she had known only about two years. The only exception being an annuity of 800 francs

seemed to be a chance for the latter's escape. Congress should now vote special marksmanship medals to Captain Bob Evans' incomparable gunners.

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Happy Happenings! Concas naively adds: "The 'Oregon,' pursuing the 'Colon,' *happened unconsciously* to remain in the 'dead range' *between* the only two ranges on the 'Colon' powerful enough to reach her, always keeping *just in the spot* where the upper deck guns could not be trained upon her." In view of Montojo's and Concas' grudging and backhanded admiration of American naval prowess, may we not exclaim, with Prince Karl, "Vat happiness! To be two men, and she loves me both!"

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Plain Tales from the Ranks Deep shadows, as well as flashes of excitement and adventure, flit across the visage of grim War. The stories told by honest tongues from the ranks are often more pathetic and more convincing than epauletted testimony. It has been Havre Sacque's privilege to read correspondence sent to Private Frank W. Shepherd, of B Battery, Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, from Private Charles McNally, of Company C, 19th Infantry, now on the firing line in the Philippines. McNally writes with a soldier's directness of the necessarily trying times at the front in active service. He speaks of the troops of which his company was a part, taking a town behind five entrenchments at daybreak one January morning: killing and wounding sixty of the opposing insurgents, at a loss of only one man wounded. He then tells feelingly of the investment of a little place called Karitan; of the two companies engaged taking quarters in a bamboo church; of a rude awakening

THE "MARIA THERESA" IN FLAMES

From "Off Santiago with Sampson." Courtesy of Dana Estes & Co., Boston

at three in the morning by a shower of bullets at close range, and of shattered limbs as lasting mementoes of the affair. Then, being ordered to arrest the presidente of Karitan, February 5, he says:

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Gallant Parker's Death

"We were just passing a large rice field when we were fired upon from the top of a hill. We all got to cover, and when we had been firing about twenty minutes word was passed along the line that one of our men was killed. When we asked who it was, it near broke my heart to learn that it was my 'bunkie,' a young fellow named Parker—shot through the head, and never knew what hit him. He had been been very good to me when I was sick, and it broke me all up. We drove the insurgents out of the field and got his body." Brave "Bunkie" Parker had a single line in the commander's report of the slaughter; but there are whole volumes about him in the hearts of his comrades.

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From Far-Away "Hamakua"

When that three million appropriation is expended, and trailing over hill and dale in Pacific ocean slime, lies that long, black, snaky cable, over which Tritons bold will stub their toes, and mermaids, basking in the ooze, will bark their—fins, we shall be able to get quicker news from our nearest American territory,—the Dole Domain in the lordly isles of Sandwich. "The National Magazine's" representative, Carl Schurz Smith, of Hilo, Hawaii, busy with "law's delays," nevertheless has time to write briefly of delightful hospitality extended him by the Horner plantation in the Hamakua district,—a plantation noted mainly for the choicest sugar-cane and coffee and the very finest thoroughbred horses in the Islands. Some entertaining pictures of life there—exclusively for "The National Magazine," may be expected soon from Representative Smith.

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Has the Piano Really Spoken to You?

You cannot hear Paganini's matchless violin, nor Savonarola's burning eloquence, but every lover of the Highest should go to hear a thoróghly good pianist like Madam Madeline Schiller play her chosen instrument. "Oh, I don't care for too classical music," say some. That's because interpretations vary—because the soul-power is lacking. One does not listen enchanted to what one does not understand. When Madeline Schiller plays, what does her piano do?—it sings to the human heart. It appeals to the inner consciousness. It compels attention. The piano is an instrument waiting for the magic touch,—only occasionally found, to make it move world-weary men and women as almost nothing else can. From beneath the gifted fingers of an interpreter like Madam Schiller the classics emerge, clothed not in the grave-robes of departed genius, but with new and splendid power. She lives a life of the highest ideals; and out of "fullness of her heart" her fingers speak volumes to all who "have ears to hear". You haven't heard the piano till you've heard such a woman virtuoso.

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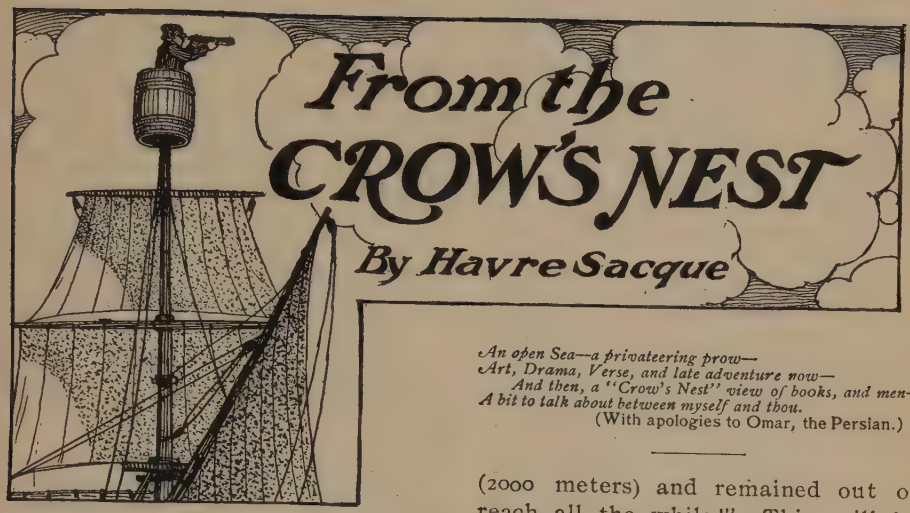
A Publisher Who Knows How

The publishing of books by such a judge of art as is Robert Howard Russell, of New York, is almost as much of a blessing to book-lovers the world over as was the work of William Morris, the Kelmscott wonder-worker. His "Marlowe Book," for instance,—a souvenir of reviews of the principal plays in which that sterling actress has appeared, is a portrait marvel.



An open Sea—a privateering prow—
Art, Drama, Verse, and late adventure now—
And then, a "Crow's Nest" view of books, and men—
A bit to talk about between myself and thou.
(With apologies to Omar, the Persian.)

Montojo's Defence Must go down in history's treasury of gems in the same tray with Cataline's Defiance and other masterpieces. This ingenious Spaniard naturally feels some resentment over the outcome of Dewey's little May-breakfast sortie in 1898, and his "defence" bears all the polish of two years waiting. "The only preparation that had been made for the war was made by the Americans," says this naval apologist, "who arranged everything in advance with pencil and paper!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Art as an Aid to Warfare Hear further this amiable maritime philosopher. "Admiral Dewey with pencil in hand noted the thickness of mantlets and casements and knew what energy was required to penetrate them. * * By a simple mathematical calculation he arrived at the distance at which he could fight without himself receiving any harm, * * therefore, we were vulnerable to all the projectiles of the enemy, which he very well knew, while he got out of reach of our cannon (2000 meters) and remained out of reach all the while!" This will be great news to Americans. So Dewey did it with his little pencil!—ten Spanish ships destroyed, 412 men killed and wounded, 115,528 square miles of island territory "acquired," Spain's oriental foothold forever lost. Verily, it is the pencil which is mightier than the sword! Truly the Scribbler is the social equal of the "Man With the Hoe!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

As it Looks to the Other Fellow On the heels of this comes Captain Victor N. Concas y Palu, sometime commander of the "Infanta Maria Teresa," and Cervera's chief of staff. He blames Sampson for not ordering divers to close the sea valves of the "Colon," and thus save her; commends Schley's "loop" to starboard which saved the "Brooklyn" from being rammed; asserts that the battle of Santiago, owing to the tortuousness of the channel, was a series of combats with each time a single ship against an entire squadron; and declares that two 13-inch shells from the "Iowa" put the "Teresa" out of action when there

to a faithful servant and an annuity of 1,200 francs to a godchild.

General

1. Asbestos was used by the eastern nations as an article for the fabrication of cloth, which when soiled was purified by throwing it into the fire from whence it came out clear and perfectly white. By the old Romans, this cloth was used for the purpose of wrapping up the bodies of the dead previously to their being laid on the funeral pile and was purchased at an exorbitant price.

2. Christ Church in Philadelphia was founded in 1695. A service of plate now in use in the church was presented by Queen Anne. Many celebrated men have worshipped within its walls, among whom were Washington, Madison, La Fayette, Franklin and Patrick Henry.

3. On December 5, 1796, Washington met the two Houses for the last time. About the same time he gave to the press his "Farewell Address to the American People," one of the most celebrated national documents of modern times.

4. "The Battle of the Kegs" was the title of a mock heroic poem by Francis Hopkinson. This ballad was famous in Revolutionary times and was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines in the form of kegs, charged with gun powder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping and discharged their small arms and cannon at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.

5. In July, 1676, defeated at Taunton, King Philip was hunted by Capt. Church to his ancient lair at Bristol Neck and there beseiged. At daybreak of August 12, the English, stealthily advancing, came to the morass where Philip lay concealed and as the sachem showed himself running at the top of his speed, a ball from an Indian musket pierced his heart and he fell upon his face in the mud and water with his gun under him. The son of Philip, a child of nine years, was among the captives. Many of these prisoners were hanged or shot and hundreds shipped to the West Indies to be sold into slavery, among these was Philip's little son.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR MAY

Literature

1. Which of Tennyson's poems was published in 1842, and how does it stand as a literary production?

2. To whom did Oliver Goldsmith dedicate his "Deserted Village?"

3. What well known writer of the day has lately passed a most severe criticism on Kipling's literary work?

4. What are some of the main facts in the life of Secretary of State Hay?

5. What do the German romantic poets mean to express when they speak of "Blue Roses?"

Art

1. Who was the model for Sir John Millais' famous picture of "Ophelia," and whom did she marry?"

2. Why did Paul Potter, the Dutch painter, leave so few pictures?

3. What artist was specially favored by Henry VIII.?

4. How did Rembrandt ruin himself?

5. To the care of what friend did Raphael entrust his St. Cecilia when he sent it to Bologna?

General

1. What was the origin of the "Pennant" at the mast-head?

2. What lesson did Robert Bruce learn from the study of a spider?

3. Where was the first restaurant opened in Paris?

4. What is the "Woolsack" in the House of Lords, London?

5. Why is Virginia called the "Old Dominion"?

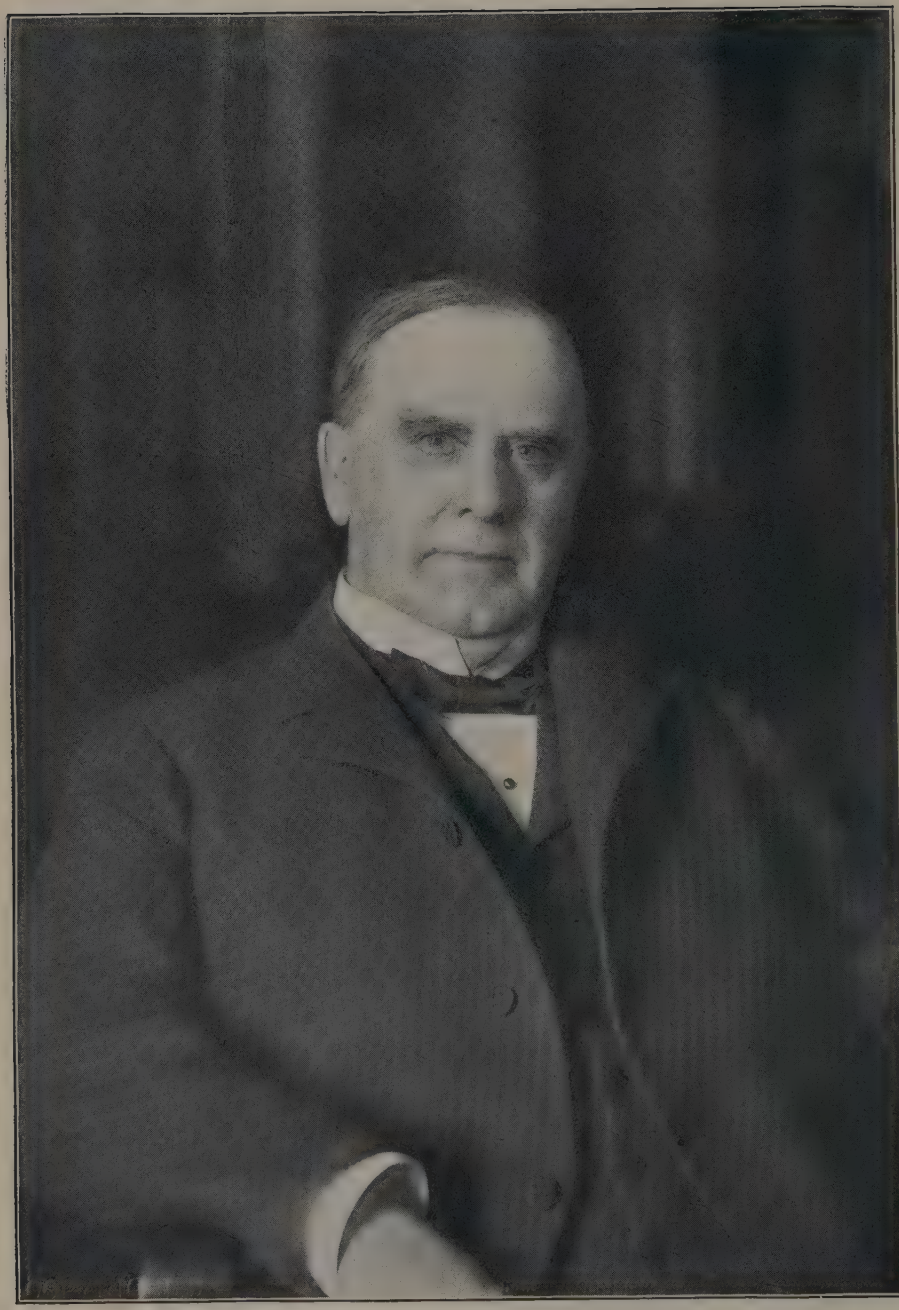
PRIZES FOR MAY

First Prize: An original drawing by a popular artist.

Second Prize: Bound volume, (vol. X.) of "The National Magazine."

Third Prize: Gravure engraving —"Presidents of the United States."

Fourth Prize: "So Runs the World," by Henry Sienkiewicz.



William McKinley

Public Library

Ida S. McKinley

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XII. JUNE, 1900 No. 3

ONLY three summers have passed since one of the greatest epochs in our national destiny was chronicled as a fact of history, and all this since President McKinley came to live at the White House. Each recurring presidential election has a continuity and relation to past events as fascinating as a serial story.

* * *

May has been a month of sensations at Washington, and yet the absorbing events to which all public questions of four years past are more or less related are the approaching national conventions of the two great political parties. The quadrennial shifting of the slides, is after all only incidental to one centrally focused interrogation: Who is to be the man at the White House for the next four years?

* * *

As events are now shaping, the two men who are likely to be the leading candidates for the presidency in 1900 possess the sterling qualities of American manhood, no matter how much at variance may be their party principles.

It seems but a short time since I was sitting at a reporter's desk adjoining William J. Bryan at the St. Louis convention, when William McKinley was nominated for the presidency. I did not even know the name of the sincere and energetic man who filed dispatches early and often and kept the telegraph boys going at a lively pace. To the rest of us he was the "Omaha World Herald man." Attired in a black alpaca coat, a "lay-down" collar and white lawn necktie, my first impression of the busy worker was what a splendid successor he would make to Edwin Booth! His energy was not theatric but dramatic.

During the demonstrations that followed the nomination and the adoption of the gold standard plank, many of the newspaper men stood upon their desks, joining in the huzzas, throwing copy paper, telegraph blanks and everything moveable in the air.

* * *

With lips closed tightly and an expression of defiance on his face as he hurried off the dispatches, William J. Bryan made up his mind then and there to run for president, and the comparatively unknown newspaper man here received an inspiration that a few weeks later swept the Chicago convention as a tidal wave. This is an instance showing the subtle and unexpected inter-relation of events in presidential campaigns.

Walking in the corridors of the Capitol, I met General Joseph Longstreet, the Confederate general, who won his laurels for bravery on many a hard fought battlefield, and was the man who tried to save General Lee from the disaster at Gettysburg. He is remarkably spry for one of four-score years. Wearing a bright red necktie and a *boutonniere*, he keeps in touch with the moving spirit of the times. He carries an ear trumpet about with him, and with its aid we carried on a jolly chat. There was a pathetic touch to his words when he referred to the passing away of his old comrades, and looked about among the passing throng as if searching for a familiar face.

MRS. MARK HANNA

* * *

Not long after, I met General Daniel Sickles at the White House, where

he called to pay his respects to the President, and urge him to attend a

SENORITA DE AZPIROZ, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR

Clinedinst, photographer

reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Maryland. As the gallant one-legged hero of Gettysburg hobbled out on his crutches, wearing a jaunty bicycle cap, I could not help thinking what a flood of memories his life spanned. The man who had killed Philip Barton Key, a relative of Francis Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and was legally aquitted on the plea of justifiable homicide, afterwards offered his life and gave one leg in behalf of the same flag, lyrically immortalized by the flesh and blood of the object of his just revenge.

* * *

Automobiles continue to be the popular diversion. I saw Senator Wolcott coming around the corner at the Arlington, with Senator Allison on the seat with him. They were moving along at a rapid rate. Meeting a lady acquaintance they lifted their hats, and Senator Allison's face was a study in expression. The half-scared, half-pleased *potpourri* bicycle smile was there, suggesting the petrified look of those riding on a roller coaster for the first time. The story is told of an automobilist who started in the mobile to attend a dinner party. When he arrived near the house a break occurred, and all efforts

MISS EDNA SIMS, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR SIMS OF TENNESSEE

to stop the machine were unavailing. The policeman was hailed, but he could do nothing, and to have attempted to dismount would have hazarded life and limb. There was only one way. The machine was allowed to run down, and 'round and 'round the square the belated guest whirled until the power gave out. Although late to dinner, there was an automobile story to relate over the coffee.

* * *

The young men of to-day realize that national legislation is a distinct profession in itself. Senator Allison, the nestor of the Senate, confesses that when he first went to Washington

he was woefully ignorant of the fundamental principles of governments, and began to lay a solid foundation by reading and thoroughly absorbing "Gibbon's Rome." It was this same painstaking, plodding effort that made Senator Allison a master of finance, and Congressman William McKinley, who was often seen carrying large bundles of papers home with him, an expert on tariff questions. He studied with that degree of sincerity and concentration that commands the respect even of opponents. There is a lesson in all this that some of the younger congressmen are taking to heart, and many of them are now seen carrying home portentous bundles with which to occupy the midnight hours.

* * *

Simmons, a colored man, the oldest messenger at the White House, came

WIFE OF THE NEW SWISS MINISTER

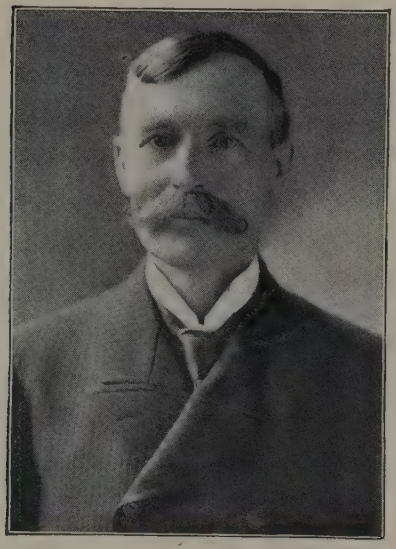
there about a month prior to the death of Lincoln, the day of whose death he recalls vividly, and says that he felt that there would be violent trouble of some kind before President Lincoln had completed his second term. "On the day he was shot there was an especially sad and melancholy look in his eyes, although he was as kindly in his greetings and jovial as usual. How like a giant he used to seem as he crossed the room on his way to the war office at midnight with a shawl over his shoulders to get the latest news from the front." Simmons was also at the White House during the stormy days of Johnson's administration. Captain Loeffler, the door-keeper to President McKinley's office, was locked up with Secretary Edwin M. Stanton during the impeachment trial. They held the fort in the war room, eating and sleeping there during the six weeks of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, until General Scofield was installed secretary of war. The chief cause of the impeachment trial was the removal of Stanton, the violation of the tenure of office act, and the claim by Johnson that Congress then only represented a portion of the states. The vote was 35 guilty and 19 not guilty, seven Re-

THE MISSES MASON, DAUGHTERS OF SENATOR MASON OF ILLINOIS

publicans voting to save Johnson, and making it impossible to secure the

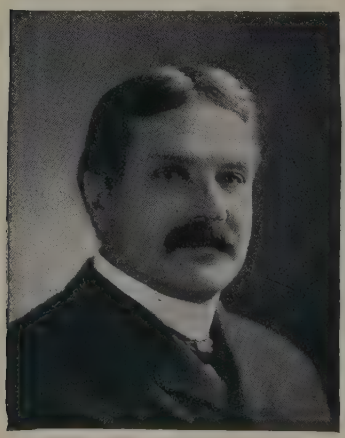
necessary majority. Simmons tells many interesting stories of those days

THOMAS F. WALSH



and he is the only White House attendant upstairs whose service reaches back to Lincoln's time. It is interesting to hear Captain Loeffler contemplate to himself who will be "next" as he open the doors for senators, representatives

G. N. WISWELL, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



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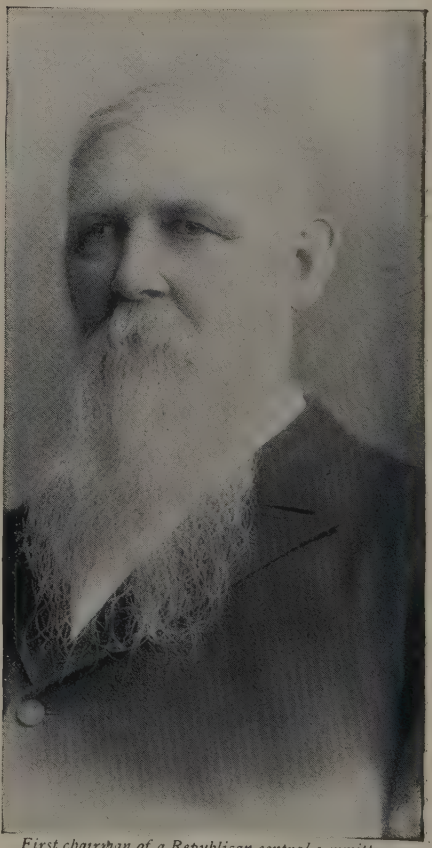
and distinguished callers at the White House.

* * *

Political convention talk and vice-presidential possibilities have been the absorbing topics of interest at the capitol for the month. Both political parties appear to be in the same dilemma. The heads of both tickets are practically settled, and the second place on each ticket is equally unsettled. There was a significant look on Governor Roosevelt's face

FRANK PRICE



First chairman of a Republican central committee

when he called at the White House. He glanced around like a man looking over a house preparatory to moving in. Political prophecy at this remote distance from the convention is hazardous. Secretary Long is likely to be on the ticket with President McKinley. The straws all pointed that way at one time, but political winds change with-

out regard to the best laid plans. Secretary Long was defeated on an apparently sure election to the Senate from Massachusetts by a combination of Democrats and his Republican opponents when Senator Dawes was elected, and there is no telling what may occur. And yet political affairs are now so much a part of the business and systematic calculation, that political results can be more safely predicted.

* * *

Why not have a minister of fine arts at Washington? Is it not time that the American people gave some attention to artistic matters, outside of the purely political, commercial and agricultural? I have been talking this matter over with a number of prominent statesmen, and there is a strong likelihood of the example of France being followed in giving some attention to the fine arts. In fact, an effort has already been made in that direction to have a *salon*, after the manner of this institution in France. The movement to have Congress purchase the old Corcoran art gallery for that purpose is headed by Mrs. J. H. Henderson, wife of the ex-senator from Missouri, and gallant and chivalrous Senator Depew is listed among its champions. If we are ever to develop the higher artistic sentiment in America, something must be done in this direction, and Washington, the capital of the nation, should be more than a mere political centre and office brokerage mart.

SENATOR WOLCOTT OF COLORADO IN HIS AUTOMOBILE

* * *

One of the most marked features of the present Congress is the early prominence secured by the young congressmen, and the aggressiveness of the younger members is an

essential element in the evolution of our national life. They seem to have

HON. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK

a more acute perception of the great questions growing out of recent events that many of the older members are willing to concede. Stop and consider the great questions that have come up within the past three years!

Among the young members who have grappled their work in Congress with a sincere purpose is William Astor Chanler. Scarcely thirty-three, and representing one of the most prominent congressional districts in New York City, Mr. Chanler has the close confidence of his conservative constituents on Fifth Avenue and in the Central Park district to a degree not surpassed by congressmen who have been a score of years on the floor. A strict Democrat of the old school, he is in hearty accord with the Jeffersonian spirit of expansion, and his vigorous support of the shipping bill has given him a fixed place as a progressionist. In talking with him I was impressed with his sincerity and earnestness in taking a vigorous and courageous hold upon the questions of the hour, with the same degree of fearlessness with which he hunted lions and explored the wilds of Africa. His African experiences form a thrilling chapter in a busy life. He is in hearty sympathy with the Boers, and was active in taking care of the Boer representatives when they visited Washington. Mr. Chanler is a great-nephew of Julia Ward Howe, the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and is very much attached to that noble woman, who has been such an inspiration to so many young men. Quiet, unassuming, and a modest worker, he adds luster to the family name of Astor. He is going to make his mark as a statesman.

* * *

The extended trips made by President McKinley since his inauguration, four years ago, have covered more territory than that of any previous chief executive. This has followed out

HON. W. A. MAC CORKLE, EX-GOVERNOR OF WEST VIRGINIA

an original intention of General Washington that the president should visit every section of the nation at least every four years. These trips seem to carry out the purposes of the republic in having the administrative power of the government in close touch with the people. The various tours of the President, arranged by Secretary Cortelyou, have been carried on with the utmost precision and business-like system. On many of these tours of some three thousand miles, the itinerary has been so precisely arranged that the arrival at any one point did not vary from the schedule, and the return arrival occurred within twenty minutes of the time first planned. The President's visits have done much to obliterate sectional misunderstandings, and while it may not affect political opinion to any appreciable extent, it gives the people a better feeling of fellowship for the President of the United States, no matter what his party policy may be.

MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON

* * *

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY AND HIS BROTHER ABNER ENJOYING A GOOD JOKE

Washington, with its twenty-two parks laid out in triangular, circular and square plots as a repository for bulbs and seeds, is now blossoming in radiant June colors. Majestic statues of the heroes of the nation stand in the midst of trees and flowers. The stranger finding a rustic seat in the cool shadows of great old trees, is able to forget the world and its troubles. Washington never looked more beautiful than at present. But the quiet and beauty of the city is left to the enjoyment of the "lesser population." For the social feature of life at the capital is over, and the gay seek other quarters, where daily rounds form a continuation of the season closed.

The festivities were revived late in the season by the presence of Governor and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, whose visit at the time was given a particular significance in politics. But it was after all just what the governor said, a social matter purely, a promised visit to relatives, Commander and Mrs. Cowles. The dinner given in their honor by the President and Mrs. McKinley brought together a notable assemblage of guests. The music, the floral decorations and the gowns were unusually beautiful.

* * *

Judges of the Supreme court, cabinet officials and diplomats forget for a time all heavier responsibilities engrossing their lives, for a few hours daily, playing golf. For three miles around the spacious club house at Chevy Chase, stretch the links of the most aristocratic golf club in this country. Force, brilliancy and romance are added to the sport by the presence of the belles and beauties of the capital, who participate in the game. Many a romance is begun and fostered during the out-of-door, healthful recreation. Golf has done much in consigning to the past the role of

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT QUINCY, ILL.

langour. Activity, energy, and an interest in the affairs of the country mark the progress of American womanhood, and Washington is a powerful stimulus along this line.

* * *

Among the most enthusiastic of the golf players is Justice Harlan. He declares there is no better way of learning a man's disposition than to engage him in a game of golf. "Before he has played a week," declares that jovial jurist, "I know him thoroughly." It is amusingly stated that Justice Harlan often pits himself against the attorney-general, but the significance affords only an amusing pleasantry. In flowing silks and brocades of splendor, the Chinese minister, Wu Ting Fang, is one of the most enthusiastic of players. And the *debonnaire* figure of

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY SHAKING HANDS FROM A CAR PLATFORM

Ali Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish minister, frequently leads the field home. Ambassador Jules Cambon, prince of good fellows in his set, is a constant attendant. With graceful care he follows the ball over the long stretch making up the three mile circuit. General and Mrs. Miles enter into it with real zest, and Mrs. Miles can score fewer strokes than the general. Secretary Root and General Corbin, who have become fast friends, find relief

in golf, after a day replete with trying details of work and duties, as exacting as any ever imposed on an official. But among them all there is no more enthusiastic golfer than Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven. Mrs. De Koven, who has written a book on the subject, and who has attended

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY REVIEWING PARADE AT MINNEAPOLIS

many tournaments, declares that some of the most remarkable scores have been made by the club. Mr. De Koven has the distinction of having laid the first golf links west of the Mississippi river.

* * * *

Among the younger feminine contingent are many skilful players. Miss Merriam, daughter of the census director, and Miss Wetmore, daughter of the millionaire Rhode Island senator, are rivals for the championship this season. Miss Merriam handles the stick in a thoroughly scientific fashion. It was under her directon that Senator Depew made his appearance on the links. The play for the honors in the tournament are always exciting, and form the most interesting event of the golf season.

* * *

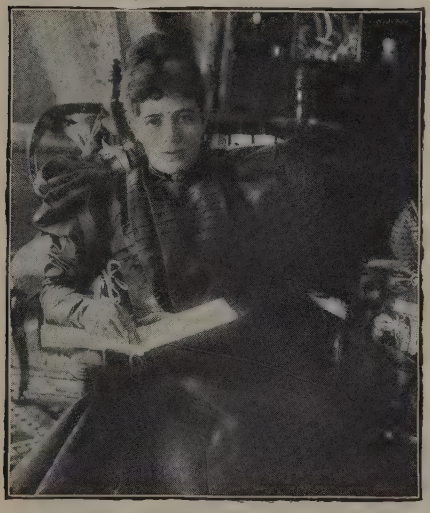
Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, one of the American commissioners to the Paris Exposition, and Mrs. Walsh have become permanent acquisitions to

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY. GOV. JOS. E. JOHNSTON AND BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AT TUSKEGEE

Washington society. They are from Colorado, and the Walsh fortune comprises so many millions that no one has any knowledge of its real extent. They are the latest recruits in that corps of wealthy people who have been quick to see the value of Washington as a winter residence. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh enrolled themselves not only with the social but the philanthropic side of Washington life. Frequently, clad in rugged suit, Mr. Walsh attracts attention by his enthusiastic enjoyment of even the least formal of pleasures. He shows a pleasing indifference to his acquired fortune and the new status, and would make a model copy for men of millions in many cities. Unlike Mr. Walsh, his wife is rather reserved and dignified. But those closely associated with her discover a warmth of feeling which keeps aglow the friendships formed but a few years past, before fortune's smiles passed their way. She is Paris-gowned, from the high-heeled boots to the latest creation in milli-

nery, and in it all is an artistic effect. Mrs. Walsh is a brunette. Her dark

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL GRANT



Clinedinst, Photographer

eyes and darker hair are considered in the color tone of her costume. The social functions given by the interesting host and hostess were among the most lavish of the season.

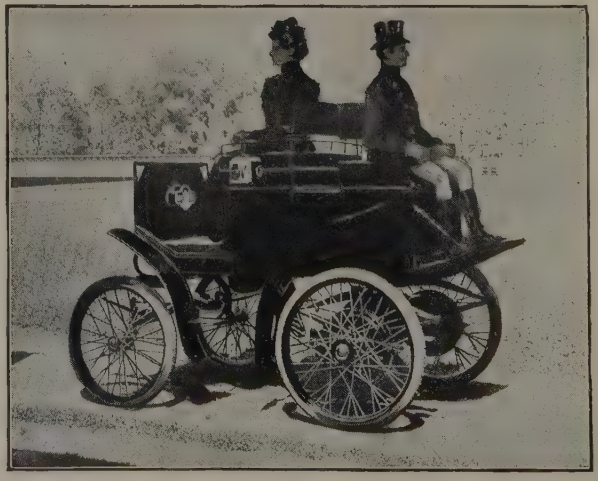
* * *

The Nicaraguan Canal Bill is past the gateways of the House, with a score of 225 to 35, and has been favorably reported to the Senate. All attempts to retain the language of the original bill for the "fortification" of the canal and to still further strengthen the wording along this line were balked. Bestowing outright an immediate ten millions of dollars for the work, it imposes a maximum limit of $140,000,000. It authorizes the president to acquire from Costa Rica and Nicaragua control of sufficient territory on which to "excavate, construct and protect" a canal of sufficient depth and capacity, from a point near Greytown via Lake Nicaragua and Breto to the Pacific Ocean. It was the climax of a notable debate, and the result of fifty years of agitation for an inter-oceanic canal. There was a powerful opposition, led by Mr. Cannon, chairman of the House committee on appropriations; Mr. Hitt, chairman of the foreign affairs committee; Mr. Burton, of Ohio, and Mr. Shackleford, of Missouri. The opposition was based on the arguments that no canal bill should be passed until the Senate acts on the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; that the report of the Walker canal commission should be awaited, and that canal legislation should be delayed until the next session. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, championed the measure in the House.

* * *

There has never been a time when so keen an interest is taken in national and political affairs by boys and young men. The attendance at both of the great political conventions will be augmented by thousands of boys and young men sent by newspapers, schools and parents to attend for the purpose of having them informed of the move-

MISS HELEN GOULD IN HER AUTOMOBILE



ments of national life and keeping in touch with the great questions of the hour. The awakened interest of young men in the responsibilities of citizenship augurs well for the future. When they are keen to prepare for the responsibilities which they will soon be called upon to assume there is no danger of that dry, enervating indifference which is so fatal to good citizenship. The Republican convention at Philadelphia in June, and the Democatic convention at Kansas City in July, are two important facts in national history, and although neither convention is recognized as an official function of government, they are, after all, the occasions and great events which absolutely determine public policy for four years to come.

* * *

In this connection there is also interest in recalling the fact that the Republican party was first organized in Bloomington, Ill., and with Mr. Frank Price as chairman of the central committee of the "Anti-Nebraska" party. The present campaign still finds the party "Anti-Nebraskan" as far as the personality of the Democratic candidate is concerned, but the issues have changed. Mr. Price is still in active business in Chicago, with the C. & N. W. railroad, and relates many interesting incidents of the organization of the Republican party.

* * *

A new bugbear has arisen in our insular affairs. All officialdom and the people as well have awakened to the discovery of vast frauds in the Cuban postal service that bid fair to make the American regime for the time the laughing stock of the Cubans, who were to glean little drops of wisdom from the American business methods kindly operated by Uncle Sam as an object lesson. The Washington administration was quick to act, and a corps of the most expert post office sharps in the country were quickly sent thither; and, most important of all, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General John L. Bristow has been directed by the President to proceed to Cuba,

MRS. H. C. HANSBROUGH, WIFE OF SENATOR HANSBROUGH OF NORTH DAKOTA

take charge of the service and bring order out of chaos. Mr. Bristow's ex-

SECRETARY OF INTERIOR HITCHCOCK, WIFE AND DAUGHTERS

ecutive ability has been demonstrated by his administration of his own office, on which there are more political de-

MISS POTTER, AND MISS WETMORE, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND

mands than any other in the government, and his successful work presages the development of a postal system on the island, that instead of making Cubans smile in derision as at present, will amaze them.

* * *

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, scholarly, influential and one of the best informed member of the foreign relations committee, has delivered a speech whose note of warning not to tread upon the Monroe Doctrine has reverberated throughout the whole

MRS. SECRETARY HAY AND DAUGHTERS

world. Mr. Lodge's close touch with the administration invests the speech with greater international significance than any other at this season, and its ring has echoed back from Kaiser Wilhelm's court and the capitals of others of the great powers. He made it clear without mentioning names that Germany was threatening to encroach upon the western hemispere by reaching out for the Danish Islands and for a foothold in Brazil.

It was during the debate on the naval appropriation bill, and Mr. Lodge emphasized the needs of a more powerful fleet than we possess to meet the dangers from German encroachment. The speech created a profound impression, not only here, but in the inner circles of foreign governments, and it will not soon be forgotten.

* * *

Mr. Tillman of South Carolina, whose wealth of wordy romance finds freest vent in attacks on the administration, discovered a supposed naval secret the other day and straightway convoked two executive sessions to deliberate over it safe from the prying eyes of other nations. Then it was discovered that the "secret" which the men who make or mar the navy had discussed with so much secrecy had been known to the naval authorities long before. At the first the secret appeared to threaten the revolution of the whole field of naval warefare. It was a six inch soft-nosed shell, whose rounded tip of steel, softer than the rest of the projectile, flattens against the face of armor plate, forming a lubricant or puddle into which the shell then finds comparatively easy access. It had recently pierced a nine-inch Krupp plate at a short firing range in a test at the Indian Head

J. F. DE ASSIS-BRASIL, ENVOY FROM BRAZIL, AND HIS FAMILY

government proving grounds, and its tremendous penetrability appeared to

SENATOR DEPEW STILL ENJOYS A JOKE

some of the senators as new and demanding solemn deliberation in the first executive session the Senate has held to consider an appropriation bill for many years. The disclosure to the general public was given a sensational significance, but Senator Hale and other senators pointed out in subsequent debate that the soft-nosed shell and the penetration of either Krupp or Harveyized armor was by no means a new thing.

* * *

The naval bill always threads its passage throngh Congress with greater difficulty than most of the appropriation measures. and the vigorous fight of Senator Tillman of South Carolina and Chandler of New Hampshire to curb the armor plate monoply were the worst derelicts in the channel it had to navigate at this session. Mr. Hale, who had the bill in charge in the Senate, strenuously fought the threatened superstructure of a string of amendments, while Mr. Tillman, of pitchfork fame, whom Mr. Hale characterizes as "full of suspicion of everybody," led the attack. Mr. Tillman wanted the maximum amount to be paid for armor reduced from $445 to $300 per ton, and in lieu of getting that price the erection of a government armor plant, as the only saving grace in the whole controversy. He contended that the "corporation multimillionaires were sucking the sweet milk of taxes from the government cow while the people are told it is paternalism."

* * *

It is a curious commentary on the

SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA

ethics of our vaunted nineteenth century civilization that a rich man is

MISS HANNA DAUGHTER OF SENATOR HANNA

popularly supposed to possess none other than "purchased friendship" or marketable virtue. I was forcibly reminded of this prejudice while in Washington during the past month, by meeting Senator Clark of Montana. It was a rainy day, and we enjoyed a

MRS. PERRY S. HEATH, WIFE OF THE FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL

quiet chat in the corridor of the Senate. It was some days prior to his resignation, and he appeared to be worried over the turn affairs had taken.

When meeting a man face to face and talking with him we find that general public impressions are not always to be relied upon. While not going into the merits of his case, I am free to confess an impression that Senator Clark is a persecuted man. Public prejudice is so entirely unreasonable that it is perilous to assert a friendship or admiration for a wealthy man, inevitably exciting suspicion of motives. Despite this, I have no hesitancy in saying that Mr. Clark is a man of many fine qualities. Keen, sensitive and appreciative of the best things in life, possessing a cultivated literary taste, a devoted parent—and

MISS N. C. COOPER, DAUGHTER OF REPRESENTATIVE COOPER OF TEXAS

the self appointed sensation seeking journalistic conservators of public morals hounding him at every step. The offense of which he stands charged is at most one of degree. Who ever heard of a senatorial candidate who did not establish a headquarters where wines and cigars were promptly disposed of, or giving a dinner to those whose votes were to be cultivated? What is the most vital point of variance between bribing a constituency with thousands, or with the things that thousands will provide? Political bribery is not to be condoned, but does not justify persecution.

The distinguishing feature of the Twelfth Census is the extended and aggressive preparations, familiarizing the people in advance with the scope of the schedules and the character of the information they must furnish to the enumerator—as well as to so frame and arrange the numerous inquiries that the resulting data can be scientifically interpreted.

At the outset Director Merriam assumed that it is not so much expert tabulations and percentages as full and reliable information that makes the census valuable.

Therefore, the main problem was how to gather the facts—all of them. First, they could not come from selected classes—the educated and the methodical—but must be extracted from all; the ignorant, the careless and the recalcitrant as well as the intelligent and the willing.

Second, as the schedules could not be delivered until about the time enumerators were to take the field, the people could not know what facts they would be required to furnish until the last moment—too late to make preparations for giving them fully and accurately.

Therefore, a strong plan of missionary work was adopted, to be carried on through the twenty-one thousand newspapers in the United States.

Short, newsy articles containing real information were sent almost daily to the 900 great newspapers in the larger cities which are supplied by the regular press associations.

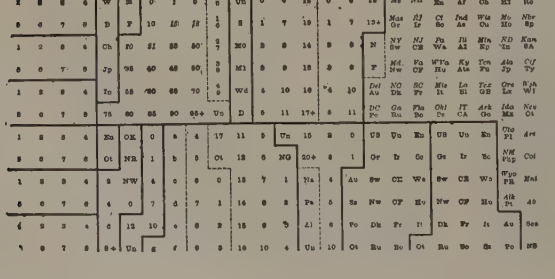
Articles entirely different in style were furnished weekly to the ninety-five newspapers edited by and circulated among negroes; and still other forms were translated into the various foreign languages for the 1,300 newspapers published in the United States in thirty-two different tongues.

* * *

This comprehensive propaganda, receiving a circulation estimated at from 600,000,000 to 650,000,000 copies per month, resulted in giving the people a more thorough idea of the real character of the census than anything ever attempted in the past.

In addition to this enormous advertising, which was given freely by the newspapers for six months, every other valuable channel that would reach the people was employed. Letters were sent to all the colored pastors in the south whose addresses could be secured; circulars were mailed to nearly 7,000 pastors of churches whose congregations were not free users of the English language; hundreds of thousands of circulars were distributed through the Granges and other farmers' clubs; special articles were printed in nearly all of the beautiful catalogues issued by seedmen and florists; elaborate articles were inserted in the bulletins and other publications issued by the several states; hundreds of thousands of circulars were distributed by the lecturers and conductors of state farmers' institutes; college professors and tutors were furnished with data as a basis for enlightening their students upon what they might expect the census to be, and various special organiza-

THE CENSUS PUNCH CARD FOR AUTOMATIC COUNTER

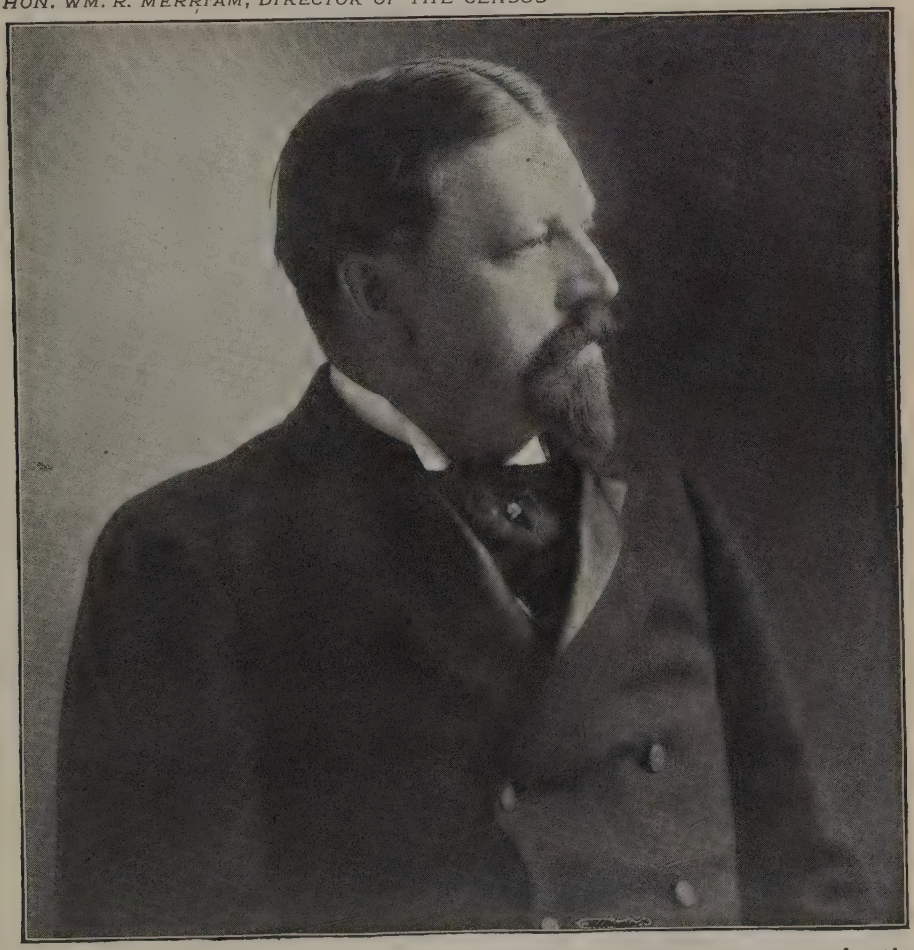


tions—such as cranberry growers, fruit growers, cattle men, etc., were supplied with whatever information they desired for the enlightment of the special classes affiliating with them and as bases for their resolutions indorsing the census and calling on their people to aid in making it a success.

ted to become entirely familiar with the workings of the census, and to know in advance the part they must play to make the grand count complete and reliable.

The census is an indispensable adjunct of a republican form of government. The Constitution requires it

HON. WM. R. MERRIAM, DIRECTOR OF THE CENSUS



In the meantime, of course, the magazines and publications devoted to manufactures and industries were furnished with special matter so that, from one end of the country to the other—from pulpit, rostrum, clubroom, schoolhouse, college and newspaper—the people have been permit-

to be taken every ten years for the purpose of providing an equitable basis for apportioning representatives among the several states.

The XIVth Amendment, adopted (1868) after the extinction of slavery, changed the basis of apportionment by providing for "counting the whole

number of *p rsons* in each state, excluding Indians not taxed."

Thus Chinese, fugitives, insane, imbeciles, wards, prisoners and other "persons" whom the law declares cannot be participants therein, are counted to form the basis of representation.

As foreigners found in the United States in June, 1900, simply as visitors are not counted, and as American soldiers in the Philippines and West Indies, government employes performing their duties abroad, and American visitors to the Paris Exposition (if reported by their friends at home) are duly counted, the census officials evidently believe that the term "persons" properly means "legal," and not "natural" individuals. In other words, all who legally belong here, no matter where they may be temporarily, but none who do not legally belong here, no matter how numerous they may be at the time the census is taken, are counted.

Otherwise, soldiers, sailors and other public servants on duty outside of the United States, and citizens traveling abroad, could not, while strangers ("persons") visiting within our borders would have to be enumerated. Otherwise, also, an United States army of 200,000 "persons" stationed in Delaware to guard the coast, would be counted there, thus doubling the representation of that state and reducing the representation of other states.

WM. A. KING, IN CHARGE OF VITAL STATISTICS

* * *

The earlier censuses were taken by marshals and deputy marshals of the United States, each of whom had to post a public notice of what he was required to do, or draw no pay for his work. The count was reported to

LE GRAND POWERS, IN CHARGE OF AGRICULTURE

and the tabulations were promulgated by the secretary of state.

Now, over 50,000 enumerators, amply supplied with blanks, maps, instructions and interpreters, and specially trained for their work by having been required to fill out dummy or test schedules previous to appointment, begin and end their work simul-

taneously from Eastport to Mendocino, from Pembina to Key West, each reporting progress at the close of every day's work, on blanks specially prepared for that purpose.

All returns must be forwarded by July 1, and the report of the remotest enumerator will probably reach the census office by July 10. After that they must be edited and perhaps some

WALTER F. WILLCOX, IN CHARGE OF METHODS AND RESULTS

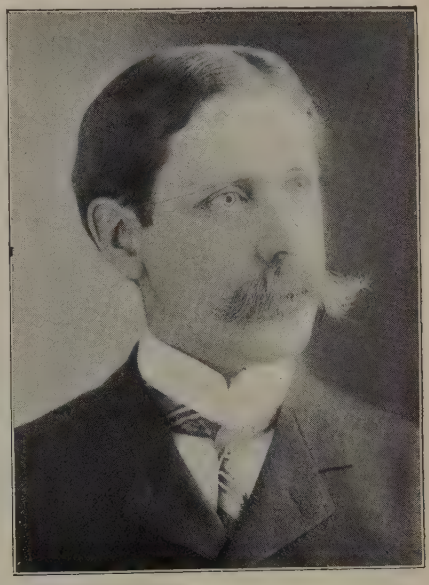
of them returned for correction; or corrections may be made by telegraph.

Congress will meet on Monday, December 3, following, and Wm. C. Hunt, chief statistician of the Division of Population, has planned to have the tabulation of inhabitants by minor civil divisions ready on that date for its use in reapportioning representatives among the several states.

To accomplish this without employing an army of clerks and expending a mint of money, he has contracted for 1,050 electric punching and 50 large electric tabulating machines.

That males and females, aliens and citizens, adults and children, Germans and Scandinavians, whites and blacks,

WM. C. HUNT, IN CHARGE OF POPULATION



etc., can be transferred from the schedules and counted and tabulated under numerous classifications by electrical machinery, is a standing mystery with the public.

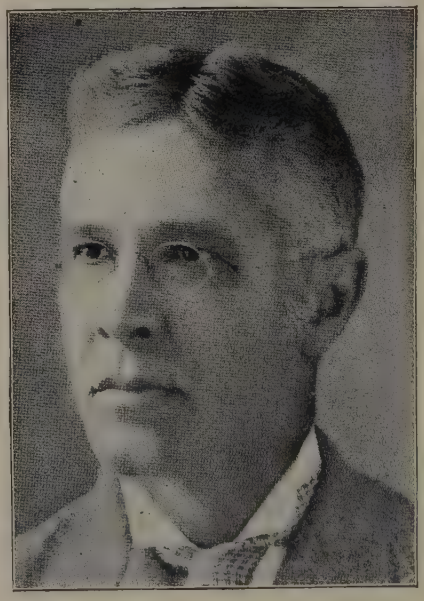
The process, however, is really simple: The faces of stiff cards are subdivided into areas. In each subdivision, letters and figures representing sex, nativity, conjugal relation, color, race, age, citizenship, birthplace, number of children, etc., are printed.

The operator, who has previously been trained by punching test cards from schedules made up as nearly as possible like the actual returns, sets a card in the machine, and punches out M for male, F for female, N for naturalized, A for alien, Sw for Sweden, Un for Unknown, Jp for Japanese, and so on until the entire description of the person has been transferred from the schedule to the card.

There is a separate card for each home-owner, each dairyman, each car-

penter, each banker, etc.—in fact, for every individual in the United States—showing whether he is white or black, native or foreign-born, citizen or alien, and everything else which the census requires. When all the attributes that are to be interpreted in the census tables have been punched into the respective cards, the more bulky schedules, with their blots, erasures and obscure directions, are filed away in the archives, and the work of tabulation proceeds from the cards alone, by machinery.

S. N. D. NORTH, IN CHARGE OF MANUFACTURES



The operation of the tabulating machine is entirely automatic. As the perforated cards pass through it, each perforation causes a unit to be added to the total number of units on the register, just as the perforation in the disk of a music box is made to give out a note of music. Thus, when 999 cards representing home-owning negroes have passed through, the register will read 999 in plain figures. If a card punched for a renter happens to be among the cards representing home-owners, the machine will eject it, and a card punched for a Chinaman or a white man will be ejected when negroes are being counted, and so on.

There is no possibility for the machine to err; therefore accuracy in two clerical processes only is required to secure perfect reliability—those of reading the schedules and punching the information so read upon the cards.

As the schedules are carefully edited prior to being turned over to the punchers, and all subsequent processes are subjected to a severe system of continuous checking and counter-checking, the possibility of error is reduced to a minimum.

* * *

Although the Constitution demands no count except that of "persons," the requirements of civilization have gone on enlarging until now the census is not permitted to comprehend anything less than an enumeration of all the items of wealth and industry of the nation, of which there are approximately 100,000—3,000 varieties of fruit and over 900 edibles called vegetables, for illustration.

This renders necessary, besides the executive and critical Division of Methods and Results (Dr. W. F. Willcox, Chief) the Division of Manufactures (S. N. D. North, Chief); Agriculture (Rev. LeGrand Powers, Chief) and Vital Statistics, (Wm. A. King, Chief.)

All results must be ready for the public not later than July 1, 1902—a task which, a generation ago, would have required a force of 10,000 and perhaps 15,000 clerks.

The world knows no census so comprehensive as that taken by the United States, and the pending enumeration will be the most perfect, and laid before the people within the shortest period in our history. There is always an advantage in knowing precisely our strength or weakness.

The Winning Colors

By Elizabeth Meserole Rhodes

"ON the contrary," said Miss Marjorie calmly, "I shan't wear any colors—at least till after the race."

It was the morning of the great 'Varsity race at Poughkeepsie, and they were all lounging on the veranda after breakfast. Miss Marjorie was lying back in a steamer-chair, and she looked at the Yale man as she thus replied to Mrs. Mandeville's remark, "I suppose you will wear the Cornell colors, Marjorie, in honor of Jack."

"Marjorie, that's dirt mean!" cried her Freshman cousin Jack. "Our boys are the hottest stuff on the water, and it's rank disloyalty to wear the blue."

"I haven't promised yet to wear the blue," said Marjorie, with another glance at the Yale man. "It may be carnelian. Or it may be crimson. I shall wear the winning colors."

"Permit me to present you." The Yale man made an elaborate and exaggerated bow as he held out his knot of blue ribbons. But Miss Marjorie shook her head. "After the race," she said. "I wouldn't for worlds wear losing colors."

"You fellows are pretty maddening with your insufferable superiority about Cornell," said Jack. "We're winners, I tell you. The Old Man's back of the boys."

"Why so silent, Mr. Mackenzie?" said Mrs. Mandeville. "Why aren't you pressing the claims of the crimson?"

The third man of the party looked reflectively at his hat-band. "The crimson's all right," he said loyally. But Marjorie knew why he was silent. His appeal had been made the evening before as they stood together in the shade of the vines. Their party had just returned from the Glee Club concert, and echoes of "Marjorie, Sweet Marjorie" had been ringing in the Harvard man's ears as he turned toward the girl and said: "Marjorie, won't you accept the colors with all they mean? Won't you wear the crimson of old Harvard with me, and for me, forever, little one?"

He knew that she understood him, but she only laughed merrily and said:

"I shall wear the winning colors, Phil. If Harvard wins then I'm for the crimson; if Yale wins, why then—" And before he could take her hands in his and force her to look into his eyes and read his message there, the Cornell Freshman had come out on the veranda to tell them the latest joke at the Quarters. Phil went to his room that night with mingled adoration for this winsome, independent bit of womanhood, and vexation that she

should refuse to see how he loved her, and fear lest she should choose to wear on her breast as the emblem of the man she loved, not the crimson of dear old Harvard, but the blue of Yale.

When the party assembled in the hall after an early luncheon, they displayed a motley collection of badges. Each of the men wore the hat-band of his university and the ribbons in his buttonholes. Mrs. Mandeville had a knot of Yale blue, her husband's colors. But Marjorie, when she tripped down the broad stairs, was the very impersonation of non-partisanship. From head to foot she was in white—white sailor hat, white duck gown, white Suede gloves and canvas shoes. Only in the blue of her eyes and the red and white of lips and cheeks could one find the faintest touch of the rival colors.

The ferry house was crowded when they arrived, and while the boat was drawing in, groups of collegians made the air ring with yells and songs. Across the river waited the observation train, a long yellow line in the sunlight.

"There! I didn't bring my sunshade," cried Miss Marjorie. "And the train will be quite unsheltered. I can't possibly go without it."

"O Marjorie!" muttered Jack, upon whom, as a Freshman, fell the burden of running errands. "There isn't time. The train won't wait forever." The Yale man said nothing, but he moved a step nearer the ferry-boat.

"It's so far to the house," protested Mrs. Mandeville. "Can't you do without it, Marjorie?"

"I can, of course," said Marjorie with dignity, "if no one will get it for me."

"Mr. Mackenzie, you're not going?"

"Of course I am, Mrs. Mandeville," said Phil cheerfully. "Don't wait for me. I'll meet you on the train."

Majorie reproached herself as she watched him board the trolley car. After all, the parsol was not important. She was a spoiled child in spite of her dignity, and dearly loved the homage of her old friend, Phil Mackenzie. But she realized that she had been very selfish and her penitence increased when the Yale man insisted that they should cross the river and wait for Phil on the observation train. "It's beastly hot here," he said, "and besides the train might move up to the start without us."

The scene on the Highlands side of the river was characteristic. There stood the long train of bare-boarded, numbered cars, rude, temporary structures, like the "bleachers" of an athletic field. The tracks were crowded with groups of collegians and rooters and pretty girls, in blue and carnelian and crimson. The shore below the track was lined with waiting groups of spectators—townspeople, ticket speculators, college fellows who were "strapped," but preferred to see this all-important race from the river-bank rather than not at all, and any number of small boys, each wearing some rag of red and white; for Poughkeepsie is loyally devoted to Cornell. Up and down the track swarmed pedlers of peanuts and chewing-gum and cigarettes and lemonade, and venders of college colors in all sorts of devices—buttons, badges, ribbons, oars and pennants.

Mrs. Mandeville pulled herself laboriously up the ladder of a Yale car, with the assistance of the Yale man from above and of Jack from below. Marjorie scrambled after her, with a consciousness of elbows and knees. Then they chose their seats and watched the ferry-boat as it pulled out of the dock.

"How long before the race?" asked Marjorie, outwardly cool, but inwardly in a fever of impatience lest Phil should lose the train.

"Twenty minutes, if they make the

start on time." The Yale man snapped the case of his watch and looked doubtfully at the river.

"Do you suppose Mr. Mackenzie will catch the train?" queried Mrs. Mandeville anxiously.

"Not a doubt of it," said the Yale man. "The ferry-boat is timed to catch it of course, and Mackenzie will catch the next boat. I haven't a doubt he's there at the ferry house now."

So he was, but alas for Poughkeepsie time-tables, and alas for them that put their trust in them! Twenty minutes later the ferry-boat, loaded with passengers, was still waiting on the Poughkeepsie side of the river, and the observation train was slowly puffing up to the starting point, three miles above the bridge!

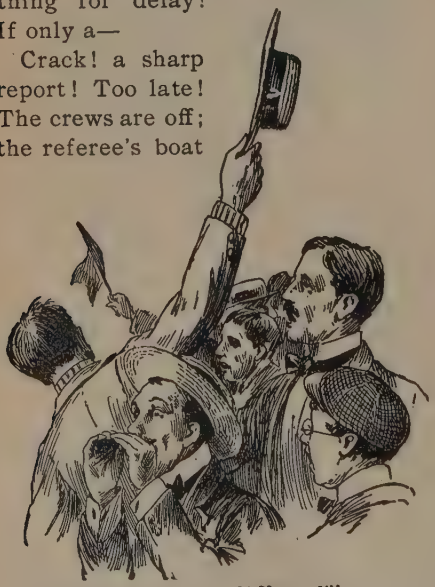
"The crimson has lost the race, but—it's won me"

"Can't you *stop* it?" cried Marjorie desperately. "They *must* wait!" And in her vexation and self-reproach she was inwardly indignant with the Yale man when he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Mackenzie must be pretty mad to see us start. It's tough luck."

Mackenzie *was* mad. He was so angry that he was perfectly silent. A middle-aged man with a worn blue button was threatening to sue the company. A young fellow near him was using up a powerful vocabulary in his efforts to state with sufficient force that he had paid fifteen dollars for his seat on that observation train. Mackenzie had an insane desire to pitch the fellow overboard. A man who could consider a money loss at such a crisis deserved severe treatment. The cabins and decks of the ill-fated ferry-boat were crowded, and still the boat waited. When it finally left the dock, its decks were near the level of the water. It made but slow progress across the river. By the time it reached the other side, the observation train was out of sight.

What Mackenzie said then, it would not be fitting to repeat. His disappointment and anger found vent at last, and he cursed Poughkeepsie and its ferries with all the vigor of college youth, as he sprinted along the track in the forlorn hope that the start might be delayed and that he might yet gain the observation train. Past the cottages, past the cliffs, on and on along the dazzling sandy track he sped, in spite of the sun above and the blinding glitter of the river, in spite of the streams of perspiration trickling down his neck. On and on with ever-increasing speed, straining his eyes toward the distant point where the referee's boat and the 'Varsity launches lay, and where, as he well knew, the three shells waited, mere black specks, even at closer range. There around the curve stretched that accursed snake of an observation train. If only the start could be delayed! If a breeze would spring up, or one of the boys give out, or the referee boat spring a leak! Anything, anything for delay! If only a—

Crack! a sharp report! Too late! The crews are off; the referee's boat is steaming ahead; the observation train gives two premonitory jerks and glides down the track. The great 'Varsity race is on.



"Cornell I yell!" "Rah, rah! Harvard!" "Brek-a-kek-kek!"

Under a glaring July sky, a broad blue ribbon of waves. Three black lines on the ribbon,—those are the 'Varsity shells. Look! The farthest one is a mere needle, the men are black automatic figures, bending with rhythmic stroke. You try to speak, you try to say how splendidly the men in the nearest shell are pulling, how their bare brown limbs are ridged with ropes of muscle; but the noise around you is too great. You find yourself giving down a college yell with the rest of the howling, shrieking mob. "Cornell I yell!" "Rah, rah! Harvard!" "Brek-a-kek-kek!" The din is deafening. Now you hardly know whether you are yelling with the rest, or whether you are watching, breathless, as one black line gains, by oh, so little, but still gains, gains on the others. "It's Yale!" No, Cornell!" "Cornell I yell, yell, yell Cornell!" "Now, boys, all together, the long yell: Cor-nell! Cor-nell!" "No, it's Harvard!" "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Harvard!" "Harvard!" "Harvard!"—Ah, this is only the start—only the first five minutes! By the end of ten, Harvard will be lagging behind. By the end of another five, Yale and Cornell will be fighting like grim death, the sturdy little Cornell coxswain shouting, "Remember, boys, *we're not in the same class with Yale!*"

It is only the lucky holders of tickets for the observation train who see the race from start to finish. Remember that the course is four miles, and the river-banks curving; realize that one must be in direct line with the shells to gain a true estimate of their relative position; and you may appreciate in part how much of the race

was visible to Mackenzie, as he stood and sweltered on the railroad track. Three black spots bearing down upon him, three black spots opposite him, three black spots moving swiftly away from him—after them, the referee boat. Then the three trim little launches. That was all that Mackenzie saw of the great race of Ninety-seven.

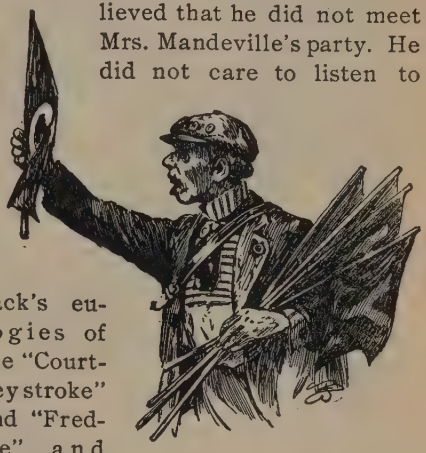
The observation train curved past him, a fluttering mass of carnelian, and crimson and blue. Harvard pennants jostled Yale flags. The Cornell Alma Mater of one car floated on the breeze for a second or two and was drowned in the "Brek-a-kek-kek!" of the next. Waving colors and conflicting songs and yells whirled past and vanished around the curve. Mackenzie let out one yell for Harvard, and started down the track after them.

Crack! the winner has crossed the line! One flag is down. Which? Impossible to tell at long range. The roar of some college yell at the finish is audible but indistinguishable. It is drowned in the screaming of steam-whistles from both sides of the river.

"Here's yer winnin' colors!" No mistaking the voices of the fakirs. How do they learn the news so quickly, these small boys with their oars and pennants? They never make a mistake. None but the winning colors are ever offered for sale after a race. Who would buy losing colors? Such is not the way of the world.

"Here's yer Cornell colors! Winnin' colors!" If it might only have been "Harvard colors! Winnin' colors!" No crimson on Marjorie's gown tonight! No celebrating at the Harvard quarters! A long patient year of training and coaching, of strict living and hard work and sacrifice. A whole year! then twenty minutes of pluck and nerve and strain and a year's work has gone for naught!

Mackenzie joined the crowd at the ferry, some yelling wildly, others silent and disappointed. He was relieved that he did not meet Mrs. Mandeville's party. He did not care to listen to Jack's eulogies of the "Courtney stroke" and "Freddie" and "Briggs." Jack met him at the street corner. "Didn't I tell you Cornell was hot stuff? Courtney said—" Mackenzie listened wearily to his prattle.



"Here's yer Cornell colors! Winnin' colors"

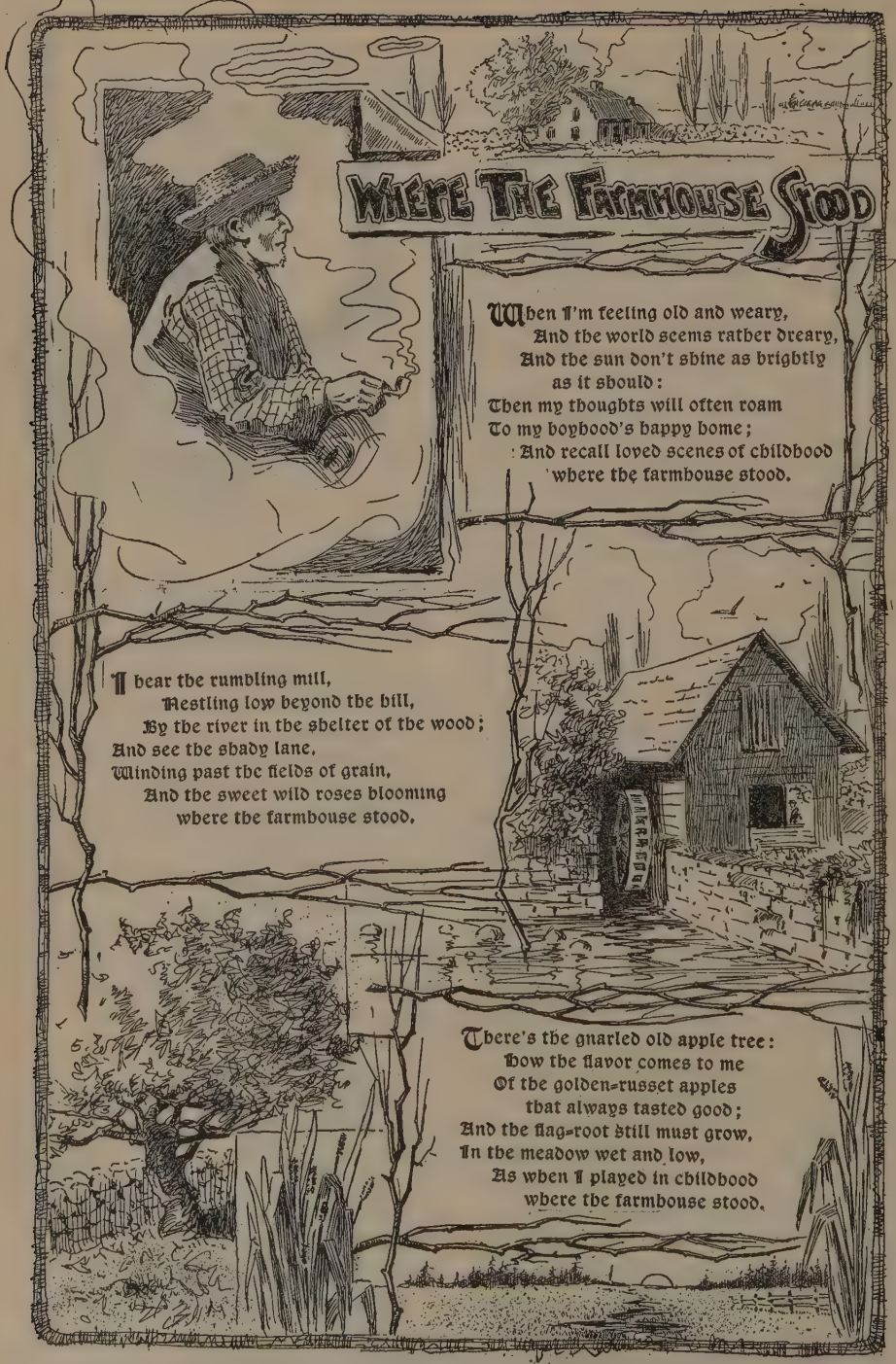
On the veranda sat the Yale man. "Pretty tough on Harvard!" he said commiseratingly. "Better try American coaching next year." Mackenzie said something in reply—he hardly knew what—and went in.

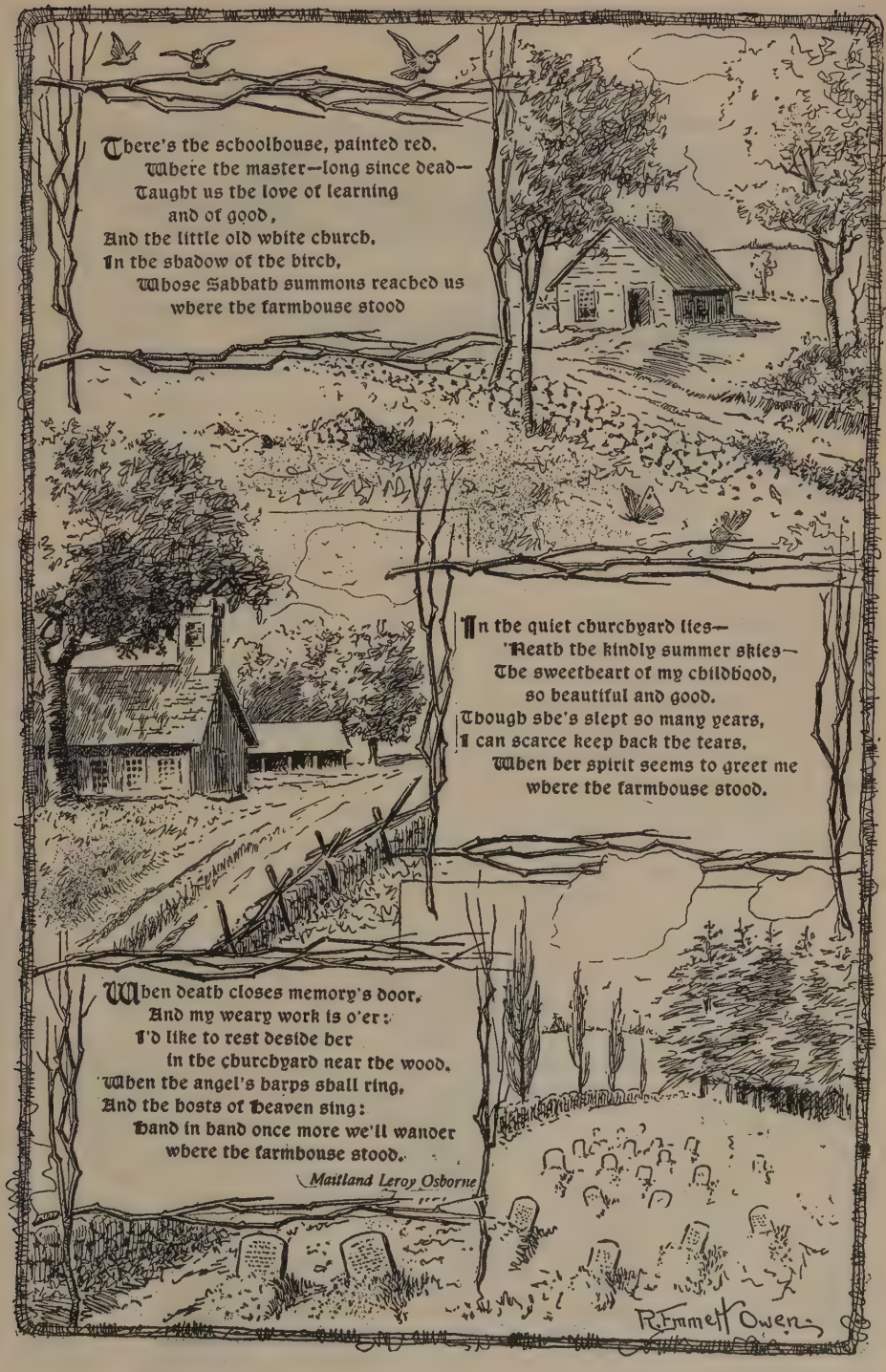
Marjorie was just coming down stairs, cool and sweet in her white gown, a knot of red ribbons on her shoulder. She came toward him.

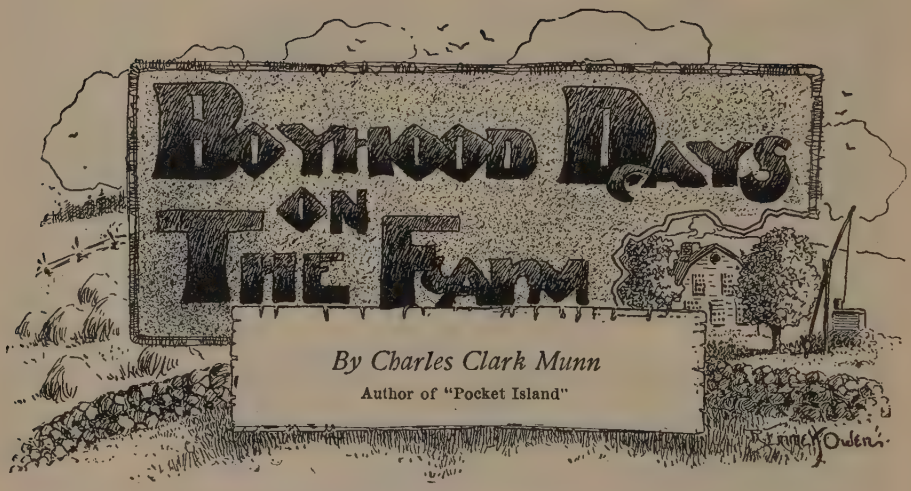
"Congratulations!" she said, and held out both hands.

He took her hands and held them firmly. "Guy me, *do*," he said. "I only wonder you don't ask me to wear the colors, too." And then he looked at the shoulder-knot and laughed. "You've made a mistake," he said. "You're wearing crimson."

"Because they're the winning colors," she said promptly. "Stupid, the race isn't the only thing. The crimson has lost the race, but—it's won me."


WHERE THE FARMHOUSE STOOD
When I'm feeling old and weary,
And the world seems rather dreary,
And the sun don't shine as brightly
as it should:
Then my thoughts will often roam
To my boyhood's happy home;
And recall loved scenes of childhood
where the farmhouse stood.
I hear the rumbling mill,
Nestling low beyond the hill,
By the river in the shelter of the wood;
And see the shady lane,
Winding past the fields of grain,
And the sweet wild roses blooming
where the farmhouse stood.
There's the gnarled old apple tree:
How the flavor comes to me
Of the golden-russet apples
that always tasted good;
And the flag-root still must grow,
In the meadow wet and low,
As when I played in childhood
where the farmhouse stood.


There's the schoolhouse, painted red,
Where the master—long since dead—
Taught us the love of learning
and of good,
And the little old white church,
In the shadow of the birch,
Whose Sabbath summons reached us
where the farmhouse stood
In the quiet churchyard lies—
'Neath the kindly summer skies—
The sweetheart of my childhood,
so beautiful and good.
Though she's slept so many years,
I can scarce keep back the tears,
When her spirit seems to greet me
where the farmhouse stood.
When death closes memory's door,
And my weary work is o'er:
I'd like to rest beside her
in the churchyard near the wood,
When the angel's harps shall ring,
And the hosts of Heaven sing:
Hand in hand once more we'll wander
where the farmhouse stood.
Maitland Leroy Osborne
R. Emmett Owen



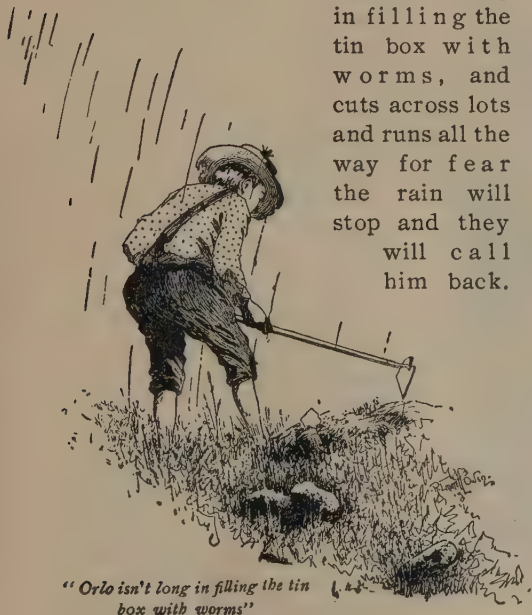
PART II—FISHING AND TRAPPING

TO Orlo, fishing was the one reliable sport. He never tired of it. He never had the chance. He fished a good deal, it is true, but to him it seemed very little. On Sunday it was forbidden, and only on rainy week days could he ever hope to go; and not then very often. The farmer is the slave of his land, and the boy is a slave to both. When spring came, and Orlo knew the trout in Ragged Brook were just eager to bite, there was plowing to do, and then planting and hoeing. When it rained too hard to hoe, he could pull weeds in the garden and dodge into the woodshed between the showers. Hoeing and weeding became a nightmare to him. It seemed as if weeds grew just out of spite, to keep him from fishing. He was told that boys should be brought up to work, and if they did nothing but fish they would come to some bad end. He was willing to take chances on it though. He had a nice witch hazel pole which he had cut in the winter and scraped the bark off to make it look nice. He kept it on the rafters of the woodshed. For weeks since he knew it was time for trout to bite, he had eyed it every day to see if it was still there all safe. He had a fishline, too; a nice piece of linen line that cost three cents, and he owned a few rusty fish hooks. He had the line all rigged and wound on a cob, and with the tin spice box safely hidden on top of a beam, he was all ready. He had been all ready for a month, in fact. But when he begs his father if he may go, he is told that they are to plant potatoes that day, and he is wanted to help. Orlo is always wanted, he thinks, and his lip quivers. He knows what his work is to be, and that he must carry a bag of potatoes hung from one shoulder and drop them in the drills, and after that follow with a pail of plaster and ashes and throw a handful on each tuber. He

knows, too, how that vile mixture will get into his eyes and nose and make them smart. On the way to the field they cross Ragged Brook, and that is an aggravation, for just below the bridge is the nicest kind of a pool, where the foam flecks round and round beneath a willow, and Orlo just knows there is a big trout under the bank, waiting to be caught! He looks longingly at that pool as he rides by on the cart, feeling sure that some big fisherman will come along and catch that trout before he gets a chance. Why can't they let him go fishing when it's time, and not torture him with plaster and ashes? It's all wrong, and a part of the scheme to persecute him!

For a week they keep him at work all the time. If it isn't planting, it's mending fences, rubbing sprouts off the potatoes in the cellar, or odd jobs in the barn, just to take up his time and keep him away from the brook.

But at last comes a day when it rains and father says he may go fishing. Orlo isn't long in filling the tin box with worms, and cuts across lots and runs all the way for fear the rain will stop and they will call him back.



"Orlo isn't long in filling the tin box with worms"

He knows just where to begin fishing, too; away up the brook at the head of a ravine is the nicest kind of a hole, for it is deep, dark and covered with foam flecks from a little cascade above. He arrives there out of breath and nearly wet through, but he does not know that. He is so excited and eager he can hardly stop to bait his hook; he puts a nice fat worm on, and then so anxious is he to begin, he does not stop to put the cover on his spice box, but drops both on the ground. And then the blissful, long-waited for ecstatic moment comes and he casts the line into the pool! In an instant there is a sharp twitch and the next a trout is turning tail-springs in the air! The boy, half crazed with exultant joy, cuts an alder stringer and puts him on. He baits his hook again and another is added to the string. Then more are taken, and for the first time he puts the cover on the bait-box and starts down the stream. At every pool and turn of the brook he adds one or two to his catch. The rain falls fast; he is wet to the skin; it would not matter if it was snowing or hailing! He slips on a mossy stone and goes into the brook all over! That does not matter! Nothing matters so long as he has the tin box of bait in his pocket, all safe—and the fast growing string of trout on the bank. He cuts his foot on a sharp stone and scratches his legs on briars; he is hungry and knows he will get no dinner, and yet all these are trifles that will in no way detract one iota from the supreme delirium of his joy. A joy, the real keenness of which comes only to the long-denied and hard worked farm boy and never to his elders. And the memory of those three hours on Ragged Brook, when it

rained and he knew it not, and where a trout was caught in every pool and ripple, lasts Orlo for weeks after, while he hoes long rows of corn in the stony field, or is kept doing the never-ending succession of chores.

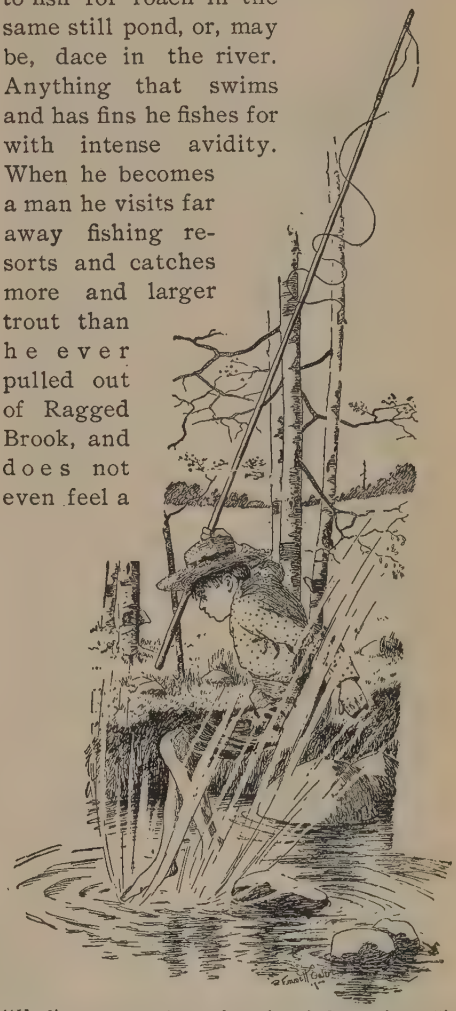
In the warm spring days, when the fast growing grass reminds Orlo the trout brooks are ripe, he has the fishing fever in its most acute form. The work is too pressing to seldom hope for a chance on the brooks, for even on a rainy day he can still do planting; so, as he must fish, he goes spearing suckers at night.

It is tame sport compared with trouting, still it is better than no fishing, and so he rigs a torch and murders a few suckers. The torch is a strip of bright new tin tacked half way round a circular piece of board fastened to a short handle. In the center three nails hold a piece of candle in place, and with this rude contrivance and his spear he takes himself to the meadow brook the first warm, still night. On these trips he always wants company, for a dark night in distant meadows and lonely alder swamps seems to warrant it. When the brook is reached he lights the candle and wades up the stream. He holds the torch close to the water, and by its faint light can see the bottom distinctly. Carefully he wades along till presently he spies a sucker just ahead and motionless. A few cautious steps and he is almost over him, but the victim, unconscious of danger, rests content on the sandy bottom. Orlo's eyes are fixed on the sucker with an eager stare, while his companions on the bank stand motionless, watching the drama. The spear is poised, the boy slowly bends over till just in right position, when down goes the spear, to be withdrawn with the fish impaled thereon. It is murder, pure and simple, for the stupid suckers have no show whatever, and yet the still, dark night, and the voice of the running brook lend a certain romance to the killing. Away up in the alder swamp, where the stream soon leads them, the darkness grows more impressive. A wierd, uncanny influence seems to gather about and hover over them. The chatter of the running brook has an unduly loud sound. The sudden hoot of an owl nearby startles all the boys and those on the bank keep close to Orlo, who carries the torch. They begin to talk in whispers, and each feels they have speared suckers enough for one night, only no one wants to be the first to say so. And here they meet with an adventure. Orlo, who is just ahead, stops wading a moment and stands upright to rest his back, when right in front he sees two big glassy eyes glaring at him from a thicket of alders! They are just on the edge of the zone of light and not twenty feet away! He gives one startled look at those hideous eyes gleam-

"A trout is turning tail-springs in the air"

ing at him, turns and scrambles for the bank, yelling, "Run for your life!" to the other boys. He drops the spear, stumbles, falls, and the torch goes out. Being left in total darkness, does not tend to allay their fright, and when, a badly scared trio, they reach the meadow, they make the tallest kind of time home. The next day, when they return for the spear and torch they discover that those awful eyes belonged to an innocent cow that had strayed into the swamp. But it took them two days to pick out all the briars their feet and legs garnered that night.

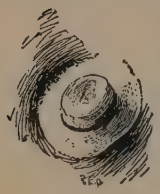
Orlo goes bobbing for eels, also, on warm summer evenings. A bob is a string of angleworms impaled on a long piece of thread, looped into a bunch and tied to the end of a short pole. This, lowered to the bottom of a deep hole in the meadow brook, is a tempting morsel for the eel, whose teeth catch in the thread so that he may be lifted out, when he drops into the dewy grass. To take hold of him then and hold him long enough to put into a basket is quick work, and then he does not always stay there. A wet eel slipping around in wet grass is about the liveliest thing the farm boy meets, and he has some lively affairs on his hands, too, at various times; for instance, escaping an enraged bumble bee whose nest has been disturbed. There is also a certain spice of excitement about bobbing for eels, produced by the fact that Orlo is never quite sure whether he has pulled out an eel or a water snake! Still it is fishing, and he is willing to take chances! He gets a little fun out of angling for horn pout in the mill pond at night; in fact, most of his fishing is done at night. Once in a while during summer he is allowed a rainy half day to fish for roach in the same still pond, or, may be, dace in the river. Anything that swims and has fins he fishes for with intense avidity. When he becomes a man he visits far away fishing resorts and catches more and larger trout than he ever pulled out of Ragged Brook, and does not even feel a vestige of the old boyish thrill. He works harder to have a good time than he ever did hoeing corn on the farm, and fails to feel one solitary extra heartbeat. He does not see why he should not fish on Sunday, and steals away on that sacred day to Ragged Brook with a line in his pocket.



"He slips on a mossy stone and goes into the brook all over!"

Here he cuts an alder for a rod, turns over stones to get worms and catches a few trout, just to keep in

practice. He dares not take them home, however, and, as the spirit of utility is strong within him, that is not as much fun. He rebels at the Sunday restriction and feels that, as they kept him at work all the week, it would be no more than fair if they let him fish on Sunday. And he does not see why it is any worse to fish on Sunday than to do chores! He is told that only wicked boys go fishing Sundays, and if he does he will come to some bad end. He remembers hearing his father telling some one about a Sunday fishing trip, and what a big string they caught, and how one weighed over two pounds. He is not just sure, either, what coming to some bad end means! He does not think his father has reached that terrible condition! He is not certain, however. May be he has, though, and that is the reason he refused to let him go to mill with him and kept him doing chores all the time. And so the moral side of Sunday fishing gets all tangled up in Orlo's mind.



I have noticed that many of his elders now-a-days have what may be called adjustable convictions on the same subject, and that Sunday observance, as a rule, is limited to a few hundred miles from home.

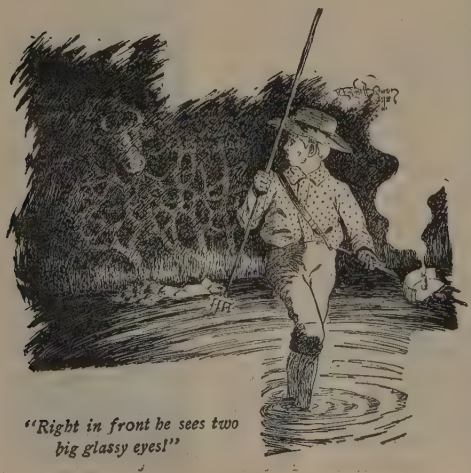
When autumn comes, and Orlo hears the squirrels in the woods calling him every morning, and knows the brown nuts are ripe and that along the meadow brook and up in the alder swamp are plenty of muskrast; work and the unending succession of chores become more irksome than ever. He is not old enough to be trusted with a gun, but he owns three steel traps, and muskrat pelts are worth from ten to fifteen cents! He is not blessed with much pocket money, either, and remembers ruefully that last Fourth of July he only had a quarter to spend for firecrackers, and that did not last long. Then there are partridges in the woods, and to catch them is great fun. Orlo imagines, too, if he can secure a few of those toothsome birds it may soften his father's heart and may be win for him the chance to go and set his traps. There is also a certain romance and wildwood mystery in trapping that he finds even more fascinating than fishing. The long tramp through the silent forest; the hunt for the signs of mink or muskrat beside the brook in the alder swamp; the discovery of fresh indications of their presence, and where they had left tracks in the mud or on some rock only the night before; all have a most wonderful charm for him. He has an inborn knowledge of the haunts and habits of every known animal that lives in the woods or swamps, and when autumn comes Orlo is sure, some Sunday morning after the chores are done, to slip away unobserved with a coil of fine wire and a hatchet hid under his jacket, and go directly to a certain ravine to build a brush fence for partridges. He knows of one leading back from swamp to upland that is just right, and here he begins his work. He cuts brush and lays it along in a row a foot or more in height; and pulls the weeds and grass on either side to stuff into chinks and make a better barrier. Every rod or two he leaves a little gateway, and when he has built his fence clear across the ravine he sets his snares. A small sapling

trimmed and bent over each gateway, with a wire noose at the end held in place by a toggle delicately adjusted to catch in the notches of two stakes driven each side of the opening in the fence form the snare. He knows that partridges, like chickens, seldom fly unless disturbed, and that when they come to his brush fence, will follow alongside till they reach an opening, and then go through. Here the noose and bent sapling do their deadly work. For hours he works with a keen enjoyment of his labor, the like of which was never found in hoeing corn, and is astonished when he finds the sun well down in the west. But his fence is built, and even if he "catches it" when he gets home, there is still the delight of tending his snares the next morning, and that outweighs fear of punishment.

But the old folks are asleep when he gets back, and all is well. When chore time comes Orlo is the most willing boy on earth, and when, very early next morning, he visits his fence and brings home three nice fat birds, the old folks smile and discreetly ask no questions. If they

had known he was working all day Sunday setting snares while they were at church, it would have been their duty to whip him, of course! But they did not suspect it. Oh, no! Maybe they thought he caught the partridges in his hands that morning!

But the real joy of trapping comes later, when Orlo, again on Sunday morning, visits the alder swamp to set traps for muskrats. The night before he had carried his steel traps away from the house and hid them under the fence. This time he waits until the old folk start for meeting, and as soon as they are out of sight he is off. He feels it is best to be prudent, for they will not eat muskrats, and Orlo knows a few things for certain. When the coast is clear he wastes no time, but with his pockets full of sweet apples for bait, and the three steel traps, makes straight for the alder swamp. Cautiously he picks his way along the brook, while looking for signs, for possibly he might surprise a muskrat out sunning! Away up into the deepest part of the swamp he goes. It is very still there; the brook, deep and dark, winds and turns among the alders, and in places is almost hid by the tall growth of sedge grass. He peers and peeps into all the openings in the bank, ever watching for signs. He finds a good place and sets one trap! then another. Before he places the third he hunts for an extra good spot, and when that is found he goes on and finds a still better one; then returns, takes up the first trap and sets it over. He has only three, and he wants to be sure they all count. After that he goes off into another swamp, still looking for signs. He has no more traps to set, but he enjoys finding "signs." Into deep and tangled swamp thickets, under bog banks, around spring holes, he looks for "signs!" There are many, and he finds traces of both mink and muskrat all about. While thus he hunts he builds air castles, and they take the form of a bark wigwam close beside some running brook, and all around he has countless traps set for various kinds of game. What a delightful life that would be, he thinks, to do nothing but set traps and tend them all the year round! When he grows up he will buy ever so many traps; go into some distant wilderness, build a hut, and fish, hunt and trap for the rest of his life. When he returns home and to chores, his mind is all on those traps. He goes about as if in a trance. When darkness comes he wonders if just now a big muskrat isn't nibbling the sweet apples, or possibly has his paw caught in a trap. He can hardly wait for morning, when he can go and tend them. In his dreams that night he sees those traps, and all about each are one or more muskrats, just ready to be caught. Long before the first faint glow of early dawn, he is up and away! If setting traps was delight, tending them is supreme joy. The morning is crisp and cold, and the grass white with frost; but that barefoot boy, as he scampers across



"Right in front he sees two big glassy eyes!"

meadow and pasture knows it not! When he comes to the swamp he goes more slowly, for the critical moment is nearing, and he almost dreads to look at the first trap, lest he meet disappointment. Cautiously he creeps through the alders till he is nearly there, and then his heart begins to throb. He stops and listens; all is still. Just ahead are the two bunches of sedge grass between which he set the first trap. He tip-toes close, and then his heart sinks, for there in the muddy pathway between them is his trap undisturbed. It was set just under water, and half hid by swamp moss, and around it he had placed halves of apples on sticks thrust in the mud. There they were, untouched and white with frost! He hurries to the next one, and here he finds a little consolation, for the bait is gone and the trap sprung. But his bright hopes seem fading fast, for only one more more trap is ahead, and he feels if that does not score his heart will be broken. He had felt sure he would find a prize in each, and now two have failed him. He really dreads to reach the third and last one! He had set it in a most tempting spot, right at the entrance to a well worn path from the brook to the uplands, but so were the others as well placed. Breathless and with loudly beating heart he comes nearer. One step more and he will know the best or worst! He takes it, and then a cry of joy escapes him, for there in the middle of the brook, fast in the trap, and poised dead and motionless in the water, is a big, brown monster muskrat! It is a supreme moment for Orlo, and its delight is made all the keener by the failure of the other two traps. With eager hands he draws his prize ashore and feasts his eyes upon it! It is a prize to him indeed, for its glossy brown pelt when dried will sell for at least twelve or fifteen cents! He carries it home so proud and happy that his

"A big brown, monster muskrat"

bare feet feel not the frost, nor his empty stomach the want of food.

In after years, when he spends more dollars than that miserable skin brought pennies, in a vain endeavor to obtain one-tenth as much enjoyment as the capture of that muskrat brought him, and fails; he wonders why it is! He cannot realize he has changed so much, and wonders why! He even visits the old brook and tries for trout in the same old pools, but it only results in his wishing he was a boy again, and ends in a heart-ache. Try how and where he will, he finds that only boyhood has the keys of unadulterated joy, and when age has locked its portals they are locked for good.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XIV. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans. He eats a farewell supper with a newspaper friend who is about to depart on a journey, and who presses him to accept a loan. Griswold refuses the loan and says that he may end by becoming a robber but will not begin on his friends. Two days later New Orleans is startled by a bold bank robbery. Griswold, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Miss Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat and a mutual recognition ensues. She is much disturbed by the thought that she must point him out to the law. Griswold, thinking to escape, looks for the bundle in which is hidden the money, discovers that it is gone, and remains on the boat. Being accosted by Miss Farnham, he acknowledges his identity and tells her that she must inform the authorities. She does so, and at the St. Louis landing sees the officers of the law fall upon Griswold. In the meantime he has found the money again, and escaping from his captors, makes an entire change in his appearance and takes the midnight train for Wahaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Miss Grierson, daughter of a wealthy magnate, is trying to reconstruct the social fabric of Wahaska, and is ignored by some of the older families.

XV.

WHEN Margery entered her father's private office after her small triumph at Raymer's expense, her plan of campaign had taken a more definite shape. The president was busy at his desk, but he turned to say, "Want to see me, Maggie?" And when she nodded, he reached for his check-book.

"No, it isn't money, this time. Has Mr. Raymer an account with you?"

"Yes."

"Is it an accommodation to you?"

Grierson's laugh was of contempt. "Hardly. The shoe's on the other foot."

"You mean that he has borrowed from you?"

"Not yet, but he wants to."

"What for?"

"To enlarge his plant. He's like all the other fools; ain't content to grow with his capital."

"Are you going to stake him?" Margery waged relentless war with her inclination to lapse into the speech of the mining-camps, but she still stumbled now and then.

"I guess not; I've never had much use for him."

"Why haven't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; it's a stand-off. He hasn't much use for me. I offered to incorporate his outfit for him six months ago, and told him I'd take fifty-one per cent of the stock myself; but he wouldn't talk about it."

Margery's laugh might have meant anything from applause to derision. "How singular! But now he is willing to let you help him?"

"Not that way. He wants to borrow money of the bank, and give a mortgage on the plant. It's safe enough, but I don't believe I'll do it."

"But I want you to do it."

"The dickens you do! Say, little girl, do you know you're carrying things with a pretty high hand?"

"I haven't made you lose any money yet, have I?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, I'm not going to begin now. Lend him what he wants; you say the security is good."

"I'll be hanged if I can see what you're driving at."

"You don't have to see," she said, imperturbably. "But I don't mind telling you. His mother and sister have gone out of their way to put me down."

Grierson's laugh was a guffaw. "That won't work a little bit, Madge."

"Why won't it?"

"Because he ain't the man to go to his women when he gets into trouble. They'll go on bluffing you just the same."

She looked at him through narrow-

ing eyelids. "You know a good deal, poppa mine, but you don't know everything. Mr. Raymer's interest in the Iron Works is only one-fourth. The other three-fourths belong to Mrs. Raymer and Gertrude."

The magnate nodded intelligence, and made a memorandum. "I savez; I'll break the syndicate for you."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You'll let Mr. Raymer get into deep water, and then, when I say the word, you'll pull him out."

"The mischief I will! Do you know how much he wants to borrow?"

"No, and I don't care. The more the better."

Jasper Grierson thought about it for a moment. Then he made a check-mark against the memorandum on the calendar pad.

"All right; go ahead. But you'll have to keep tab yourself, and say when. I can't be bothered keeping the run of your society tea-parties."

"I don't want you to. Don't be late to dinner to-night. The Rodneys are coming."

When she was gone, Jasper Grierson tilted back in the pivot-chair and lighted a cigar. After a bit his reflections found voice.

"By jing! I believe she thought she was fooling me! But it's too thin. I suppose she does want to make the women kowtow, but that isn't all there is to it, by a jugful. All the same, I'll back her to win."

Accordingly, when Mr. Edward Raymer came out of the banker's office the next morning he was treading upon air, and in his mind's eye there was a picture of a great industry to be builded upon the extension of credit promised by Jasper Grierson.

XVI.

Griswold had landed in Wahaska on the day following his flight from St. Louis too ill to care much about anything. But he was sane enough to find a bank, to rent a safety deposit box, and to lock the treasure into it before he resigned himself to the inevitable, allowing himself to be put to bed in his room at the St. James, with hot water bottles at his feet and a bag of chopped ice on his head.

For a fortnight he hung tremulous on the verge of collapse, and was kept from tumbling in only by a just horror of being seriously ill in a hotel. At the end of the fortnight he made shift to go out and find a boarding place; and the effort, coupled with the conviction that he might safely trust himself in the hands of motherly Mrs. Holcomb, pushed him over the verge.

Here Doctor Farnham found him tossing in delirium, and his verdict was promptly pronounced.

"Typhoid-malaria, Mrs. Holcomb; and a relapse, at that. What are you going to do with him?"

"What should I do but take care of him?" said the motherly one.

"You can't do it alone; it's no woman's job."

"Then we must get a man. There's Sven Oleson; he's out of work."

The doctor smiled. "Nobody but you would ever think of making a nurse out of that great, overgrown child. But maybe he'll do. I'll hunt him up and send him over. Where did you say this young man hails from?"

"New York, he says."

"Humph! that's odd. I should say he has been soaking himself full of malaria in the Yazoo swamps. But how about the expenses? Has he any money?"

"Plenty, I think. He paid a month in advance, and when he went to bed he told me where to find his pocket-book."

"Poor fellow! I guess he was glad

enough to find somebody he could trust. Well, we'll do what we can for him; and I'll send Sven."

So it came about that the mild-eyed Swede was installed as Griswold's nurse. Luckily, Oleson understood but little English, and the sick man's ravings about the bank robbery meant nothing to him: but Doctor Farnham heard them and wondered. Curiously enough, a small thing satisfied the wonder, and that was the mention made by Mrs. Holcomb of his patient's calling.

"H—m; an author is he? That accounts for his harping so continually upon that bank robbery story. It's a part of his plot."

It was the first of May when Griswold took possession of Mrs. Holcomb's spare bed-room; and it was a full month later when Doctor Farnham pronounced him out of danger and in a fair way to recover if he took care of himself.

During the weeks of convalescence he met many of Mrs. Holcomb's friends and neighbors, and among them the Raymers. The mother and daughter came with dainties for the widow's invalid; and later on they brought Edward, who was bookish enough in his leisure moments to be interested in one who was even a potential writer of books.

That acquaintance ripened into friendship, and Griswold's first outing was a ride in Raymer's buggy to the Iron Works.

Here the two young men met upon new common ground. Raymer was, or he meant to be, a model employer; and when he found that the convalescent was an enthusiastic student of the vexed problem of master and man, he unbosomed himself freely.

"I've been enlarging, as you see," he explained. "But when I get on my feet and out of debt I'm going to try a plan my father had in mind—profit-sharing with the men."

"Good," said Griswold. "I wish I might be in it with you. I'd like to flail that out with you when I'm fit."

"So you shall, but not yet." They were on the way back to Mrs. Holcomb's, and Raymer asked if the drive had tired him.

"No indeed; I feel better for it."

"Are you equal to an evening out?"

"I guess so, if it's sufficiently mild."

"It'll be mild enough. You know we have a magnate here, Mr. Jasper Grierson?"

"Yes, I've heard of him."

"Well, he has a daughter, and this is her 'evening.' I'm commanded to produce you as soon as you're able."

"I'll go, though I shan't know any one but your mother and Miss Gertrude."

Raymer laughed, and then blushed. "They won't be there. That is—Oh pshaw! I suppose I may as well tell you first as last. There are two social cliques here, a big one and a little one. Miss Grierson is *la dame d'honneur* of the first, and my mother and Gertrude affiliate with the other."

"I see," said Griswold. "And you hold an even balance between the two."

"N-o—not exactly. But I'm under obligations to Grierson and can't afford to be offish. But Miss Margery is a very clever little person, and well worth knowing on her own account. I'll call by for you with the buggy at nine."

"Thank you," said the convalescent; adding, as if it were an afterthought: "Will Miss Farnham be there?"

"Hardly," rejoined Raymer, gathering up the reins. "She is with the minority, too. Queer little world, isn't it? So long, till this evening. Better go in and lie down awhile."

XVII.

On the way to Miss Grierson's "evening" Griswold amused himself by speculating upon the probable barbarism of a country reception. Without suspecting it, he was insular to a degree little short of Britannic; but he meant to be very good-natured and charitable, and to do what one man might toward ameliorating the barbarisms.

Wherefore he was properly humiliated when they were met at the door of the Grierson mansion by trained servants and announced in the drawing-room with such pomp and circumstance as was neither countrified nor barbaric. In good truth the revulsion was so great that it was he, and not Miss Grierson, who was embarrassed when Raymer introduced him.

"How good of you to come to us on your first day out, Mr. Griswold. Let me make you comfortable." She piled the cushions in a corner of the wide divan and made him sit down. "You are just to be an invalid this evening, you know. I'm not going to let any one bore you."

Griswold gasped once or twice and grappled manfully with the facts. A young girl was at the piano; there was a pleasant hum of conversation; everybody—himself excepted—seemed quite at ease; the lights were not glaring; the furnishings were not in bad taste; in a word, the keynote was altogether well mannered and urban and conventional.

And his hostess. . . Griswold had met beautiful women, but none to compare with her. She shone upon and dazzled him. The charm was purely sensuous, and he knew it, but he basked in it like a lizard in the sun. But he was forgetting to thank her.

"Forgive me, Miss Grierson; I'm not usually tongue-tied. But it is all so charmingly homelike; so vastly—"

She supplied the word with a silvery little laugh.

"Different: I know. You thought we were barbarians, and so we used to be. But we're improving. I wish you could have known the old Wahaska."

"I can imagine it," he said.

"I wonder if you can. They used to sit around the edges of the room and behave themselves just as hard as they could, and bore each other to death."

"It's a miracle," he said, giving her full credit. "I'd like to know how you did it."

She laughed lightly and did not deny her handiwork. "It was simple enough. When we came here I found a lot of good people who had fallen into a way of boring one another, and a few who hadn't; but these last held aloof. We opened our house to the many, and tried to show them that a church sociable wasn't exactly the acme of social enjoyment."

Griswold saw in his mind's eye a sharply etched picture of the rise of a village magnate. Verily, Miss Grierson had imagination.

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he said. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I must confess that I am shamelessly epicurean by nature, and only an ascetic of necessity."

"I know," she assented, with quick appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he?—keen to enjoy, and hardened to endure."

"I'm not an author," he corrected, with vanity struggling to muzzle the protest. "I have written but one book, and that has not yet seen the light."

"But it will," she asserted, confidently. "Tell me about it."

Now, Griswold was no babbler, but the charm of her personality was upon him, and before he knew what he was about he was telling her of the

dead book, its purpose, and its failure.

"But you are not going to give it up," she said, when he had made an end.

"No; it's my message, and I shall yet deliver it."

"Bravo! That is the spirit that wins, always. And when you get blue and discouraged you must come here and let me cheer you. Cheering people is my mission, if I have any."

Griswold's pale face flushed and his finger-tips tingled again. "You are very kind; kind and charitable. I think sympathy has been an unknown quantity in my equation. May I really come to see you, as a friend?"

"Haven't I said it?" she asked; and she might have emphasized it had not Raymer come to take Griswold home.

Raymer's sorrel had covered half the distance from the lake edge to Mrs. Holcomb's before its owner said: "Well, how near do we come to aping the manners of the effete East?"

"I'm no authority," said Griswold; adding as a salve: "I enjoyed it."

"Then you weren't bored?"

"I fancy Miss Grierson doesn't often bore people, does she?"

"No; she has a knack of stroking you the right way. It takes her father to do the other thing."

"The magnate? I thought you said he was a public benefactor."

"Did I? We've told ourselves that till we've come to believe it. But he's principally for Jasper Grierson, at bottom."

"Naturally. Greed is the Juggernaut of this end of the century."

"Bah! that's a sheer platitude in your mouth, Griswold. You don't know anything about it; you men of letters and leisure. It's simply a savage fight for survival, and the man with the money wins."

"Yes? I believe I've said some such thing myself. But I've been hoping you'd managed to escape."

"I might have escaped. I was doing well enough, but I couldn't stand it to see the town growing away from me. So I borrowed money and spread myself; and now I'm fighting for dear life with the rest of them."

Griswold's comment was brief and to the point. "Tell me about it," he said.

"It's a short horse and soon curried," said the iron master, bitterly. "Two months ago I borrowed $95,000 of Jasper Grierson's bank. I gave him a sixty-day note and a mortgage, with the verbal understanding that I was to have my own time for payment. The sixty days will be up Tuesday, and he has notified me that I must lift a third of the indebtedness on that day."

"A third!"

"Yes. Of course it's preposterous. He knew all the circumstances at the time; that the loan was a building fund which couldn't bear fruit until it was planted."

Griswold shook his head. "You certainly took terrific chances."

"Didn't I? It proves what a man will do when he is greed-bitten. And the worst of it is that three-fourths of the original capital belong to my mother and sister, and they were both distrustful of the spread-eagle move with Grierson as a backer."

Griswold was silent while the sorrel was measuring a full square. Then he said: "What is Grierson's object?"

"I don't know. To break me or to own me, I suppose."

"There may be an alternative; what was it you told me this morning about the little social melee?"

Raymer pulled the sorrel up short. "Heavens! you don't suppose she has put him up to it for that!"

"I suppose nothing that involves Miss Grierson. But isn't it possible that her father may be resentful for her? I believe if you could persuade

your mother and Miss Gertrude to call—"

Raymer's laugh was not mirthful. "You would be the last man in the world to act upon a suggestion of that sort, yourself, Griswold."

"Oh, I don't know. If it is only a little social friction—"

"It's more than that; though why it should be, I don't know. I believe my mother and Gerty would face beggary cheerfully before they would pay that price. Anyway, I shan't ask them."

"What will you do?"

"If I knew, I shouldn't be unloading my grief on you."

They had reached Mrs. Holcomb's gate, and Raymer cramped the buggy at the kerb. But Griswold did not get out. Instead, he put one hand on Raymer's knee and said: "Have you ever thought of taking a partner?"

Raymer's smile was a mere grimace. "It begins to look as if I should have to take one that I don't want."

"It needn't come to that. I have some money which I want to invest where it will do the most good to the greatest number. You spoke this morning of some plans you had in view for the betterment of your workmen. If you will carry them out, and let me help, we can arrange a little surprise for Mr. Grierson."

Raymer was stupefied, as he had a good right to be. But he managed to ask how.

"In the simplest way imaginable. Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will give you the money to take up your note and the mortgage."

"You? But, Griswold, man, you didn't understand me. It's ninety—five—thousand dollars?" He said it slowly, so that the misunderstanding might be removed.

Griswold climbed out of the buggy carefully, as befitted his weakness. But when he turned to say good-night his grasp was the grasp of an athlete.

"I understand you perfectly, my dear fellow. You shall have it all, and a little more, if you need it. And when you've broken the Grierson grip, we'll talk about the partnership. Good-night."

XVIII.

After all, it was Raymer who was responsible for Griswold's introduction to Charlotte and her aunt. It was after the partnership—a silent partnership by Griswold's express condition—had been formed, and Griswold had been taken into the Raymer household as well as into the Raymer firm.

It was thus that he found himself included in a family invitation to the doctor's, and it was thus that Raymer became his sponsor. Not that a sponsor was greatly needed. The good doctor had come to know and to love his sometime patient, and the invitation to Griswold in his proper person had not been lacking.

It was inevitable that he should meet Miss Farnham with some degree of restraint, and that the entire evening should scarcely suffice for its effacement. As a matter of fact, it was not properly effaced until the time came for an adjournment to the broad veranda, and the darkness of the starlit night helped him. He fancied, and assured himself a hundred times that it was only fancy, that he could now and then surprise a vague question in the cool gray eyes; and with the eyes in abeyance he felt more at ease.

"You are new to our northern summers, aren't you, Mr. Griswold?" she asked, when they were comfortably established out of doors, and the general talk had subsided sufficiently to admit of dialogue.

"Altogether new; and they are very delightful, if this is an earnest. What a

charming prospect you have here with the lake for a vista. But for that matter, Wahaska is an ideal place."

Her laugh had not in it the tinkle of silver bells, like Miss Grierson's, but it was as honest as the gray eyes.

"Ideal?—after New York?"

"After any great city. I firmly believe the time will come when none but the sordid ones will live in the great centers."

"That would be ideal, surely. But I can't argue with you. I don't know any of the cities, to really know them. Passing through isn't even a speaking acquaintance."

"No; and yet they impress one even at sight."

"Yes. And, after all, their units are the units of humanity, and humanity is the same. For instance, I imagine one could go over there and get a very good idea of the human side of New Orleans." She pointed to the summer resort hotel on the point beyond the Grierson mansion which had been opened within the week.

"I presume so," he assented; and then he asked if they ever met any of the summer people.

"Not intentionally," she laughed. "They bring their own social atmosphere with them and ask little of us. We did meet one young man last summer; a Mr. Lucius Bainbridge."

"Bainbridge?" echoed Griswold. "Why, I know—that is—er—I used to know some Bainbridges in New York."

"Did you? Mr. Lucius Bainbridge was from New York, originally, I believe. He is a newspaper man in New Orleans."

Griswold was struck dumb with this fresh proof of the extreme narrowness of the world, and wondered what would happen if Bainbridge should perchance come again and find him in Wahaska. He changed the subject with a violent wrench and said:

"The new opera house is to be opened next week. I wonder if the company will be worth going to see?"

"You surprise me," she said. "Haven't you heard that Mr. Grierson is to import it especially for this occasion?"

"I hadn't heard. Is your aunt able to go out in the evening?"

"Not to anything as prolonged as an opera sitting."

"Oh; I'm sorry." He turned to Mrs. Raymer. "Mrs. Raymer, could you be induced to chaperon a theatre party next Monday evening?"

"You're too late," was the reply. "We are all going, and you are included."

Griswold turned quickly to Charlotte.

"May I call for you and your father?"

She gave him permission, and after that the *tete-a-tete* passed to other things; to a gay party steaming past in a lighted launch, for one.

"Is that the hotel launch?" he asked.

"No, indeed; you are quite behind the times. That is Mr. Grierson's boat with a party from Mereside."

The Farnham lawn sloped quickly to the waterside, and the launch was steaming slowly along within a stone's throw of the group on the veranda. The little steamer carried its own dynamo and was ablaze with electric lights. Griswold saw the party as it passed in review; saw Miss Grierson at the wheel in the bow, and saw the banker lounging in the stern sheets. With the exception of her father and one other, Miss Grierson's guests were all young people; but Griswold caught his breath when he recognized the portly figure sitting erect beside the banker. Truly, he had seen the clean-shaven face with its long upper lip but once, but that once was enough. It was Mr. Andrew Galbraith.

(To be continued)

NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTIONS

By Guy M. Burnham

POLITICAL conventions do not always name the popular choice, but they afford the best means yet devised for placing candidates in nomination. There was no party organization until 1792. Up to 1824, presidential electors were chosen by the legislatures of the several states, and nothing but public opinion prevents the present state legislatures from continuing that system.

National conventions are not recognized by law. They are purely party customs. The curious anomaly is presented in some states of laws regulating the conduct of caucuses, while the culmination of all the caucuses, the national convention, is not recognized by the law at all.

After all, looking back over the century, how evenly have the two great parties been divided; for there are but two great parties. The satirical, term them the "ins" and the "outs," but broadly speaking, they are the strict constructionists and the loose constructionists. The first is the party of Jefferson, of Jackson, of Cleveland and of Bryan. It believes that the government has no powers that are not expressly mentioned in the constitution, and that the states have all powers not mentioned therein. The loose constructionists—the party of Washington, of Lincoln and of McKinley—believe that the expression, "the general welfare," in the preamble of the constitution, is an elastic term, and that the nation is not an aggregation of loosely connected states, but a strong nation, with power to suppress rebellion, to stimulate and promote internal improvements, and even to annex foreign territory, or as one of its advocates said in a recent congressional debate, in answer to an objection that the United States had no power to annex the Philippines: "This nation is not deformed. It has all the power of a healthy, full grown and powerful nation."

Since the organization of the government, 112 years ago, the loose constructionists and the strict constructionists have each been in power exactly half the time—56 years each—as shown in the following table. So it is 56 "in" and 56 "out."

George Washington	*8 years*
John Adams	*4 years*
John Q. Adams	*4 years*
William Henry Harrison	*4 years*
Zachary Taylor	*4 years*
Abraham Lincoln	*8 years*
Ulysses S. Grant	*8 years*
Rutherford B. Hayes	*4 years*
James A. Garfield	*4 years*
Benjamin Harrison	*4 years*
William McKinley	*4 years*
Total	*56 years*

Thomas Jefferson	*8 years*
James Madison	*8 years*
James Monroe	*8 years*
Andrew Jackson	*8 years*
Martin Van Buren	*4 years*
James K. Polk	*4 years*
Franklin Pierce	*4 years*
James Buchanan	*4 years*
Grover Cleveland	*8 years*
Total	*56 years*

Henry Clay was the most conspicuous example of thwarted presidential ambition. He led his party in 1824, 1832 and 1844, when there was no chance of his election; but in 1848, when the Whigs felt they could elect their candidate, they picked up a man unknown to politics and elected him. Clay was a candidate and the leading man of his party from 1820 to 1850.

Webster sought the nomination time and again. In 1848, the nomination seemed within his grasp, and upon the nomination of Taylor, he declared it "not fit to be made;" and a few years later died of a broken heart, disappointed in his highest ambition. James G. Blaine was a candidate for nearly twenty years, from 1876 to 1892; but Blaine resembled Clay, inasmuch as he never allowed his disappointments to swerve his loyalty to party.

* * *

There is a wide difference in principle between Republican and Democratic national conventions. The composition of the Republican convention is very simple. Every congressional district in the United States is entitled to two delegates, and every state is entitled to four, and every territory two. Delegates from the congressional districts are elected by district conventions, those from the states at large by state conventions. It will be seen, therefore, that from the forty-five states, in all, 180 delegates are chosen by state conventions, the great mass of the delegates being chosen by congressional conventions. This brings the selection of the delegates quite close to the people. * * *

In Democratic conventions the state is always the voting unit. The majority of any state delegation casts the vote of that state. To counteract this difficulty the celebrated two-third rule has been made the law for years past. A two-thirds vote of the delegates present is required for a nomination. The territories have no vote. In each state two delegates are admitted for each electoral vote.

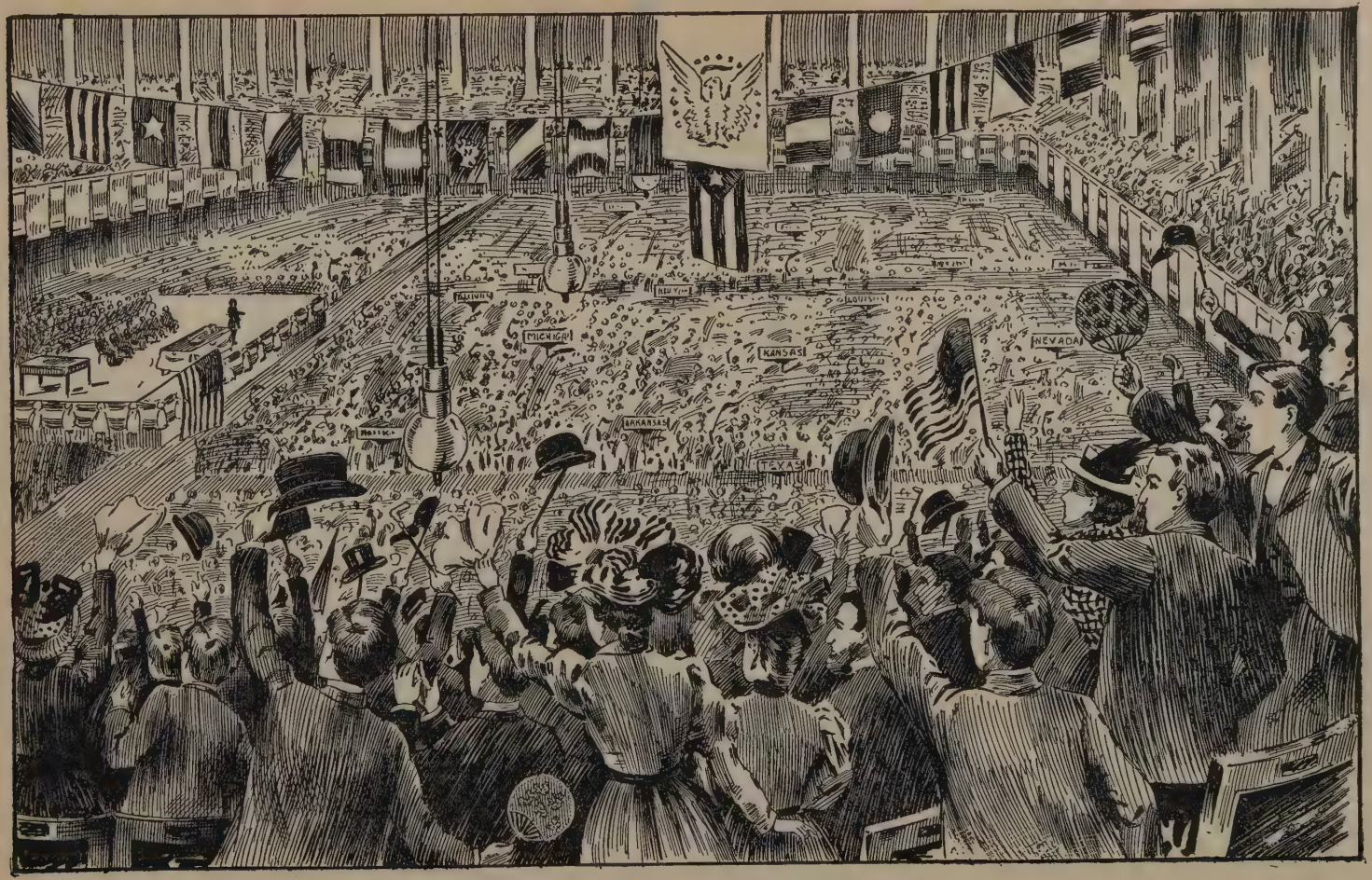
* * *

The first national convention for the nominations of president and vice-president was held at Baltimore, September 26, 1831, by the anti-Masonic party. No platform was adopted, but William Wirt of Maryland was nominated for president and Amos Ellmaker of Philadelphia vice-president. On December 12, 1831, the National Republicans also met in convention for the first time at Baltimore, and nominated Henry Clay for president and John Sergeant of Philadelphia vice-president. On March 22, 1832, the Democrats held their convention and placed in nomination Andrew Jackson for president, and Martin Van Buren for vice-president. Jackson was nominated by acclamation, and Van Buren received the nomination for vice-president on the first ballot. It is worthy of note that in none of these three conventions was there the adoption of any platform.

* * *

Four years later the Democrats again met at Baltimore, and nominated Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson, but there was no platform adopted. The National Republicans or Whigs held no convention this year. Massachusetts named Daniel Webster; Ohio, William Henry Harrison; and North Carolina, Willie P. Mangum. Neither party adopted any platform for these campaigns.

The first platform adopted by any party in national convention assembled was at the Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1840, when Martin Van Buren was nominated by acclamation. The Whigs met at Harris-



SCENE AT A NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTION

burg, Penn., the previous December and nominated the winning ticket of Harrison and Tyler, but adopted no platform.

In 1844 for the first time all the parties held conventions and all adopted platforms. The Democrats met at Baltimore and nominated James K. Polk of Tennessee and George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania. The twelfth resolution of their platform recited "that our title to the whole territory of Oregon is clearly unquestionable; that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power, that the re-occupation of Oregon and the re-annexation of Texas at the earliest practical period are great American measures, etc." Making their fight on this platform the Democrats elected Mr. Polk, but once in power they deliberately abandoned the magnificant territory then embraced in Oregon, and now known as British Columbia, to England, but insisted upon the annexation of Texas, to please the slave-holders of the South. Thus, at this early day, a political party flagrantly repudiated the platform that had won its election. The Whigs also met at Baltimore, and placed in nomination a strong ticket consisting of Henry Clay of Kentucky, and Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. Their platform was short and sweet, comprising only ten lines. The "Liberty Party" met at Buffalo, and placed in nomination James G. Birney of Michigan and Thomas Morris of Ohio. The nomination of James K. Polk by the Democratic convention was made on the ninth ballot. Mr. Polk is distinguished as being the first "dark horse" in American politics. There was a hard fight between Van Buren and Lewis Cass of Michigan. On the first ballot Mr. Van Buren received 143 votes to 83 for Cass. The latter gradually gained and on the seventh ballot the votes stood, Van Buren 99 and Cass 123. On the eighth ballot, James K. Polk was sprung upon the convention as a "dark horse," receiving 44 votes, and 232 on the ninth, to 17 for Cass and 10 for Van Buren. As the campaign progressed for a time it looked as if

> *"The nation's rising*
> *For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,"*

but when the electoral votes were counted it was found that "Polk, Dallas and Texas" had received 170 electoral votes to 105 for "Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen."

In 1848 Lewis Cass of Michigan was nominated by the Democrats at Baltimore, and William O. Butler of Kentucky received the vice-presidential nomination. The Whigs turned aside from the leadership of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and nominated a military hero, Zachary Taylor of Louisiana and Millard Filmore of New York.

During this campaign the "Free Soilers" made their entry into American politics, and made the curious nomination of Martin Van Buren for president and Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts for vice-president. The nomination of Van Buren on a Free Soil platform was very much as if William Jennings Bryan were nominated to-day upon the single gold standard platform. Mr. Van Buren's candidacy however, was simply for the purpose of defeating Lewis Cass, which was accomplished by splitting the Democratic vote in New York state, allowing the Whigs to carry the state, thus electing Mr. Taylor. Van Buren had never forgiven his party for refusing to nominate him in 1844 and 1848, and he always claimed that he was unjustly blamed for the panic of 1837. Dating from 1844 all parties adopted platforms at their national conventions.

In 1852 there was a protracted deadlock in the Democratic convention at Baltimore. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, the "little giant" of American politics, here first made his appearance as a full-fledged presidential candidate. Jas. Buchanan, who had been a candidate in 1844 and 1848, was also a leading candidate, as was Lewis Cass of Michigan, and Marcy and Pierce. Cass, on the first ballot, received 116 votes, Buchanan 93, Douglas 20, and Marcy 27. On the forty-ninth ballot the convention was stampeded, Pierce receiving a practically unanimous vote. And for the second time the Democratic convention had nominated a "dark horse." The Whigs met at Baltimore, and having elected the hero of Buena Vista four years previously, they determined to try a Mexican war veteran again. They placed in nomination Gen. Winfield Scott of New Jersey and Wm. A. Graham of North Carolina. Gen. Scott, who was a somewhat testy old fellow, attempted to make a few speeches, and was ignominiously termed by the opposition "Old Fuss and Feathers." Mr. Pierce, the "dark horse" candidate, was overwhelmingly elected, receiving 254 electoral votes to 42 for General Scott.

In 1856 James Buchanan, Franklin Pierce and Stephen A. Douglas were the three leading candidates. On the first ballot Buchanan and Pierce were about equal in strength, Buchanan receiving 135 votes, Pierce 122, Douglas 33, and Lewis Cass 5. After a stubborn fight Buchanan was nominated on the seventeenth ballot.

The "silver grey" Whigs by this time had practically disappeared from American politics, but they sorrowfully met at Baltimore for the last time and endorsed the nominees of the American or "Know Nothing" party, which at Philadelphia had placed in nomination Millard Fillmore of New York and Andrew Jackson Donelson of Tennessee. The Republican party, which four years later was destined to save the Union, here made its first appearance in American politics, and at Philadelphia placed in nomination John C. Fremont of California and Wm. L. Dayton of New Jersey. Mr. Fremont was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 359 votes to 196 for John McLean. For vice-president Wm. L. Dayton received 259 votes to 180 for Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Fremont made a picturesque campaign. He was a son-in-law of Thomas H. Benton, who for thirty years had represented Missouri in the United States Senate, and who was one of the leaders of the Democratic party. Large lithographs containing the pictures of Fremont, "The Path Finder" and his wife, the brilliant Jessie Benton Fremont, were distributed by thousands. Mr. Fremont, on account of the fame that he had acquired in rescuing California from Mexico, fired the popular imagination much as Mr. Bryan did forty years later, but Buchanan received the votes at the polls.

The storm clouds which overshadowed the Civil War caused the first great break in party lines in 1860. The Democrats met at Charleston, Stephen A. Douglas being the leading candidate. On the first ballot he received 145 votes, out of the 248 votes of the convention, his next highest competitor, Guthrie, receiving but 35 votes, but the two-thirds rule prevented his nomination. After fifty-seven ballots the convention adjourned and met at Baltimore in June, where it split, the southern Democrats nominating John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky and Joseph Lane of Oregon, and the northern party nominating Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and

Herschell V. Johnson of Georgia. The Union party met at Baltimore and nominated John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts. The Republicans met in Chicago, the first great political convention held in the West. Wm. H. Seward of New York was the leading candidate. On the first ballot Seward received 137 1-2 ballots, and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois 102, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio 49, and Bates of Missouri 48. Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot, receiving 281 1-2 votes to 180 for Seward.

In 1864, General George B. McClellan, of New Jersey, fresh from the battle fields of Antietam and the Peninsular Campaign, with a grievance against the administration, was nominated by the Democrats at Chicago on a platform declaring the war for the preservation of the Union a failure. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, was his running mate. At Baltimore the Republicans renominated Lincoln, Missouri alone voting for General Grant. The radical Republicans met at Cleveland, and nominated as their first standard bearer John C. Fremont, but General Fremont withdrew and recommended the support of the regular Republican ticket. McClellan received but 21 electoral votes out of the total of 233.

In 1868, for the third time was placed in nomination a "dark horse," Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, on the twenty-second ballot, receiving the unanimous vote of the convention, not having previously received a single vote in the convention. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, started in as the leading candidate, the contest finally narrowing down to General Hancock, and Thomas H. Hendricks, of Indiana, until the final break was made for Seymour. General Grant, of Illinois, and Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, were unanimously nominated by the Republicans at Chicago, and overwhelmingly elected.

* * *

In 1872 General Grant was again unanimously nominated, with Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, with him on the ticket. The anti-Grant Republicans, under the name of the Liberal Republicans, met at Cincinnati and nominated Horace Greeley, of New York, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. The Democrats met in Baltimore, and endorsed the nominees of the Liberal Republican party. The "Straight-out" Democrats met in Louisville, and refused to support the Liberal Republican ticket, and nominated Charles O'Connor, of New York, for President and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, for vice-president. The gradual splitting up of party votes, which has been so prevalent of late years, was first noticed during this campaign. The Prohibitionist party, meeting at Columbus, Ohio, nominated for president James Black, of Pennsylvania, and for vice-president, Rev. John Russell, of Michigan. The "Labor Reform" party met in the same city, and nominated David Davis, of Illinois, and Joel Parker, of New York. These candidates declined, and O'Connor and Adams, and the straight-out Democratic ticket were endorsed afterwards. The straight-out Democrats received but 30,000 votes, the Prohibitionists 5,600, the Liberal Republican-Democrats 2,800,000, and the Republicans 3,600,000.

In 1876 Samuel J. Tilden of New York received the Democratic nomination for president at St. Louis on the second ballot, and Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana was nominated for vice-president. It was at this convention that Henry Watterson of Kentucky formally introduced the "Star-

eyed Goddess of Reform" to the American people. The Republicans met at Cincinnati, where the famous Blaine-Conkling controversy, which eight years later resulted in the defeat of Mr. Blaine and the Republican ticket, made its appearance.

The Republicans borrowed a lesson from the Democrats and on the seventh ballot nominated a "dark horse," Governor Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio. The money question, which twenty years afterwards was destined to be the sole issue, was projected into this campaign by the Greenbackers who nominated at Indianapolis, Peter Cooper of New York and Samuel F. Cary of Ohio.

In 1880 the Democratic party, which had been vigorously abusing the Republicans for twenty years for selecting military heroes as their candidates, nominated one who had distinguished himself in the Civil War, General Winfield S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania. This convention was held at Cincinnati. William H. English, of Indiana, was nominated for vice-president. Mr. Tilden could undoubtedly have rereived the nomination, in place of General Hancock, had he not declined. Hancock was nominated on the second ballot. The Republicans again met in Chicago, and on the thirty-sixth ballot again nominated a "dark horse," General J. A. Garfield, of Ohio, who received 399 votes, to 306 for Grant. General Grant had just returned from a tour around the world. He was still the foremost figure in American politics. He was especially championed by the great triumvirate, consisting of John A. Logan, of Illinois; Roscoe Conkling, of New York; and Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania. It was a fight between Blaine and Grant. Blaine started in with a strength of 284 votes, to 304 for Grant, with a small number of votes for Thurman, Edmunds, Windom and Washburn. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was chairman of the convention. It was a dramatic feature of the convention when, on the thirty-fourth ballot, General Garfield received 17 votes. Rising in his seat as delegate from Ohio, he protested against any person receiving votes contrary to his will, and Senator Hoar calmly ruled, "the delegate from Ohio is out of order." Before the balloting began, Senator Conkling made a stirring speech nominating Grant, but the one speech that captured the convention was made by General Garfield, whose nomination was effected by the throwing of the entire Blaine strength to him.

In 1884, James G. Blaine was nominated by the Republican convention at Chicago on the fourth ballot. His chief opponent was President Arthur, other candidates being Edmunds, of Vermont; Logan, of Illinois; John Sherman, of Ohio, and Hawley, of Connecticut. A portion of the party, including the civil service reformers led by George William Curtis, and those who believed in the charges of political corruption against Blaine, "mugwumped." "Harper's Weekly," which was edited by Mr. Curtis, formally announced its bolt in a cartoon, in which the Republican party was depicted as Virginia, and the bolting Republicans as Virginius stabbing his daughter to save her from the clutches of Appius Claudius, as related in Macaulay's poem, "Virginius." "Puck" and "Judge" first made their appearance as campaigners in this campaign, and the famous cartoon, "The Tattoed Man," in which Mr. Blaine represented a side show freak, was distributed at the convention. John A. Logan, of Illinois, was nominated for vice-president. The Democrats met at Chicago, and nominated Grover Cleveland and Thomas

A. Hendricks. Cleveland had achieved a reputation while governor of New York, as something of a reformer, and he was nominated on the second ballot, over Bayard, Thurman, Randall and McDonald. The "Equal Rights" party met at San Francisco, and named as its candidate Belva A. Lockwood, of the District of Columbia, and Marietta L. Stow, of California, the first instance of a woman being similarly honored.

Four years later, in 1888, Grover Cleveland was again nominated at the St. Louis convention, Senator Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, being nomininated for vice-president. Mr. Thurman had been addicted for years to the use of a large red bandanna handkerchief, and the campaign colors of the Democrats were confined to the red bandanna. The Republicans retaliated by adopting the American flag as their campaign banner. The Republicans met at Chicago. John Sherman was the leader with 229 votes, to 107 for Gresham. The unexpected happened. The fight between Sherman and Gresham was so strenuously fought, that neither could win the prize, and on the eighth ballot Benjamin Harrison received the nomination.

Grover Cleveland has the distinction of being the only man who has been nominated three times for the presidency by any political party.

At the Chicago convention in 1892, Mr. Cleveland against the strenuous opposition of Tammany Hall was nominated for the third time, his running mate being Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois. Mr. Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot. The Republicans met at Minneapolis and re-nominated President Harrison on the first ballot. Only a few days previously Jas. G. Blaine, secretary of state, now broken in health and crushed with disappointment, had resigned his seat in the cabinet, and allowed the use of his name for the presidency. He was too late, however, and Mr. Harrison was re-nominated. Whitelaw Reid of New York was placed on the ticket with him. This campaign, as were the campaigns of 1884 and 1888, was fought strictly on the tariff question. The low tariff men won and elected Mr. Cleveland for the second time. The passage of the Wilson low tariff bill was followed by the great panic of '92 and '93, and "free trade" and "low tariff" received a crushing blow from which it may never recover.

When the time for holding the national convention of 1896 drew nigh the Democrats abandoned the tariff question, and took up the question of free silver. Mr. Cleveland and the low tariff leaders were set aside, and the free coinage of silver was adopted as the Democratic shibboleth. The Republicans maintained that the panic was due to the Democratic tariff tinkering, reaffirmed the policy of protection to American industries, and adopted a gold standard plank, provided an international agreement for the free coinage of silver could not be arranged. For several years previous to the convention Marcus A. Hanna, a prominent business man of Ohio, had been quietly at work for the nomination of Governor McKinley of Ohio. Mr. Hanna, called a secret meeting of forty prominent business men from different parts of the United States, and as a result of that meeting it was agreed to throw the strength of the business interests of the country for McKinley. Twelve thousand private letters were written to all parts of the United States. Mr. Hanna, who was not at that time regarded as a politician, quietly visited the leading business men throughout the United

States, and secured their almost unanimous support for the nomination of McKinley, who was, regardless of this movement, the most popular man in his party after the death of Mr. Blaine.

When the Republican convention met at St. Louis Mr. McKinley was nominated on the first ballot, and Garret A. Hobart of New Jesery was nominated for vice-president.

The Democrats met at Chicago with the free silver men in absolute control. Richard P. Bland of Missouri was the leading candidate of his party, and his nomination seemed assured, when a "young Lochinvar came out of the West" in the person of William Jennings Bryan, a young man only thirty-six years of age. In making a speech advocating the adoption of a free silver platform, Mr. Bryan in a moment made himself famous, and captured the convention and the nomination on the second day's ballot. Mr. Bryan made one of three great speeches which have captivated national conventions. The first was made by Robert G. Ingersoll in 1876, in his famous "Plumed Knight," speech, when he nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency. Conkling and Garfield at the Chicago convention in 1880 delivered addresses which certainly live in campaign oratory. Mr. Garfield's speech made him president, but Mr. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" oration perhaps more directly appealed to the masses than any other speech that has ever been made in a political convention since conventions have been held.

At the St. Louis Republican convention, one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in a national convention was the formal bolt of the free silver Republicans, headed by Senator Teller of Colorado.

The conventions of 1900 will perhaps not be as spectacular as those in the past. The nomination of Mr. McKinley at Philadelphia, and of Mr. Bryan at Kansas City are foregone conclusions. The only interest is in the vice-presidency.

The national convention is a unique gathering. On the floors of the convention are the leading politicians and statesmen of the party. Great issues are at stake, not only in the naming of the ticket, but in the platform adopted, and the proceedings are eagerly watched by all voters from ocean to ocean. The nominating speeches and the speeches in advocacy of the platforms adopted at the various conventions during the last forty years, contain the best specimens of fervid oratory that exist. They are distinctly American institutions. Nothing like them is to be found anywhere under the sun.

THE PASSING OF YOUTH

The red Poppies waved their rich Tresses in the southern Wind, their rich Tresses flowing over fulsome Eyes of Invitation. The Sun shone high in the Sky. Youth leaped forward and smiled.

The Reaper came forth with his Scythe and moved through the Fields of mellow Grain, cutting here, cutting there, while the Grain fell with a moan. The Sun sank in the West. Youth leaped forward and smiled.

The Poppies, their rich Tresses dank, lay dead on the Sod. The mellow Grain had withered. The Sun was gone. Youth stood still, looked back, understood, and smiled no more.

H. Addington Bruce

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOUTH AFRICA

By George Fearing Hollis, Ex-U. S. Consul at Pretoria

DURING an official residence of several years in the Transvaal of South Africa, I met many leading men on both sides of the Boer question. My meeting with Cecil Rhodes took place while I was descending the De Beers mine at Kimberley for the purpose of swearing in an American consul. As I gave him the oath of office, away down in the subterranean passage, a kindly looking man came up, laughed and said: "Well, this is quite a Yankee characteristic."

I also had the pleasure of meeting General Joubert, Paul Krüger and Rev. Dr. Moering. The president is a man of great mental attainments and will-power. Gen. Joubert possessed all the inherent kindliness of a grand old man.

Among my friends of the Cape was Mr. J. H. Hofmeyer, an eminent lawyer and legislator, and the leader of the "Afrikander Bund," an organization which aims to protect the former class against the commercialism of the city, and strenuously believes that Africa shall be for the Afrikanders—that is, for those who mean to make it their home. Mr. Hofmeyer, while a loyal citizen of Cape Colony, sympathizes with the burghers of the two republics and has labored for years to bring about a better understanding between the English and the Dutch.

Perhaps there are some who cannot see the connection of the De Beers diamond mine with the present contention between the English and the Boers, and yet it is quite simple. Rhodes was the master and governing mind in the diamond syndicate; and his views as to his destiny are as distinctly drawn as those of the Czar of Russia. He early had the charter of the diamond company amended so as to permit the company to engage in ventures outside of the legitimate work of the syndicate, and with the enormous capital at his back and a huge surplus at his disposal, he was in a position to contribute to the British South African Company, not only from his own fortune but from the De Beers as well. He occupied essentially the same position in South Africa that Mr. Rockefeller does with the Standard Oil behind him, and had the sagacity, boldness and nerve necessary to carry out any purpose conceived by his facile genius. He labored strenuously to secure all the forces on his side. When the Cape government wanted to float a loan, he showed the people of the colony that they should be independent of the old country in Europe and set the example by subscribing very liberally in the name of De Beers.

Rhodes was the man of the hour; and when he launched his ambitious scheme to form the B. S. A., backed by all the power and influence of the De Beers Co., the people lent a willing ear. He had for years preached the doctrine of British extension to the north, and his alluring vision of the country taking over British Bechuanaland and the territory between that country and the Transvaal into the clutches of the B. S. A. was very captivating to the British people of the colony. The next point in the game was to interest the people of

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PORT ELIZABETH

England. How well he succeeded in this, the charter of the B. S. A., with its almost regal privileges, will show. Think for a moment how fascinating to the imperial aristocracy of England must have been the scheme of taking under the flag of England this magnificent country, before whose riches even those of the Transvaal paled. And these princely riches were to be divided among the subscribers to the stock of the company. No wonder that dukes, earls and others hurried to get a "block" before the supply was exhausted.

But what had Rhodes to sell at the time he applied to the British public? He could not offer the territory of which he was not the owner. He had for some time been buying and getting control of "concessions" given by native chieftains to adventurers, some of them indeed sportsmen, who had no thought of such traffic when they had sought and obtained permission to hunt in that paradise of sportsmen. Two or three of these I knew personally, one of them receiving $2,125,000 for his "concessions to mine minerals." No concession to alienate territory was given. Afterward, when these private "rights" were absorbed, a big blanket concession was secured from the paramount chief, Lobengula, by the promise of a certain number of rifles and the payment of a stipulated sum of gold monthly.

Rhodes had become prime minister of the colony, and was the chief officer under the government to administer the affairs of the colony under the laws which the wisdom of parliament

had enacted and the governor had promulgated. One of these laws definitely prohibited the gift, barter or sale of firearms to natives, but that little matter did not stand in the way of Mr. Rhodes.

Having, on the strength of these concessions, secured the necessary funds for the prosecution of his undertaking, his next move was to organize an armed force competent to hold the territory in which he had secured only mining rights. This he soon succeeded

SCENE IN MARKET AT PORT ELIZABETH

in accomplishing; many young men of the colony, desirous of adventure and lured by the glittering bait of future ownership of mines, flocking to his standard. When consul there, I induced him to give special privileges to two young Americans who had joined his force and had their fill of adventure, and one of them realized his ambition and owns several claims. The latter was nearly killed by the irate natives.

The subsequent war with Lobengula and his subjugation, and the "taking over" of that vast tract of country between the Transvaal and the Zambesi River, are of too recent occurrence and too well known to need repetition. What has become of the Christianized chief, Khama, and his tribe, who have so long been held up to the view of the world as one illustration of the most successful results of missionary labor among the natives, I have, at present, no means of knowing. I do know, however, that Khama said long ago in his famous letter to the Queen that he feared the white man's liquor more than he did the assegais of Lobengula. He and his tribe may have been already "civilized" off the face of the earth by means of "cape smoke." To the uninitiated I may say that "cape smoke" is the brandy of the Cape, with greater initial velocity and longer range than our famous "Jersey lightning," and I have heard many Englishmen of the Cape declare it to be the fittest and cheapest agent

to settle the "native question." The country having been occupied, towns established and fortified, and settlers invited with the generous stipulation that the discoverer of a mineral reef must share his claim equally with the B. S. A., which makes the tax of 5 per cent on the net profits of the mines in the Transvaal seem grindingly onerous and oppressive by contrast, it was found that this rival to the Transvaal was not to meet the expectations of the sanguine promoter; and the hope had at one time the republican idea.

With the discovery of gold, and the descent of the hordes of adventurers upon the Transvaal, new conditions arose which no sane man could expect these primitive people to be able to cope with in the same manner as would those who had had the advantage of a more modern civilization. The needs of the newcomers were many and great, and time and patience were necessary to bring the people and the government to a realizing

JETTY AT PORT ELIZABETH

of early dividends did not seem so promising as it did when the people were appealed to to subscribe. This was another strong reason why the control of the Transvaal should pass out of the hands of the Dutch burghers, though not the principal one, for I believe that Rhodes always had in view the consolidation of South Africa under one government. From his various speeches that I have heard him deliver and have read, this was very evident, though he may have sense of the necessity of many changes. There were no railways. Everything had to be trucked by ox-teams from Kimberley, 300 miles away. The president decided, wisely, that no railway should be built until he had secured an independent line to the Portuguese port of Lorenzo Marquez at Delagoa Bay, as the railways to the south were owned by the Cape government, and his people and the strangers would have to submit to any terms that might be exacted, if the

Cape government were allowed to continue their lines to Johannesburg.

There were no manufactories, and the president again thought it best that these should be in the hands of people whom he could trust; so concessions were made to his own kin, giving them monopoly in the manufacture of articles of necessity in order to foster quick habilitation.

The republic would not be now in the independent condition it is, but for this forethought, particularly as regards dynamite. Though the foreign clique clamored against this action, it was not because the practice was thought to be evil, but because they could not succeed in securing possession of the concessions. The policy of the government was liberal. Prospectors were licensed to pursue their work in government commonage at a nominal monthly payment, and when paying "reefs" were discovered, individuals were allowed to "peg off" their claims as easily as is done in the mineral belts of the United States. When the same conditions were found in private lands, the owner of the land was protected by setting apart his share, and the finder of the "prospects," and others had their opportunity. A tax of two and a half per cent was laid on the gross output of the mines.

It should be borne in mind that the burghers were unable to endure much taxation, the profits from sheep farming being meagre, considering their remoteness from market and the very great expense of "treking" 300 miles to a railway, and the high cost of rail transportation in Cape Colony and Natal. The English were arrogant enough when they first put in an appearance in the Transvaal, in which national peculiarity they have been growing more and more efficient year by year, and as they grew rich by the sale of mining scrips before any gold had been pounded out of the rock, they wanted everything in sight. They wanted English to be the na-

LIGHTHOUSE AT PORT ELIZABETH

tional language; they wanted all the profits and blessings that came with citizenship, but none of the responsibilities. It was handy to have English citizenship to fall back upon in case of trouble. Then it was awful to have a taxation of five per cent. of the net products of the mines, which were paying fabulous returns on the original cost. In a word, taxation was light considering the opportunity for profit, and the representation which they claimed was unjustly denied them, they could have had, (not of late years, after they had shown their disloyal intentions) in the only honest way known among nations — renouncing allegiance to their own country and promising loyalty to the new.

MAIN STREET, PORT ELIZABETH

It is hardly necessary to speak of the Jameson raid and its result. Enough to say that Krüger, at this time, made a master stroke. Here were English subjects captured in an act of piracy which merited the death penalty. They had also broken the laws of England. The president said: "We will turn them over to the English government and let it punish them as their crime deserves."

All the world knows of the lionizing they received in London and elsewhere in England; and it was patent that if they had only been successful, nothing would have been too good for them.

The fact is, nature made a grand mistake when she planned the gold fields so far from the border, in the heart of the Transvaal. Had she been "personally conducted," she would have placed the gold fields much to southward, and a "rectification" of the boundary would have settled matters by moving the boundary fence farther northward to take it in.

When diamonds were discovered at what is now Kimberley, it was conveniently found that a half-breed named Waterboer was the owner, instead of the Orange Free State. England was generous, however, and threw a sop of 90,000 pounds to the Free State for a $500,000,000 mine.

VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT AT SEATTLE

SEATTLE AND THE NOME RUSH

By A. G. Kingsbury

IT seems as if a good part of the known world were outfitting for Nome and doing it at Seattle. The trains are heavy with incoming miners of all sorts and conditions. You hear the New England twang, the burr of the Pennsylvanian, the soft southern drawl. There are big brown fellows from the middle west, lean, wiry denizens of the Arizona buttes, miners from Australia and South Africa, and a host of Alaskans who winter in God's country and go north with the Chinook winds.

And Seattle welcomes them. No doubt she has other business, but it doesn't make such an outcry. The street cars and the building fronts bear huge signs that advertise steamers to sail for Cape Nome, and you will find your daily paper half taken up with the same. In the store windows are placards of Nome articles; Nome underwear for men and women that is wind and frost proof; there are gasoline stoves for Nome, Nome scurvy cures, Nome water filters, Nome tents and Nome other things of every conceivable sort. No doubt the Klondike inventions of a year or two years ago have suffered a change of name.

As for placer mining devices, they stare at you from every street, and the men who shout for them explain their virtues in a loud voice to throngs of tenderfeet, all of whom look on in wonder, some of whom believe, and a few buy. Show me a street corner and I will show you a rocker, show me a vacant lot and I will show you a dozen. Every one is the only practical device and is warranted to save every particle of gold put in it.

"Why, gents," says one man to the assembled crowd, "before the first of July you will see the other kinds of rockers on the Nome beach cut up for firewood, and the amalgamating concentrator selling for $500 each. Yes, sir; she'll be the only gold pebble on the beach."

Another man with buckets of "Nome sand" will show you how his machine will save from it not only coarse and fine gold, which he scatters therein with liberal hand, but shingle-nails, brass collar buttons, and tacks.

"The National Magazine" has commissioned A. G. Kingsbury, a noted explorer, and Winthrop Packard, a prominent author and correspondent, to make a close study of the Alaskan gold mining region and furnish a series of articles that will be of great interest.

VARIOUS KINDS OF GOLD ROCKERS

Just why one should want to save collar buttons and shingle nails from the Nome beach he does not explain; but the tenderfoot looks on with admiration and buys the machine, perhaps with the idea of going into hardware and gents' furnishings.

Many of these ingenious machines go with a lever, but more with a crank; some, indeed, with two cranks—the one mechanical, and the other vocal.

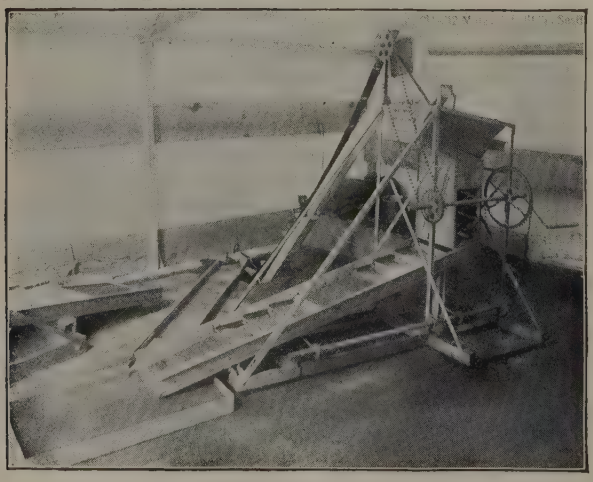
They are of all shapes and sizes, from the kind that looks like the cradle that Grandmother rocked the baby in, that can be packed into the hills on a man's back, and sells for ten dollars, to the leviathan that is two rods long, goes by steam and costs up in the hundreds. Some resemble a New Hampshire cider mill, and others are

wonderful devices of tubes and cylinders, buckets and valves, the meaning whereof no man but the inventor knoweth. But they are here, and are being sold, not only to the wide-eyed stranger, but to the experienced miner who has washed the Nome beach before and means to again as soon as the Behring sea ice will let him land. Already daily ships are leaving the wharves, loaded deep with supplies and miners, and the number of those yet to go is legion.

Goods of all sorts blockade the docks, and strangers fill the hotels and lodging houses until the keepers thereof wax fat and feel that the Klondike lies at their very door. And yet, in the business parts of the city, other forms of trade go on staidly, if briskly, and if it were not for the signs and the elbowing miners you would need to look about a bit to realize that the town is Nome mad. But watch those two burly men meet on the corner. They shake hands with a hearty grip and a "Hello, Bill: where you been for a year?"

"Oh, down in Mexico. Had a good thing, too, but I think Nome is better. Where you been?"

A CAPE NOME GOLD ROCKER



"South Africa. The Dutchmen chased me out. I'm going to Nome, too. Let's go have one," and away they go to the Nome saloon for Nome bitters.

Next you will see a group of dapper, well dressed business men, deep in discussion. Trade? Politics? Not a bit of it; Nome. One of them pulls out a map and shows the location of certain claims, and the others wag their heads knowingly and go off planning to put tens of thousands of dollars into the working of these claims.

Nor is mining the only scheme. People are planning to make money at Nome in all sorts of ways. One man is taking up a large assortment of Japanese made and dyed feather flowers. Another tons of fresh vegetables. There are photographers who will do developing and printing for amateurs. A Colorado man will take up a herd of milch cows, and incidentally has ordered several tons of condensed milk, and these and a thousand other schemers are in Seattle, arranging, planning and buying, happy and enthusiastic. But of course the mining schemes predominate. There are steam dredgers, schooner dredgers, and scow dredgers for the surf and creeks, rockers and sluicers for the beach and tundra, and quartz mining plants for the interior. To-day sails a schooner that reminds one of an expedition to settle a new country with its deck load of boards and joists for new portable houses, its chickens in coops, cattle securely stalled, provisions, implements and miscellaneous household goods galore, and its complement of men and women passengers. Yester-

THE "CORWIN" FITTING FOR HER LONG JOURNEY, ON WHICH "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE" STAFF CORRESPONDENT SAILED

day went a big liner with its great load of freight and every passage taken by fortune seekers; and so they go, from little schooners of fifteen tons to ocean-going steamers with a displacement of several thousand.

Some, indeed many, outfits seem pitifully inadequate, consisting in the main of a pair of broad shoulders, a pick, shovel and pan and grub for a few months, but others are planned with care, backed by abundant capital, and led by men who know the ground thoroughly and already have valuable interests at Nome. Of these, a typical expedition and probably one of the best equipped, is that of the Corwin Trading Company. It is unique in that it has a government vessel, the "Corwin," long time a cruiser in arctic seas, and especially built for that purpose, now refitted and stocked with every device that long experience and practical education in placer mining can suggest. It is unique, moreover, in that it will not only work its own mines, already proven rich, but will convey an exploring expedition along the arctic coast of Siberia and Alaska.

The "Corwin" will take its own photographers, a scientist skilled in geology and mineralogy, a mining expert of long experience, and a well known author and correspondent, Winthrop Packard, commissioned by "The National Magazine" to prepare a series of special articles for that enterprising publication. The result of its summer's work cannot fail to be of interest to men of science, as well as to the mining and business world. The expedition is backed by conservative Boston capitalists, who will accompany it, and the ship will be commanded by a Pacific coast whaling captain of long experience in Behring and the arctic. It has a steam launch for exploring shallow bays and creeks, pack horses and carts fitted for tundra and rough roads, iron warehouses for

storage and portable ones for camps, and every possible device for the successful pursuit of its mining, trading and scientific investigation.

The "Corwin" is brig rigged, and will sail or steam ten knots, as occasion may require.

And this is but one of hundreds of ships that will take millions of dollars of cold cash into the region of arctic desolation, and thousands of brawny workingmen who will labor there with feverish energy through five months of long arctic day, straining every nerve for the yellow dust that has lured men to hardship and adventure the world over, since the beginnings of the race.

The rush is on, and Seattle is at present the storm centre. How the storm blows north, and what it does to the dream city of the desolate tundra, is to be told in another article.

Seattle is the gateway to Alaska. You may get there by way of other west coast cities, but you will be as a man using a side door. This gate lies open to many roads, but from New England and the middle west none will bring you more direct than the Great Northern nor through more beautiful scenery. After you leave behind the lava, sand and sage brush of the mid-Washington desert the crystal peaks of the Cascade range loom ever nearer and lure you with their reflections in the smiles and dimples of a little river, head waters of the Columbia, whose course you follow. A demure, well-bred river it is, and the mountains lay their rough cheeks lovingly against it while the train climbs the wrinkles.

Like many another demure damsel, you shall find this river in other moods. Bye-and-bye she giggles and then laughs aloud, drops purling courtesies, lifts a coquettish skirt until a frill of

THE "WHITE CITY" AT CAPE NOME

A GROUP OF MINERS AT CAPE NOME

white lace shows, and the mountains raise their heads as if not caring to countenance levity. Then she waltzes among the crags and pirouettes down the gorges in long tumbling leaps, mazed in a frou-frou of ballet-dancer lace, at which the hills harden their hearts and tower sternly aloft in indignant disapproval. But no whit cares this wild girl of the wild hills. She throws modesty aside, white shoulders gleam, and curves and graces appear through froths of whiteness that clothe and reveal, like the flying draperies of the skirt dancer. And then she vaults and turns handsprings in a crazy ebullition of spirits while the mountains lift their hoary heads to the very heavens and veil their august countenances behind white cloud-hands in Puritanical indignation. Perhaps they peer through these cloud-fingers. You would not blame them, for a more winsome madcap of a naughty girl river never danced to the music of her own voice. You shall see mountains and rivers in Switzerland, but none more august, or more radiantly beautiful. With the beginning of the hills comes the scent of the firs that never leaves you, a rich, fragrant, aromatic scent like that from a great bunch of carnations. It follows you in at the car doors and windows, nor is it hidden by the scent of the brine when you reach the Sound. If in the mid day heat and bustle of Seattle streets you lift your head and sniff you shall still be thrilled by this divine fragrance.

Through the deep waters of Puget Sound, the great steamers of the world may, and do, come to Seattle's very feet, and from the teeming docks look up to a city that is built upon a hill rising terrace above terrace from First street to Sixteenth.

IN THE HAUNTS OF DANIEL WEBSTER

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

With photographs by the writer, and rare illustrations from various sources

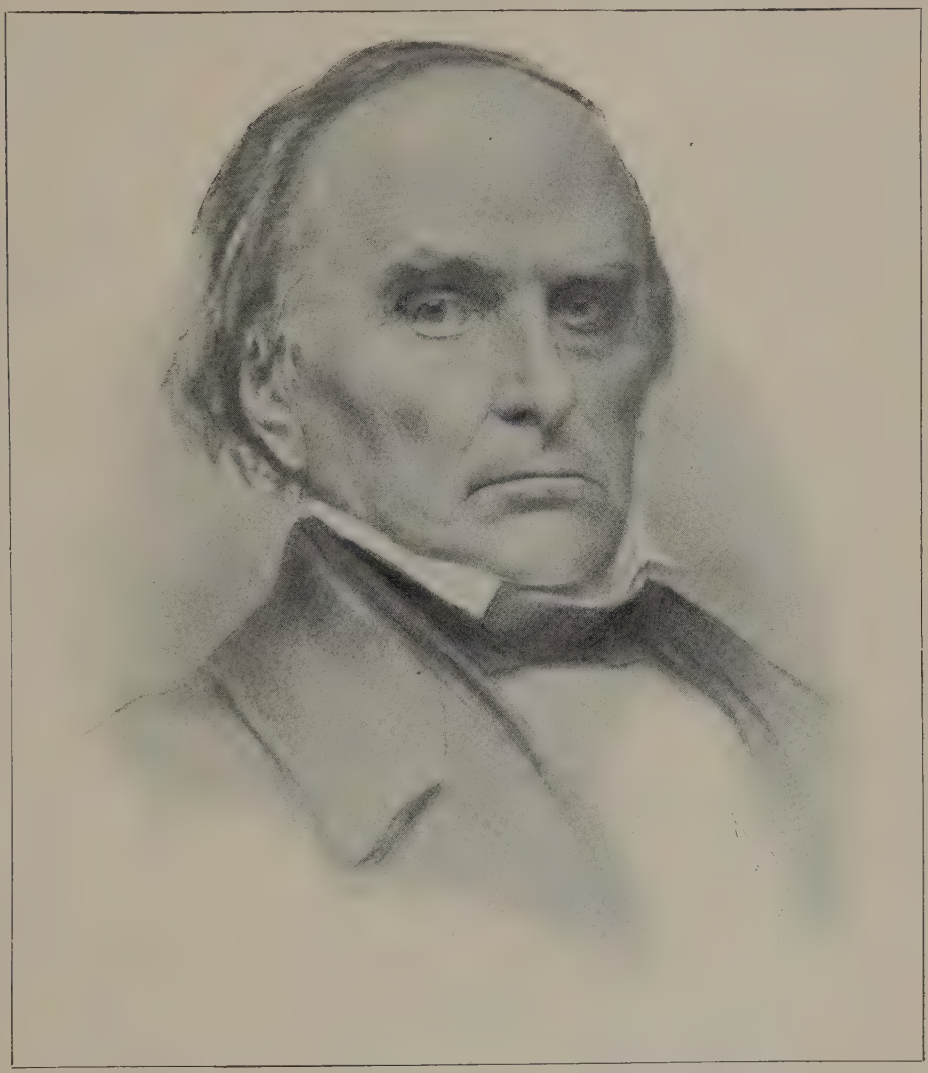
THERE is a fine appropriateness in the contemplated conversion of a portion of the Daniel Webster farm at Marshfield into a Webster Park. In no way could the Commonwealth more fittingly honor the glorious memory of the lawyer, statesman and orator, whose name occupies so unique and commanding a position in its galaxy of fame, and who did so much to establish and uphold the precedents and traditions that have given the Old Bay State an honored prestige.

With something of this in mind I made my first visit to Marshfield on a beautiful April morning. Finding myself adrift in the sandy waste that surrounds the little station, I felt like an explorer come to harbor on an unknown shore. Two hours away lay busy Boston, with its noise, its smoke, and its hurrying crowds. Here, when the train had vanished around the curve, was perfect quiet—almost perfect solitude. A bronzed and pleasant-faced man was depositing a lean mail bag on the front seat of a carryall. When I asked him if he could take me to the Webster farm, he answered in the characteristic slow drawl of the countryside that he could—after he had taken the mail up to the village. So I seated myself on a baggage truck on the station platform and patiently awaited his return.

A quarter of an hour later we were driving along the country road in the bright sunshine, with the salt smell of the not far distant sea borne upon the air.

WEBSTER'S OFFICE ON THE FARM AT MARSHFIELD

Past herds of sedate cows and frisky young stock in the hillside pastures, and broad fields where the spring plowing was in progress, over a low lying hill and around a few bends in the road, bordered with fresh-budding trees and the green blades of new sprung grass, till the driver drew rein to point out the place I had come to see. If the noble farmstead looked

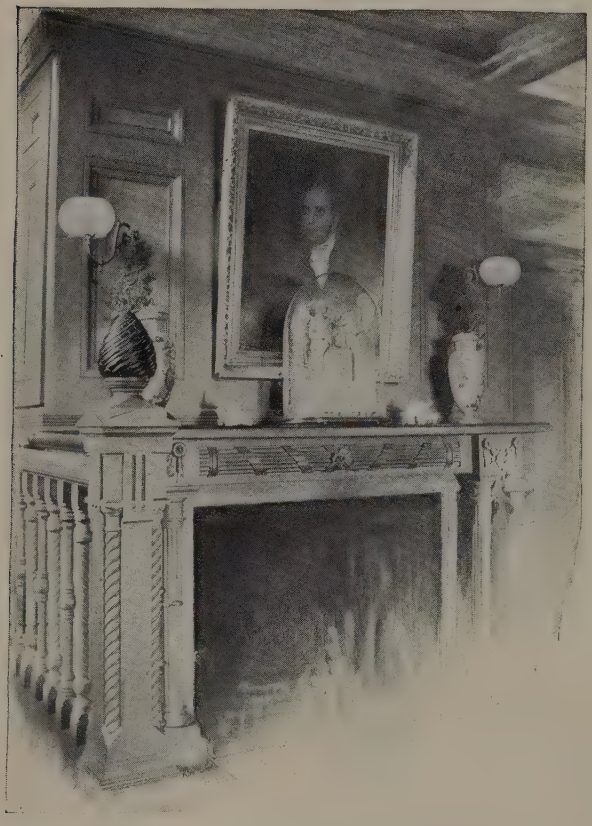


half so beautiful on that sleepily quiet day in the early autumn of 1824, when Daniel Webster and his wife—journeying in good old-fashioned style from Sandwich to Boston in a roomy chaise—first accepted the hearty hospitality of its owner, it is small wonder that the busy lawyer was enchanted with its pastoral charm.

The broad and fertile fields were spread before me like a picture; the famous apple orchard, the placid trout pond with the slow-moving windmill at its edge, the shaded driveway leading to the house standing on a little knoll, the sea in the distance dimpling in the sunlight, and the quiet, restful charm of rural seclusion over all.

Mr. Webster, writing to a friend in 1842, described the surroundings of the house in terms that might well be used to-day, so little has the general aspect been changed: The house "stands on

a gentle rising, facing due south, and distant fifty rods from the road, which runs in front. Beyond the road



The fireplace in the hallway of the house at Marshfield, with a painting of Webster and his bronze library clock. Never before published

is a ridge of hilly land, not very high . . . . running in the same direction as the road, and leaving a little depression, or break, exactly opposite the house, through which the southern breezes fan us of an afternoon. I feel them now coming, not over beds of violets, but over Plymouth Bay, fresh, if not fragrant. A carriage-way leads from the road to the house, not bold and impudent, right up straight to the front door, like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the ground, ... and getting possession at last, more by grace than force, as other achievements are best made. . . . . Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns; and on the other side, that is, to the north and northwest, is a fresh-water pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to its margin."

We drove on slowly to the house, which stands on the site of the original structure (destroyed by fire in 1879) and within which are many mementoes of its famous occupant. The first that attracts the visitor's attention on entering is a massive center table bearing this inscription on an octagonal silver plate set in its top:

1833
Presented by the Mechanics
of
Buffalo
to the
Hon. Daniel Webster

In Testimony of Respect for his Distinguished public Services in defence of a Protective Tariff, and our National Union.

In the open fireplace is a set of handsome brass andirons from Mr. Webster's library, while suspended from the wall is the magnificent cabinet of butterflies and beetles presented to him by the Emperor of Brazil. In this room, also, are many small articles formerly in daily use by Mr. Webster, and a curious chair once owned by Peregrine White. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the great leather armchair with its folding footrest, used for many years by Mr. Webster in his library. When I seated

myself in its cavernous depths I could imagine somewhat of the stature of the noble frame that had been wont to occupy it.

Over the fireplace in the hallway at the foot of the staircase hangs a fine painting of Webster, and his beautiful bronze library clock, covered by a glass dome, stands on a mantlepiece below the picture. Above the stairs hang three small paintings which were once in the original house.

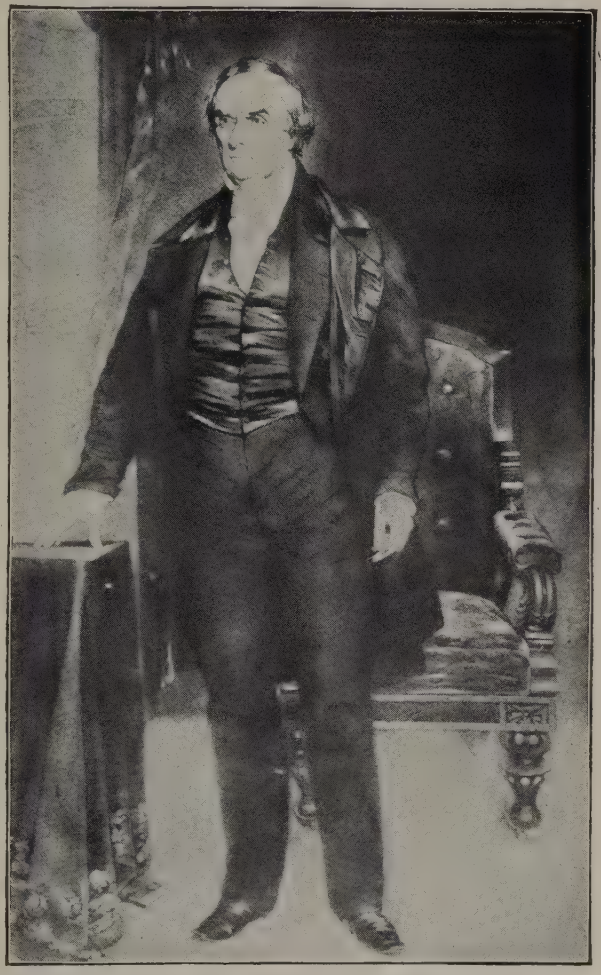
I stood upon Mr. Webster's lounge to take down from its place upon the wall his wooden powder horn of generous size, which bears a silver plate upon the larger end with this inscription:

Daniel Webster
Presented by
William Stearns
1835

A set of library steps bearing the imprints of the pegs in Mr. Webster's boots show that he often used them. A pair of capacious white duck trousers of obsolete cut which he had often worn, and his sturdy walking stick were brought forth for my inspection.

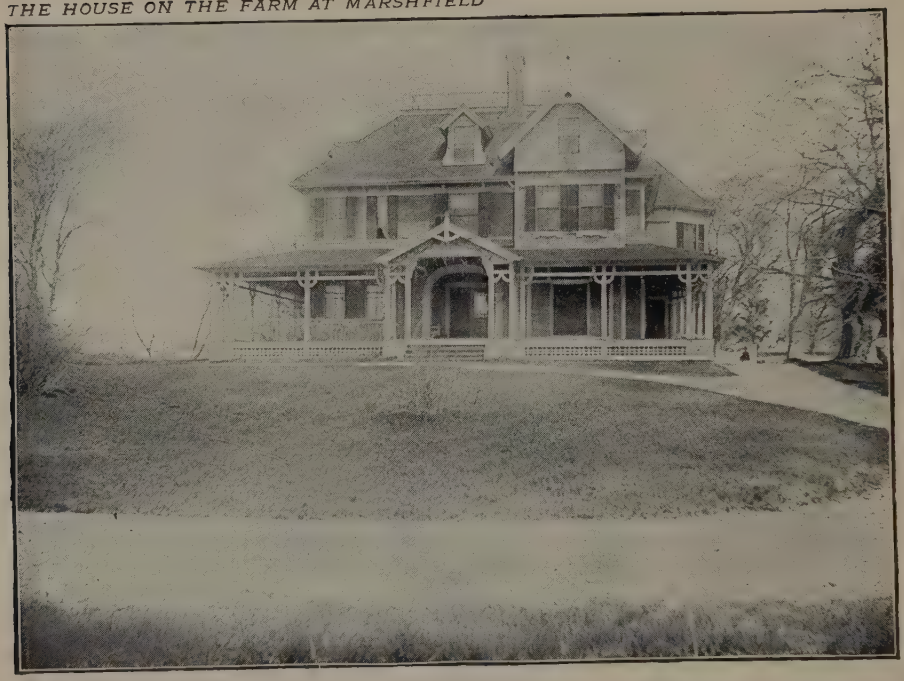
On the lawn before the house stand the two beautiful weeping elms (called "The Brother and Sister") which Mr. Webster set out as a memorial to the memory of his loved children, Edward and Julia, who both lay dead in Boston at the same time (May, 1848). In the early part of the winter his daughter Julia (Mrs. Appleton) had taken a severe cold, which developed latent pulmonary tendencies and resulted in her death on the 28th of April. Major Edward Webster, the youngest son, gallantly serving his country in the Mexican war, died near the city of Mexico on the 23rd of January. A few hours previous to his sister's burial his remains reached Boston and were interred later in the same week. In the hallway hangs his sword.

In the spring house by the trout pond, where I stopped for a drink of the deliciously clear, cold water, were



Reproduced from a rare photograph, never before published

THE HOUSE ON THE FARM AT MARSHFIELD



nineteen speckled beauties that would delight the heart of an angler—direct descendants of those of which Mr. Webster was so proud. This spring house and the small building which was once his office are the only ones of the original structures now standing.

I followed the winding farm road leading from the house across the fields to the quiet God's acre on a knoll a half mile away, over which that sad cortege had passed in October, 1852. Here, in peaceful solitude, by the sea and the eternal hills, with his loved ones round him, lies Daniel Webster. A simple stone marks his resting place—his eulogy is graven on the hearts of the nation in everlasting fame.

FREDERICK WATERMAN

Heard Webster's oration at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1828

Later I climbed to the top of Black Hill, Mr. Webster's favorite lookout spot, from whence can be seen the whole great expanse of the farm, the bold coast line for many miles, and the blue ocean stretching out to the distant sky line with white sails shimmering in the bright sunshine.

Away to the left can be seen the Peregrine White farm, the one-time home of the first

white child born in the new world.

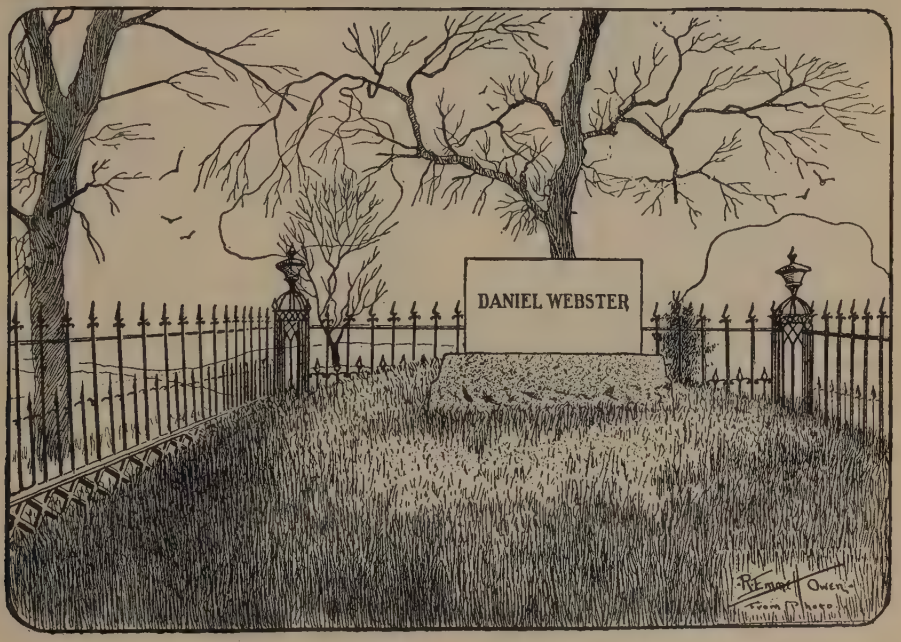
At the village of Marshfield, three miles away, is the ancient church which Mr. Webster attended for many years, and under the whispering trees near by the simple stones, many of them fallen down, and gray with moss, that mark the resting place of our Pilgrim forefathers.

* * *

For seven years the Webster family passed their summers on the beautiful farm by the Marshfield seashore as the guests of Captain John Thomas, till in the autumn of 1831 Mr. Webster purchased the estate, afterwards making many changes and additions to the buildings. Captain Thomas continued to live there as an honored guest until his death in 1837.

In this sylvan spot the busy lawyer found relaxation from the cares of court and state in directing his farming operations, in hunting and fishing, and in the fellowship of his humble neighbors. Here, with the democracy of true greatness, he established friendships so sweet and true that when he lay dead among the throng of sorrowing toilers of the soil every heart was wrenched with grief, and their tears flowed unrestrained. One unknown man, in plain and rustic garb, standing beside the coffin and looking down upon the face of the dead, said softly, reverently: "Daniel Webster, the world without you will seem lonesome."

WEBSTER'S GRAVE ON THE FARM AT MARSHFIELD



The gray-haired old farmer seated in a splint-bottomed chair in the sunshine before a farmhouse at which I stopped for a drink of milk, was watching his sturdy grandson guiding a plow in the field beyond, and dreaming of the days when he, too, was young and strong, and the world was very fair.

"Indeed I do," he answered when I asked if he remembered Daniel Webster; and the bent form straightened, and something of the old time fire shone in the faded eyes. "He was a

grand man. I loved him. Everybody about here loved him, and when he died it seemed as though the sun stopped shining. He had a heart, and his friendship was a grand thing. I remember how he went about his farm, a strict master and a just one, with a smile and a handclasp for all he met. It was a fine thing to shake hand with Daniel Webster. He was a great hunter and fisherman, and loved the sea and the soil. Such men as he was are not made nowadays."

"THE ELMS," WEBSTER'S BOYHOOD HOME

* * *

The number of those who knew Daniel Webster when he was in his prime is growing small. One who remembers his speech at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument is Mr. Frederick Waterman, now ninety-three years old and a resident of Grafton, Mass. In 1828, when eighteen years old, he walked from Barre, Vt., to Charlestown, 150 miles, and arrived in time to witness the ceremonies on June 17. Despite Mr. Waterman's age, he delights to tell his experiences on that eventful day. Bunker Hill was then like any other country hill, devoid of buildings. Several small walks, resembling cow paths, led to the historic spot. The day was fair and hot and thousands of people assembled to witness the laying of the corner stone. Revolutionary veterans were there in great numbers. Mr. Waterman had a post of vantage amid the throng, and listened with rapture to Daniel Webster's eloquence.

As a Vermonter, Mr. Waterman takes a great pride in Admiral Dewey. The hero of Manila is his ideal hero, and he sometime ago expressed a hope "that Dewey won't stub his toe like many other great men."

* * *

The ring of the woodman's axe had not yet resounded among the stately forest monarchs of the Granite State when, but a short time after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, Daniel Webster's hardy ancestors settled upon its rock bound coast. The future great statesman's father, Ebenezer, did valiant service under Wolfe in the Revolution, and when the end of the bloody conflict came, received a grant of land in the then remote wilderness along the Merrimac river and erected a log cabin, with no other white man's habitation between it and the settlements at Montreal. Here was the beginning of the town of Salisbury, and later, near the log cabin, the frame house was built in which Daniel Webster was born.

When he first learned that he was to be sent to college, he was overcome with gratitude and emotion. In later years, he wrote in an autobiographical sketch of his boyhood: "I remember the very hill which we were ascending through deep snow, in a New England sleigh, when my father made know this purpose to me. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me. A warm glow ran

over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept."

Up to 1812, when war was declared against England, Mr. Webster had taken very little active part in politics. Were he alive now, in view of his public utterances at that time, there is little doubt as to what position he would assume on the question of expansion. In a public address, previous to the declaration of war, giving an impartial view of strained foreign relations, he said:

"Nothing is plainer than this: If we will have commerce, we must protect it. This country is commercial as well as agricultural. Indissoluble bonds connect him who plows the land with him who plows the sea. Nature has placed us in a situation favorable to commercial pursuits, and no government can alter the destination. Habits confirmed by two centuries are not to be changed. An immense portion of our property is on the waves. Sixty or eighty thousand of our most useful citizens are there, and are entitled to such protection from the Government as their case requires."

WEBSTER'S BOSTON HOME

The house stood at the corner of Summer and High streets, near the present location of "The National Magazine" office

During the years in which he took no part in the councils of the nation, he was engaged in the vigorous practice of his profession in Boston, where he removed after the end of the Fourteenth Congress. For some time he had felt the necessity of locating where he would have greater scope for his powers, and it became an open question whether Boston or Albany should have the honor of being the future home of the greatest statesman of his time. Finally, after the complete destruction by fire of his house, library and all the fruits of his professional labors at Portsmouth, he chose Boston as an abiding place, and it was then, while a member of the famous Suffolk Bar, that he reached his great fame as a lawyer.

Though Mr. Webster encountered the greatest lawyers of his time, he seldom met his equal, and never his superior. His arguments were underlaid by a wide knowledge of the history of law, and distinguished for sound ethics and philosophy. Though it might well be wondered at that he was not made president, the reason is not far to seek. In the presence of genius at once so creative and conservative, the jealousy and envy of smaller minds were aroused, their petty animosities were communicated to their personal following, and all conspired to prevent his election to the chief magistracy.

The only living descendants of Daniel Webster are the children and grandchildren of his daughter Julia, who married Samuel Appleton of Bos-

ton, and do not bear the family name. Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, of Washington, (formerly Mrs. Edgar) is a granddaughter. Two sons by her first husband, Webster A. Edgar of the United States navy, and Newbold Leroy Edgar, a lawyer of New York, are still living. One daughter, the Countess De Moltke Huitfeldt, a young lady of twenty-five, resides with her mother in Washington. The youngest son, Jerome Bonaparte, also lives with his mother and is connected with the National Security and Trust Company. It was this bright young man of twenty-two who unveiled the statue of Webster recently presented to the government at Washington by Stillson Hutchins. He and his sister have the imperial blood of the Bonapartes as well as that of Webster coursing in their veins.

WEBSTER'S MARSHFIELD HOME

The house was burned in 1879, and the present structure was erected on the same site

The reception rooms in their house on K street are adorned with medieval armor, swords, spears and relics of ancient warfare such as would gratify the most extreme Bonapartist, and it is indeed an interesting home. The bright young people and happy home life is characteristic of the truest and highest American ideals.

One grandson, Samuel Appleton, resides in St. Paul, and has three sons: Samuel, Fletcher and Robert; and two daughters: Esther and Anne. Another granddaughter, Mrs. Armistead, resides in Boston, and has two sons: Lewis Addison Armistead and Daniel Webster Armistead. This comprises the entire list of descendants, and among them only one bears the full name of their distinguished ancestor. In fact, my impression is that the pride of ancestry is not especially apparent in the great-grandchildren of Daniel Webster. This contrast is indeed marked to the genealogical searchers throughout the country, who are in quest of a family tree on which to hang the armor of a Son or Daughter of the Revolution. Especially has this spirit developed in the west, where people are just discovering who they actually are, and the fad is not without its compensation in having softened the prejudice against New England, when it is found that the bone, blood and sinew of the nation first came from there. But in Washington one is amazed to find so little apparent interest in Daniel Webster among his grandchildren, who are modestly averse to attention simply because of their distinguished ancestor. In fact, there seems to be apparent more of an interest in the Bonaparte side of the house, and the home fitted with the heraldry and equipment of the crusaders and imperial France scarcely suggests a memory of the great American who created the liberty-loving sentiments that will endure as long as the nation exists. It is very fitting that the best blood and highest traditions of America and of France should be so intermingled.

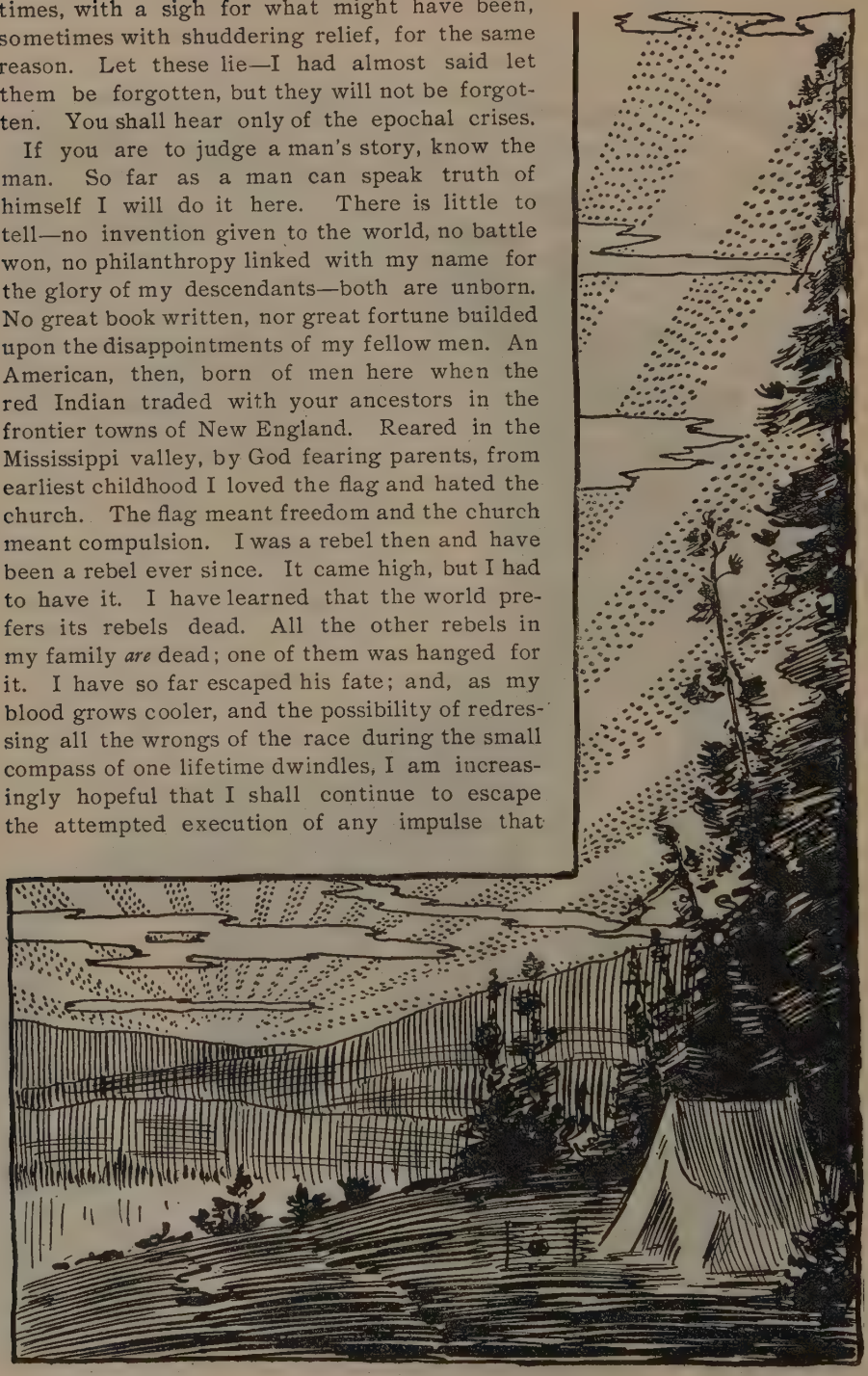
By Felix Harding

FIRST EPISODE

AT forty-nine, though my friends say I appear to be hardly thirty-five, I find myself more often looking backward than forward. In these confessions I shall take no account of childish fancies. Neither shall I tell you of certain other episodes of later date, affairs of temperament, remembered oftenest on stormy nights, when the solitude is oppressive, and the book is dull, and the tobacco burns badly. Remembered, some-

times, with a sigh for what might have been, sometimes with shuddering relief, for the same reason. Let these lie—I had almost said let them be forgotten, but they will not be forgotten. You shall hear only of the epochal crises.

If you are to judge a man's story, know the man. So far as a man can speak truth of himself I will do it here. There is little to tell—no invention given to the world, no battle won, no philanthropy linked with my name for the glory of my descendants—both are unborn. No great book written, nor great fortune builded upon the disappointments of my fellow men. An American, then, born of men here when the red Indian traded with your ancestors in the frontier towns of New England. Reared in the Mississippi valley, by God fearing parents, from earliest childhood I loved the flag and hated the church. The flag meant freedom and the church meant compulsion. I was a rebel then and have been a rebel ever since. It came high, but I had to have it. I have learned that the world prefers its rebels dead. All the other rebels in my family *are* dead; one of them was hanged for it. I have so far escaped his fate; and, as my blood grows cooler, and the possibility of redressing all the wrongs of the race during the small compass of one lifetime dwindles, I am increasingly hopeful that I shall continue to escape the attempted execution of any impulse that



might lead to the "gallows high."

I think the writing and reading of novels is the preparatory stage of literature, fitting men to read and understand the great poets. In my childhood my people thought me of unsound mind because I loved a flower better than a dollar. The hauteur of youth has abated. I do not love the flower less, but I no longer refuse to meet the dollar half way.

Maud had red hair. At that day it was a golden halo. That hair inspired my first sonnet. It wove itself into the fabric of my dreams. She had eyes that hid mysteries, blue eyes that clouded like a summer sky, or glowed like stars under the stress of varying emotions. She was lithe, girlish, a fawn. We "stood tiptoe upon a little hill," and the world was shut away from our sight by drifting clouds made golden by the sinking sun. The shadows rose from the hill and from the plain, and it was evening. The time and the place were made for love—the solitude, the silence, the laughing

stars, the fragrant languor of the summer night.

We were young, and youth is too often over bold, yet I stood in an awe of Maud. For the life of me I cannot understand it now, but she put a spell of humility upon me as no other per-

son ever did before or since. I suspect that I had so idealized her, had so decked her with graces and powers the like of which I knew my own unworthiness to possess, and which she did not possess, that my own exalted passion, too fine for earthly uses, became the single bar to my desire. I suspect that Maud was no more than a healthy, witty, sane lass, who wished me to take her hands into my own, to draw her close to me and to press upon her pretty lips an adoring kiss. I suspect that she resented my stupidity, for she suddenly grew chill, and directed me to take her home. I worshiped the shadow; another man won the substance, a man who was not troubled by any fears, who would have laughed to scorn the airy aspirations of my sonnet—and of the later verses, touched with a decreasing melancholy, that chronicled my emergence from that fever. In a way, I am glad that it all ended so, since Maude is, for me,

ever the same, ever a dreaming girl there in the starlight.

Years afterward, opportunity was offered me to be present at an assembly where I might meet her, and the sudden temptation was not a slight one; but wisdom prevailed over impulse, and I set out again upon the tramping tour that was my midsummer diversion in that year. All the leafy hedges reminded me of Maud, the birds sang of her, and at evening when I pitched my tent at the summit of a little hill, the same stars smiled down. The wreaths curling upward from my pipe took on the shape of her shadow, danced away from me, returned, challenging me, and passed out on the rising breeze. After all, said the wind, there are worse friends than freedom and one's pipe. But I knew that this was the shallowest of sophistry, and that night was a lonesome one. I dreamed of a cottage, Maud in the door, children shouting in a grassy yard at play.

Still, the sun rose next morning. The sun is a sane old fellow, and there is something very prosaic in plodding through dusty highways. That was a mighty sweet girl, too, who handed me a cup of water at the half way house—fit to make any reasonable man happy. Heigho! dreams for poets, women for men!

(*To be continued*)

ON THE GERMAN BOAT FOR SOUTH AFRICA

By Peter MacQueen, Staff Correspondent, now in the Transvaal

NAPLES, April 15, 1900.

WHEN I embarked on the German boat at Amsterdam, I had some difficulty in finding any one who spoke English. Finally, in the smoking-room, I found a man of open face and travelled appearance. He said he spoke English and was from California. "But," he continued to me, "as you are an Englishman, I guess you won't find yourself much at home on this boat. We won't waste much sleep here on the permanence and greatness of the bloomin' British Empire."

I hastened to assert that I was an American and perfectly harmless, and we soon became good friends. My companion was a Mr. Grote, an Outlander returning to the Transvaal. His passport had been stolen by a Kaffir. He had left Johannesburg upon the proclamation of President Krüger requiring all Outlanders who had not passports to leave the country. But he was a warm supporter of the Krüger government, which he declares to be more democratic than that at Kimberley. He showed me his tax bill for 1899, which was only $4.50 for the whole year, and was receipted by J. Z. Villiers, the landdrost of Johannesburg. Grote also declared that there were no grievances among the vast body of Outlanders. In most regards, the Boer government favored the average man as against the monopolist. When at the Schules farm, near Pretoria, diamonds were found, the entire estate was gobbled up by J. B. Robinson. When Krüger saw this tendency to monopolize, he got a law passed making it impossible ever in the future to have diamond monopolies in the territory of the Transvaal. This same Robinson, who is a Scotchman and a burgher, is in favor of President Krüger.

After I had talked an hour or two with Grote, it was time for the vessel to start. Near the gangway I asked some one in English to take a letter ashore for me. A young German who spoke good English advised me to give it to the policeman who stood at the end of the gangway, but the officer refused to understand English. An old man who was going ashore offered to carry it, and insisted that I must meet his son, who was going to South Africa. The son was a bright boy of twenty, a Hollandish Outlander, and after the boat left, and ever since, I have found him a very intelligent boy.

As the German steamer sailed slowly through the canal, I had a chance to witness the temper of the people of Holland toward their kin in South Africa. On the slightest provocation the band would play "Het Volkslied Transvaalen," the national hymn of the Boers. The people on the banks of the canal would wave their hands and sing the martial air. Even the children stopped their playing and ran along with the ship, the boys whistling the tune. The Transvaal Volkslied, so full of wild pity and the sadness of hope deferred, was written by Miss Katrina Van Rees of Zutphen, Holland. She wrote both music and words. It is sung and played all over Europe, and my friend

the baron was nearly mobbed in the Bay of Biscay because he refused to take off his hat when the Germans sang the Volkslied.

He was a wise man who said: "I do not care who writes the laws of a nation if I can write their songs."

When our ship swung out of the canal and into open sea, some German students aboard, who were leaving their sweethearts standing on the last lock of the canal, sang a verse of an old Schwabian folk song which runs:

Must I then, must I then, now leave this town—
And you, my love, stay here?
When I come, when I come, when I come again,
Shall I call on you, my dear?
I cannot always be with you, but your love still gives me cheer.
When I come, when I come, when I come again,
Shall I call on you, my dear?

How you weep, how you weep, that I wander forth,
As if our love were through;
Tho' outside, tho' outside, there are maidens fair,
Yet I shall still be true.
Do not think, when I see another girl, that I'll lose my love for you;
Tho' outside, tho' outside, there are maidens fair,
Yet I shall still be true.

In a year, in a year, when the grapes are ripe,
I shall stay no more away.
Then if you still are true, my love,
It will be our wedding day.
In a year, in a year, my time is past,
Then I'll live in your love for aye.
Then if you still are true, my love,
It will be our wedding day.

This song in an old Rhine dialect seemed very touching. It was customary in Germany, in former times, when a young man finished his apprenticeship, for him to travel around the country for a year, working here and there and gaining experience. From this the song grew.

As the soft hedges of Holland faded dimly from eyes misted by twilight or tears, I thought of these young fellows and of the troubled land to which they were going. Would they ever "come again" to their waiting sweethearts? Perhaps—perhaps not. A year before I had sailed with General Lawton and his gallant officers. Now many are where the rifle's ring is heard no more. My old friend, Lieutenant Jack Gregg, the liveliest and loveliest of the lads who sailed with us last year, is in his grave; Lieutenant Cheney died of many wounds; and the brave and kindly Lawton died of one fell bullet through his gallant heart.

Filled with these reflections, I went in from the bluff March gale which raged on deck and sought the warm cheer of the sitting room. It was evident to me at once that I was not welcome. The young Germans around the tables with their eternal beer had me down for an Englishman. There was a doctor among them who had lived in London. He is quite a wag, and he took me in hand. The room became wonderfully tropical when I told them I was going to Pretoria and did not belong to the Anglo-Saxon alliance. There were a large number of young fellows who did not know where they were going—three barons, many doctors, and others who said they were tradesmen. The doctor sat amid the beer bottles and closely examined my accent, which I made just as Americanized as possible.

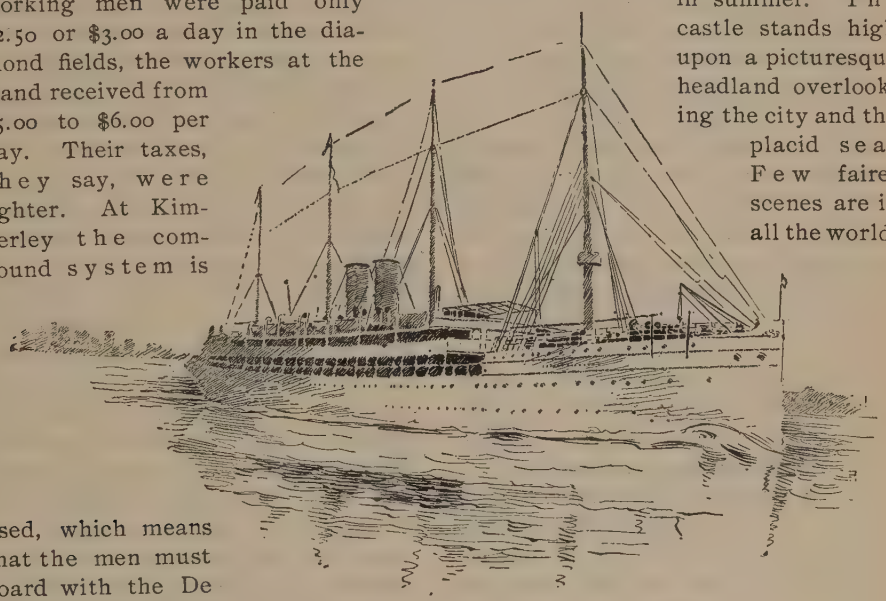
Two days afterward we were in the horrible Bay of Biscay. The vessel was top-heavy and reeled like a student full of beer. Old sailors began to look anxious, and orders were given to unshackle the life-boats as a precaution.

There are quite a large party of Hollanders with us. They do not drink much, but are clear-headed, quiet fellows, who take deep counsel with their big, long pipes. Nearly every great virtue of manhood is exhibited by the Hollanders. They do not like to be called Dutch, because they say that in England the word Dutch is opprobious.

We have Portuguese, French, Germans, English, Hollanders and Ameri-

cans. The English behave splendidly in somewhat trying circumstances. It is quite noticeable that all those who have been in the Transvaal and Cape Colony before favor the Boers. This is true of the Englishmen as well as the other nationalities represented.

All the Outlanders say that they prefer the government of Johannesburg to that of Kimberley. When working men were paid only $2.50 or $3.00 a day in the diamond fields, the workers at the Rand received from $5.00 to $6.00 per day. Their taxes, they say, were lighter. At Kimberley the compound system is used, which means that the men must board with the De Beers Company, and also buy all supplies from them. In the Rand the men buy from and board with whom they please. There is little or no ill-feeling on the boat and no discussions of politics are heard.



It is very evident, from talking with the Germans who know the facts, that the Boers have received little if any military training from Russian, French and German officers. Not many men, comparatively, have gone from Europe to fight for the Boers. In almost every case, say the Germans, the strategy and fighting have been handled by the Boers themselves. The reinforcements received have been from Cape Colony and Natal, where hundreds of thousands of the people sympathize with the Boers, and many British born subjects are openly with the Afrikander Bond.

We stopped at Lisbon for the mail and had a few hours to go ashore. A party of us went out five miles in the beautiful Portuguese spring to the Castle of Cintra, where the king resides in summer. The castle stands high upon a picturesque headland overlooking the city and the placid sea. Few fairer scenes are in all the world. The Germans declared it was far ahead of the Rhine. It was like a dream after the nightmare of Biscay Bay. Along the winding roads the camelias, acacias and primroses made the air soft and honey-sweet. We ran and leaped and shouted like boys just out from schóol. The air was wine; the moist earth-smell, the call of the divine morning was in our blood. Far from our thoughts were the fever and devouring fury of war; the swart clouds over the blood-stained veldt. The glorious lark was singing in the queen's garden of roses. We did not even remember that the

owner of the castle ruled in that far Delagoa Bay which might yet be the answer to the great sphinx riddle of Africa.

This boat, "Herzog" of the German East Africa line, is a rare place to study up the Boer question. Here are fifteen or sixteen nationalities—Germans, Hollanders, English, Americans and Outlanders predominate. General Joubert's niece, a Mrs. Morris, and several Boer women are here. Joubert's neice has no hopes of an early collapse of Boer resistance. She tells me that the townspeople may submit to English rule, but the sturdy farmers, never. Her uncle was against the war and in favor of progressive legislation, but, once the die was cast, he would never have been conciliated. It will be remembered that in 1877, when even Krüger accepted office under Great Britain, Joubert refused to take the oath of allegiance. Joubert was the most beloved of all the Boers, and the Outlanders on this ship express unbounded admiration for him.

There are quite a number of Boer ladies on board, and they tell me their husbands and brothers are all at the war. They have no idea that the Boers will be beaten. All the sociable women's clubs are recruiting women who will take their husband's places in case the latter are sick or killed.

There are many men and many minds on board the "Herzog." Here are English officers going to Uganda, German merchants traveling to Dar-es-Salom and Chinde to found new colonies for Wilhelm. Then there are Portuguese for Beira and Mozambique and Hollanders for Lorenzo Marquez and the Transvaal, and the Outlanders for Durban. Some strange companions are to be seen. In the steerage are Egyptians, Greeks, Kaffirs; in the third-class cabins are baronets, miners, soldiers and clerks.

Several of the people on the "Herzog" were in the Transvaal up to the time of the victory of Spion Kop. A young Scandinavian named Ribou tells me that he was at the station when eight hundred prisoners were brought in from Nicholson's Nek and other battles. Scarcely one of them was wounded, and they all were apparently delighted to be captured. Ribou heard the British soldiers saying to the Boers: "You men know what you are fighting about; we don't."

Quite a number of our passengers seem to be going to the Transvaal at this time just for their health. They say the air is fine and dry, and at the end of April we shall be at the beginning of the winter. The German student element among us is exceedingly interesting and intelligent. Comparing these men with the American lads with whom I sailed through this same sea over a year ago, I should say the Germans are the more studious; the Americans are the more practical. There are six or eight Red Cross men with us. They are evidently very efficient men from the German Red Cross, but they have far more paraphernalia and more form than our doctors and stewards had. Yet I question if they will get to the wounded any quicker or render as able and prompt aid as the Yankee ambulance corps did in Santiago and the Philippines.

I am more and more convinced that the Boers did not get much aid from Europe. If all the non-English boats going into Delagoa Bay from Europe since October 11 had been crowded, they would not have been able to land over a few thousand. On the other hand, the Germans here are very positive that few of their regular officers direct the Boers. These latter have done nearly all the strategic work and practically all the fighting.

SPIRITS OF KILLARNEY LAKES

By Martha Young

THERE are no more beautiful violets the world over than the violets of Lakeview beyond the Highlands of Birmingham, most bustling city of Alabama. Pale they are, and faintly blue; there are none like them under the sun, unless they be the pale bog-violets (*viola ralustris*) of Ireland. Up the mountain sides that roll back from lake and dummy line they bloom.

Mistress Maloney descended from the step of the car and in lusty brogue directed her son Pat about her sundry packages. These they carried to the peak-roofed shop on the edge of the line. It looked under the shadow of the mountain for all the world like a toy Noah's ark.

"Hey, Nora, we're back," called Mistress Maloney to the girl who stood inside the store door. You kep' store good for me. Well, Birmingham is warming up. Them pavements was warm! But this is good. Just a dhrop, Nora," Molly Maloney was saying aplogetically; "Just to keep the heat out."

"It was just to keep the cold out last time."

"Hey? Was it then? Well very like—"

The coolness from hill and lake, the pleasant sense of home-coming combined to make Mistress Maloney feel very well with the world.

"Nora, now, this is like the old country!—Close your eyes never so little and yonder's Killarney—that there lake—and if ever there was a mountain like old Glenaa it's that one. Just take an inch for mile, you know—ah, but the old country, it was good!"

"This is better," declared Nora as she helped Pat with the packages.

"Where your sweetheart is that's the best country—hey, Nora!"

"Well, well."

"Has there ever a body been here, Nora?" asked Molly, her eyes out on the waters that she chose to-day to call like Killarney of the old land between its mighty hills, Glenaa and Toomies.

"Yes. And is here yet."

"You don't say!"

"A slip of a girl; says she is from Killarney side—"

"You don't say then!"

"Sh-' Sh-' Sh! She's here."

Above them, on the narrow stair that led to Nora's little room in the roof, the stranger stood; her eyes of pale Irish blue were wide and anxious, her hair was like smooth jet.

"Come down, my girl," cried Mrs. Maloney. "She's been thramping," she whispered to Nora.

"Afoot from Chattanooga," whispered Nora.

"What's your name, then, friend," called Molly, heartily, "come sit here on the door-step, it's a bit of air you are wanting."

"I should be off again," murmured the girl.

"It's that you are looking for some one then, that's the tale. I know it all. You've been going to mines and around to the coke-ovens, and about the shops and furnaces. Your man or your sweetheart?"

"Sweetheart or ever we were so high," holding one hand a little above the floor.

"And you've been working and saving to come across water?"

"It's mother and me. She gave me ever a bit of half the passage."

"She wants you to have him?"

"And find him."

"And your name?"

"Ita Maguire."

"Not Ita M'Closkey's girl!"

"Yes."

"She married Emmet Maguire. Me and her has been a-Katherining together many is the day."

"She's dead sixteen year."

"Ah, me, that it is always. They are dead—dead. What's the age of you?"

"Eighteen come Saint Kentigern's Day."

"Ain't you hungry then?"

"She gave me something," with a grateful look at Nora, "but it's here—" and one hand fluttered to her heart, "and Mike—no!—not dead!"

She would have fallen but that Nora's arms caught and held her up. "Fetch the cot, Pat, and stretch it here. Never a bit could we get her upstairs—nor—down—if it come to that." Nora's face now was as white as the stranger's.

"Mike—you were saying—"

"Shame, Nora to pester her."

But Nora persisted. "Mike—?"

"Mike—do you know him?—Mike Killibrew?"

"You are never meaning him!"

"Shame, Nora! And ain't there a hundred and one of your Mike Killibrews!"

"His hair is like asphodels, yellow and curly—you know him?—"

The anxious eyes looked into Nora's, but they grew meaningless and wandering. The long strain had been too much.

The gentle voice went on and on, with stories of boy and girl love, with bits of old Irish song, tales of St. Patrick's festivals, of midsummer divinations—and always the same name over and over.

The two women sat long in silence at their watch over the stranger. "When was it then, Nora, that you and your Mike was to marry?"

"It was next month." Unconsciously she spoke as though it were a thing no longer looked forward to. A faint light of stars came out over the lake. Nora rose to put on a walking oat.

"Where are you going to, Nora?"

"I want Pat to go with me—to the furnace—"

"But this poor creature—"

"And ain't there a hundred and one of your Mike Killibrews?"

"There ain't but one man on earth for her—"

"The same for other folks." Nora was tying her bonnet strings.

"It ain't the same growing up with a one like and just knowing a man six months or so."

Nora tied a careful bow under her chin. Something far tighter seemed tied about her heart as the blue eyes smiled up at her from the cot.

The Park Furnace was a patch of black on the grey evening. The smoke from its chimneys made quivering shadows along the dim earth. The doors of the ovens that watchman Mike Killibrew attended seemed like doors to the infernal regions. Within were whirling blazes, flames of red, blue and gold wheeled vehemently round and round, like the curbed wings of some fallen angel—imprisoned, bound, but still full of futile restlessness.

Nora went near the watchman and touched his shoulder.

"Oh! Nora? You scared me. Why, what brings you here! I thought you were one of the Little Folks—the fairies, they are out to-night—this is neen na Beal tina!"

"May Eve. I know it. Pat came

with me; you wan't afraid, eh Pat?"

"Those Little Folks'll give you and Pat both a blast for daring them."

They talked of many things ere Nora could bring herself to speak of what had brought her there.

"I'm wondering, Mike, if you ever loved any girl but me?"

"Now! I'm wondering, Nora, what you'll be for wondering next!"

"Say now in the old country—didn't you love anybody like you are loving me?"

"No, never the same, Nora."

"Then I'm wondering was it more?"

"Not more, Nora. It's just you and me in the world, Nora; and nobody else in it if my thinking of them had to make 'em."

"I knew it, Mike," she sobbed. "I knew it." But with a woman's persistency: "Was there anybody near Killarney side you loved just a little?"

"The old woman."

"Not your mother, then?"

"Well," Mike hesitated, "as our wedding day is so nigh, I don't mind telling you, Nora, there was a girl in the old country, and we were sweethearts—"

"You were promised?"

"Well—yes, but that was four—five years ago—and never word in all that time have I written to the old country."

"She'd never be following you out across water, Mike?"

"Never a bit. But funny you got to talking of this. I've been thinking of that old time to-night, like I haven't been thinking in years—it must be the little people out May Eve—if they have come 'cross the water after us—that set me thinking. But, Nora, I don't want to go back to loving her nor nobody but you—"

"Was she called Ita Maguire?"

"The same. How did you know?"

"Maybe it's the Fairies telling me—but I must be going. I just came to say—" she went hesitatingly to the door—"Come, Pat!" She looked back—"I came to say you'll be sure to come by Mis' Maloney's in the morning as you are leaving your watching?"

* * *

Mistress Maloney sat at the foot of the cot where the tired girl still babbled of old days.

"Don't you want to lie down a bit, Mistress Maloney?" asked Nora.

"It's as fresh as Whitsunday ale you're looking, Nora," cried Molly, with a start; "but it's not me as'll desert the poor creature. It's a doctor she ought to be getting in the morning, but I don't know how she'll be getting one—"

"I'll get her one," said Nora.

"Eh, Nora, it's the good heart that's in you then."

Nora sat in the doorway to share the watch.

Ita babbled of bright times and gay days—and always it was the same name over and over.

As the first glimmer of gray dawn crept over the earth, a great quietness came to the sick girl.

A wind began to shake the trees on the mountain side. A faint luster of rose exhaled from the east. Its light fell across the face of the sleeping girl. She opened wide her blue eyes, she rose on the couch, she looked eagerly out of the open door.

Nora put her arms about her, a warm, steady support.

"La na Beal tina! May morning!" whispered the girl; "am I home again? That's Lake Killarney—it's near sunrising—is it good luck this May morning?—is it blessings this year?—Spirit of Killarney—to see you once!—"

A whirl of wind struck the lake as it had never been stricken before; from its center rose a wave, steely in the gray morning, white with foam as the wind whirled it over the lake.

"It is good fortune!" whispered the girl ecstatically, "for I see him—Spirit of Killarney, Prince of la na Beal tina —noble O'Donoghue!"

She sprang forward, her eyes on the lake. Nora could hardly hold the slight form palpitating with joy while the girl's voice fluttered on with her happy imaginings. "I see him. He rides a mighty horse and the mane that blows in the wind is white—he is all glittering in steel—his white plume is waving. He is like the old iron men in the hall of Drogheda—"

"It is O'Donoghue, Prince o' good luck she's seein'—and me—" sobbed Nora; "I'm seein' nothin' but grey water and white foam—and no luck at all—"

"They are with him—the men and the maidens—they are dressed in green —pale as new willow boughs—and some are in white—and they've garlands then—they are coming toward Glenaa—O'Donoghue rides bravely among them—"

"And it's me," sobbed Nora, "that see nothing but water and new leafing trees, and blooming dogwood on the mountain side, and shining again in the lake."

"Blessings the year it is then," whispered the girl, falling back into Nora's arms.

The wind lulled, the little lake lay quiet between the hills. Just as the sun dispelled every memory of darkness, the two girls looking out at the doorway saw Mike, the night watchman, coming with blithe step toward them.

The radiance of the morning sprang into Ita's eyes. She forgot the weary way she had travelled. She forgot the clasp of the arms that had supported her all the dark hours. She only knew that Mike lived and that she had found him.

Nora looked steadily at him as he came whistling to the shop. She noted with unflinching eyes the wave of surprise that surged over him, the renewal of old love that swept over him at sight of Ita's rare beauty, and at her bliss at seeing him.

Molly Maloney awoke with a start. "Who is it that is going for the doctor?" she cried.

"Who's wanting a doctor then?" said Mike.

"It's a priest they are wanting then," said Nora. "Mister Killigrew, isn't it a wedding ring you've got in your pocket for somebody?"

Mike, stupefied with the stress of events and emotions, could but obey Nora's clear glance, and fumbling in his pocket, laid a bright ring in Ita's thin hand.

"It is me that will go for the Father then; I, Mister Killigrew," persisted Nora.

"Nora," whispered Molly, as the girl passed her; "it is the good heart that is in you then, Nora."

"It was to be," whispered Nora; "she saw the O'Donoghue riding on the lake this morning—and me, I saw nothing at all, at all, but the same little lake—"

"You don't say then, Nora!—Same as the old folks say he used ride on Killarney Lakes?—the Prince of Good Fortune. She saw the spirit?"

"Eh, she saw him," said Nora, hurrying off.

"Oh, it's the good heart that's in her," murmured Mrs. Maloney; "and this poor child she saw the old Ghost o' Killarney!—and Nora awake and just seeing common things—I wisht I'd a-had my eyes open; I'd not a-missed seeing him—worst luck to me to been noddin'. And wa'n't I just a-sayin' last evenin' that that lake looked like Killarney, and yonder hill like Glenaa, and yonder slope like Toomies!"

WHAT THE PUBLIC DOES NOT SEE AT A CIRCUS

By Alf. T. Ringling

THE wonders of a big modern circus are not so much in the show the audience sees, strange though this may be, as in the working details that lie hidden just beyond the public's view. On the other side of the tri-colored curtains that separate the dressing-rooms from the spectators, is found the real life of the actor-folk; the rings and stages are merely the screens upon which such parts of the view judged to be most pleasing to the circus-goers, are shown.

As a characteristic of American life, "circus day," no matter on what day it occurs, is a semi-public holiday. We have other holidays, but there is only one circus day.

In the rush and activity of city life, the coming and passing of the circus, though no less interesting, is not so emphasized by its surroundings as in a country town. Here one may see to-day a meadow where only the peaceful grazing of the cows gives life to the scene, and to-morrow, Aladdin-like, a great city of white tents has arisen, its many flags and acres of canvas undulating in the morning breeze, its inhabitants, numbering many hundreds, moving about with the nonchalance of old settlers, yet there only for the day.

Enchantment played no part in the erection of the tents. Hard work and quick, intelligent action, dominated by system, comprised the magic that reared this city of an hour, which has its blacksmith shop with ringing anvil, barber shop, hotel, wagon shop, post office and paint shop. In fact, all it needs to be a town in itself is a state charter and a village council; for it has its doctor, its lawyer, its veterinary surgeon, its mail carrier and its detective.

To transport the Ringling Brothers' circus and menagerie, sixty-five cars, averaging sixty feet in length, are required. Every cage, chariot, horse, elephant or other animal has an individual spot on one of the cars for it. Everything is loaded at night with special reference to the order in which it will be required on the morrow, and the several trains follow each other in regular order, as well.

The first train of cars carries the

superintendents and working people, the draught horses, tent and pole wagons and canvas. As soon as this

NOT DONE IN THE JUNGLE

train reaches the next town, the superintendent of tents, with his assistants, starts for the show grounds to "lay out" the lot. With tape lines the location of each tent is soon measured out and a perfect plan of the grounds made. In a few minutes more, hundreds of small steel pins mark the places where the stakes which hold the tent ropes are to be driven.

The canvasmen are detailed in squads of six and eight pounding at one stake, their rapid strokes following each each other like the regular swing of a pendulum. It takes ten

AMPUTATING AN ELEPHANT'S TAIL

minutes to lay out the lot and about a half hour to drive the stakes, and then the welcome sound of the breakfast horn is heard.

While the chef and his assistants are cooking the breakfast, the waiters, dish-washers and other cook-tent employes erect the dining tents, place the tables in position and get them ready for an army of employes. Forty minutes to build a hotel, and on its completion to have a meal ready for hundreds of hungry men! It is quick time, but it is part of the system, and a very necessary part, for it has a great deal to do with the driving of the tent stakes. It accelerates the speed of the sledge gangs, who know that they will not be ready for breakfast any

HOW AN ELEPHANT'S TOOTH IS PULLED

sooner than breakfast will be ready for them.

All of the working people of the circus eat on the show grounds. The performers, musicians and principals have meals served to them in specially constructed Pullman dining cars.

While the canvasmen are eating breakfast, tentage in immense bales, ropes and long poles accumulate on the lot until a sight is presented which to the novice seems chaotic, but the speed with which the long poles are raised skyward, the tents unrolled and laced together and ropes fastened to hold everything in place, shows that

every bit of circus paraphernalia is unloaded by the teamsters just where needed.

The first show for the public is the parade. In one-day stands, except in the event of some unusual delay, it leaves the show grounds at ten o'clock. In this long cavalade of hundreds of horses, uniformed people and gaily trapped animals everything has its place.

On the return of the parade to the show grounds the cages and dens are wheeled into the menagerie tent. The cages must be placed snugly together. Horses cannot do this, so two men take a short tongue and thus guide each vehicle into place while an elephant pushes it. The intelligence displayed by these big beasts in performing this work is truly remarkable and as interesting as any of their feats in the rings.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP"

I remember once seeing one of our elephants called "Babe" pushing with all her might to move the hippopotamus den into place. The ground was muddy, and the big pachyderm's efforts merely tended to sink the big van deeper into the yielding sod. After several attempts to move the den, Babe stepped back a few feet, stood as if reflecting a moment and then deliberately wound her trunk around the axle and raised the wagon out of the mud, at the same time pushing it forward while the men in front "poled" it into position.

In teaching an elephant to perform in the ring the trainer depends upon the animal's intelligence and memory, while the horse learns to do things by habit. It would seem from this that a greater degree of patience is necessary in training a horse. This, however, is not the case, for the horse, after being induced to do a thing many times, will from force of habit repeat the thing, while the elephant has enough of the reasoning sense in him to question the utility of repeating his lessons at times.

* * *

In the winter quarters of our circus is a large brick building where the elephants are housed. In the center of the structure is a training ring of the regulation circus size. All winter the trainers are busy teaching the elephants new tricks and rehearsing them in the old ones. To teach an elephant to dance a hornpipe, to play a barrel-

organ, to beat a drum and to play upon a brass trombone are achievments which require patient hours and many of them; and these are given ungrudgingly by the trainers during the long winter months while the circus is at rest—and what is called "rest" with a circus is really a continuation under different circumstances of the "strenuous life" of the showman.

WHAT THE AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEE

The hardest task in teaching an elephant is to make him stand on his front feet, while his rear extremities point in the direction of ten o'clock. Only by years of patient work can this be done, and the elephant selected for the work must be a young animal so that the muscles needed to maintain a position so unnatural for such a heavy beast may be developed and strengthened for the feat. There is no particular rule for training an elephant to do a thing of this kind. The trainer simply uses his resources to get the animal in the position desired as often as possible.

Madame Noble's horse, Jupiter, which walks across the ring in a vertical position, while the daring horsewoman maintains her position in the saddle, was taught the feat while a colt by being fed apples from a point high above his head, which he could reach only by raising himself to the position for which he has since become famous. The tender muscles of the colt were thus developed to sustain him in a position unnatural to the horse of everyday life; and the task of afterward making him perform this work in a place where apples could not be fed to him from a derrick, was solved by rewarding him immediately after he passed from the big tent into the passage-way to the stables.

A CORNER OF THE WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM

Kindness, patience and perseverance are the key to the training of all animals. Of the sixty-one horses in the O'Brien act, which is such a leading

feature of our ring performances, each animal had to be first trained individually; and only after many months of patient work could more than one horse be added at a time, the number training together being increased by twos and fours gradually, until the entire sixty-one were brought together.

Every animal has some inherent trait by which it is made to learn. All animals in varying degrees are reached by their sense of taste. A dominant and sensitive chord in the horse is pride, and the trainer must sound it at proper moments. He must be a diplomat in dispensing flattery to the proud animal. He needs all the finesse of a suitor wooing a high-strung belle of the season.

LACING A BIG TENT

While the animals of a circus are worked hard and long to perfect them in their feats, the people who perform in the rings, on the stages, hippodrome and races, each working from a personal motive and imbued with individual ambitions, submit themselves to a most rigid discipline of training. Abstemiousness is a positive necessity to the performer who would have his nerves and muscles steady and strong for his "stunts." The regime of exercise to which he applies himself both winter and summer produces a physical type so sound that there is no thirst for stimulants. Fresh air, and lungs developed to receive it, shower baths and a good digestion

A SLEDGE GANG

make him a normal, physical type who, in consequence, enjoys moral health as well.

Probably the most mysterious part of the circus, and the one which is hidden the most securely from the public eye, is the dressing room, which is divided into two compartments, one for the men and one for the women. Each one of these enclosures has a row of trunks laid around the sides, while the center is mapped out like the streets of a town. Each trunk is a dressing table, and it is not unusual to see 150 persons dressing in the aisles of either room.

* * *

Those who have seen the wonderful act of Millie Turnore, have, perhaps,

PULLING UP A STAKE

never thought of her except as a young woman of nerve and courage.

As they watch her swinging in the dome of the tent on the slender rod of the trapeze, never once touching her hands, they are too lost in amazement to inquire into that part of her life which is beyond the tent. To the spectator she is a circus performer, but those acquainted with her domestic life know her as a loving mother. In a seminary in the east there are three girls, who twice each week write to this brave woman. One is just finishing her education and the othor two are steadily advancing in their studies. The money that is providing these daughters with a college education is earned by the woman whose performance has thrilled thousands.

Every show, no matter how big, had its beginning just as the oak grew from the acorn, and almost as slowly. I cannot remember when my brothers and I were not in the show business. It might almost be said that we toddled from the cradle into the sawdust, for we began when the youngest of us was barely out of skirts to transform our hayloft into a circus arena, and the admission was ten pins. Later we ran a pony show on the neighboring common, having an old tablecloth for a tent. One of our first ventures was a panorama, painted by an artistic neighbor boy on the back of brown wall paper and mounted on wooden rollers. Some larger boys in a spirit of jealousy, perhaps, tore the show to pieces when its financial success had reached the munificent sum of thirty-three cents. Our next effort was not weakened by this first misfortune, for a short time later, we had organized a show to which an admission of five cents was charged. In this show we had a real live horse and it was our own—the first one we had ever possessed. We were prouder of it than we are to-day of the 500 fine bred horses in our stables, and to get it we traded all our youthful junk, consisting of an old silver watch, all of our jack knives and a skiff.

A MUSICAL MALAPROP

THE CLOWN BANDMASTER

This scraggy old pony was hitched to a democrat wagon which we had painted red, and with a Jew's-harp, an accordeon, a mouth-organ and an old army trumpet, we made our first parade.

Our first performance was to us a triumph, and it was the talk of the town boys for the next month. Our show began with a grand entry. My brother Otto, seated on the pony which did duty as the band chariot team, led the spectacle. We all wore costumes supposed to designate us as star performers. The tights, trunks, leotards and other things with which circus performers decorate themselves, were made from every imaginable thing from a red tablecloth to a crazy quilt.

The entry was concluded by the introduction of a borrowed goat, led by my six-year-old brother, John, who was playing the clown. My brother Al played the king, and when he dismounted to receive the honors of his loyal subjects, the goat took offence at some of the red in his robe and was

guilty of *lese-majesty*. The king wept bitterly, not because of the affront offered him by one of his humble subjects, but because it hurt. We went through a program as near as possible to our ideas of what a circus performance should be, and the audience courteously remained quiet.

Our success in pleasing our schoolmates fired our ambitions, and we resolved to own a real circus some day. We soon came to the conclusion that to be successful we must perfect ourselves in certain branches of our chosen profession. Accordingly we began a study of music first, joined the village band, and at odd times practised juggling, singing, dancing and comedian work. Our first real professional venture was as youths giving exhibitions in town halls and schoolhouses. We had associated with us two amateurs, making a company of six, one of my brothers having gone ahead in the capacity of advance agent. His billing material consisted of a stock of yellow window hangers, carried in a cotton hand-satchel, and about five dollars' worth of stock lithographs done up in a shawl-strap. I shall never forget the chilly October morning we left our parental abode and took the train for a neighboring village to give our first professional performance. We again rehearsed at the town hall in our first stand, and then sallied out to parade with our little band, the yellow hangers staring at us from shop windows, and our own names upon them taking our breath away. There was about fifteen dollars in the house that night, but the audience of fifty-nine people looked bigger than an audience of 15,000 does under our tents to-day.

These musical entertainments of our early career were the cause of our combining the musical with the exhibitional in a way which I hope I may say without egotism, has given our circus entertainments a distinct characteristic charm—a sort of blending of the operatic and hippodramatic that makes a symphony of motion and music in its combination of gracefully performing men and women, in fact, a rendering of melody sympathetic with, and telling the story of, the exploits in the ring.

MADAME NOBLE, "JUPITER'S" MISTRESS

After a few years of varying success,

feast to-day, and famine to-morrow, we found ourselves in possession of ten or twelve hundred dollars, and again grew ambitious to embark in a circus venture. Like many others unfamiliar with the business, we made

THE CAMP FIRE OF THE COOK TENT

many mistakes, the principal one being in spending all our money in equipping the show, leaving nothing for running expenses.

Our show was billed as the "Yankee Robinson and Ringling Brothers' Great Double Circus," having combined our capital of old nags and hope with Yankee's reputation, "making a combine of resources unparalleled in the history of tented amusements," as the bills read.

From this humble beginning our show has grown to its present proportions, and often as I think of the 1,000 persons comprising our show to-day, with audiences of 12,000 to 20,000 people, and compare our first pony with our present stable of 500 horses, our express wagon with the hundreds of gorgeous dens and chariots, I recall the prediction which Yankee Robinson used to make during his announcements in the old days when his funny speeches in the ring before each performance did much toward mitigating the meagreness of our entertainment. He would always wind up his speech with the following words:

"I am an old man. For forty years I have rested my head upon a stranger's pillow. I have traveled in every state in the union, and have been associated with every showman of prominence in America. I will soon pass to the arena of life that knows no ending, and when I do I want to die in harness and connected with these boys. If I could have my dying wish granted, it would be that my name might remain associated with that of Ringling Brothers, for I can tell you that," and here the old man's voice would drop to a prophetic decision, "the Ringling Brothers are the future showmen of America. They are the coming men."

In trying to fulfill the prediction of this old showman we have realized that success can attend only those motives which, removed from the mercenary, have for their object the building up of an amusement enterprise which is morally helpful as well as entertaining. And magnitude, though necessary to it, is not greatness, for only things that are good can be great. I believe that all amusements founded on this principle will, with intelligence and energetic management, succeed. To be good, mankind must be happy, and there can be no nobler aim than to make the path that lies between the cradle and the last sunset as bright as possible. To loosen the chains which, for a time, hold man captive to his duties, is the mission of amusement, and to do this it must be pure and wholesome.

THE FACE OF OMPAH

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

GREGOIRE BOBIER sat sunning himself on the end of the rough little pier which ran from the white shore out into the clear green water, wherein one could look down, through shimmering rings of gold, to where the pebbles wavered on the bottom far below.

The smoke from Gregoire's pipe whirled in dissipating spirals down the wind, and on his seamed and weatherbeaten face rested a look of keen content. Between the whiffs he hummed fragments of tunes; and his gaze was far away, beyond the windplay on the water, beyond the pines and hemlocks, out even to the wide spaces whence came the west winds from the prairies and the peaks.

The tunes he sang were the old airs of the *voyageurs* and the *coureurs des bois*, quaint fragments of half-forgotten days, days with the paddle and the pack, nights under the stars and the pines, bits of melody full-filled of the wind in the cedars and the long minors of the water among the rushes, scraps of song brought from far-off Breton homes, or born of the great sad stretches of the North.

" 'Fly, fly, little bird,' " he sang; and stopped. Then he began again:

" 'Fly, little bird,
Fly through the night.
Fly, fly, little white bird;
In the night the hawk sleepeth.
Fly, fly, my bird,
My little white bird.' "

"That song," he said, looking at me and nodding slowly, "that song, Jacques Gaulthier made it." And he hummed again:

" 'Fly, fly, my bird,
My little white bird.' "

"You did not know Jacques. He made that song for Shakoko, la sauvage blanc, the white Indian, she who was the wife of Ba'tiste Perrault in the old days, 'the little white bird.' That is long and long ago: Jacques Gaulthier sings no more, nor Ba'tiste, and the little white bird has flown away; but the song is here and I am yet here to sing it. Those were good days." He beat the time gently on his knee and looked out across the water.

"Jacques made that song at first-night camp when Ba'tiste married his little white bird; and that was before the hawk awoke and flew in the night; but afterward he sang it also.

"It was the time of year when the leaves turn yellow on the cottonwoods by the rivers and the wild duck flies south; when the air is like new wine in the blood and it is good to be alive. There were four of us that time, Ba'tiste, Jacques Gaulthier, Jo Gondreau and myself, old Gregoire—young Gregoire then, and sure of eye and hand as my comrades. We were in the country of the Assiniboines, on the Riviere d'Arc, and Jo Gondreau said, 'Let us go to the south.'

"So we go to the south until we reach the post of the fur company that is near the place where the Teton joins the great Missouri. There the company has its post for trade. Not the great Hudson Bay Company, but the Fur Company Americain; it is the larger name.

"There was a dance at the post; there was always a dance when the *voyageurs* and the company's men came in, and the free trappers with

their fur-packs from the hills and the plains of the North. We went to the dance, Jacques Gaulthier, Ba'tiste and I. Jo Gondreau he did not go, for he had met with old La Chance, who told him tales of the Lac of the Great Bear, and of the strange people on the Coppermine; and Jo was all aflame to go there also, at once—pouf! like that; but La Chance only laughed. But we others, we went to the dance; and there Ba'tiste saw his little white bird for the first time. It is but as yesterday that he come up to me quick, where I stand by the wall, and say:

" 'Blood of my soul! Gregoire, there is the woman for me!"

"I looked where his finger tells, and there she stood, la sauvage blanc, Shakoko, the 'Sweet Leaf', though as yet we knew not her name. There she stood, just within the door, with the wife of Cadotte, the half-breed. Cadotte's wife was also half-breed. I do not like the half-breed; he has all the evil of two races in his one life. Give me, every time, the full blood, white or red.

"But the girl was Indian, full, though she was white, white! My soul! She was white as the grand ladies of Quebec, white as the young sycamore when the bark curls away. That she was all Indian we find out later; just now she is white; and Ba'tiste could not remove his eyes from her, but look and look, until the girl lift her face to his, and her face grew red, slow, red and red, but she never drop her eyes, but meet his full and brave; and in her's came a question.

"How she stood there, across the room, and look at Ba'tiste! Slim she was, and young, and straight as the purple iron-weed: but not stiff, no, but graceful to bend and swift to spring back as the young hickory which the shoulder puts aside. And her face was all red and white, and her eyes were warm gray, with a light in them like a live coal glowing through thin white ash, with a flash of flame if the wind blow. Her ears were like the curled leaves of the beech in spring, against the dark brown of her hair, which hung down across her breasts in two great bands, below her waist. And how she was dressed I do not know; neither did I care then, nor Ba'tiste; it was enough that she stood there and looked at him.

"Do you doubt that Indians are white? But she was white, and there are white Indians, whose women have brown hair, and hair as fair as these slow Swede, and whose eyes are brown and black and blue, even as the eyes and hair of other women. And those white Indians lived, once, by the great Missouri; but they went away into the north, and le bon Dieu he alone knows where they are now. That is the way of the English and the American; because a thing has passed away and they see it not, they say it never has been, and will not believe unless they dig bones from the earth. We of the woods know that there are many things which no man sees or understands.

"This girl, she was white. The Assiniboines got her, a child, from the Ojibbeways of the north, and the 'Riccarees stole her from the Assiniboines; but where the Ojibbeways found her no one knows. And now she was at the post with a band of the 'Riccarees, and Cadotte's wife's mother had been of that tribe. The girl lived in the lodge of the chief; and he held her at the price of many ponies. This we know later; now, the girl stand and look at Ba'tiste.

"At once Ba'tiste went toward her, and she stand there, still with the great question in her eyes, watching him come to her across the room. As

for me, seeing that already there is none but Ba'tiste in the dance for that white maid, I turn away and go to make love to ma'm'selle the daughter of the trader.

"In the morning Ba'tiste come to me and to Jacques and to Jo Gondreau, also to La Chance, who sit with us, and say that he have pay the price of the ponies for that girl; also that one of the young men of the 'Riccarees, Ompah, the Elk, he has offered the ponies. The chief, seeing the two, would like that the girl go to the young man of his own tribe; but Ba'tiste has bid the ponies first, so the chief say the young men must arrange. Of course, that is a fight; for so the chief thought to have the ponies of both, of him who got the girl and of him who got death. Had there not been so many white men he would have keep the ponies of Ba'tiste and give the woman to Ompah, but he dare not; so he say the young men must arrange. So there was a fight. Oh, yes, but such a fight. There was a little island of sand in the river, firm to the foot; and to that island we went, Ba'tiste and we others, his friends; and Ompah and his friends, too; and the chief with the girl. When we land we saw the girl, and her face was like paper, only when Ba'tiste look at her the blood come up quick and her eyes shine.

"Sudden she stop, and her face is toward the forest"

Then Ba'tiste strip off his shirt, for the fight was to be with knives, close, to the end; and he step out in front of all, straight and strong, his skin smooth like the skin of a child, but like fine stone to the touch, so hard and firm, and the strength of the man in the

shifting of the muscles under the skin. And the girl looked at him, and her eyes tell him what a woman tells to but one man in her life. Then Ompah step out also, and Ba'tiste went to meet him, smiling a little smile.

"That fight? Pouf! How shall Ompah stand against the quickest and the strongest man of all the *voyageurs*, and the best with the knife? That fight? It was over like this—as I snap my fingers. Ompah's knife flash once, twice; and Ba'tiste smile and smile. Then the Indian's knife flash downward again, and Ba'tiste's left hand go up to meet it, and Ba'tiste's grip is on the wrist of the Elk, and we heard the crack of the bone. Not for nothing was Ba'tiste called 'le main de fer' from Quebec to the Caribous. His knife flash but once: then the friends of Ompah carry him away, and the chief give up the girl.

"So Ba'tiste took her to Father Sebastien. Oh, yes, there was a marriage. That girl, she was not the kind for whom one pays the ponies and takes away without the blessed words; and Ba'tiste was too much a man. So Father Sebastien gave her the holy baptism and married them, and there was a festival and a dance; but the 'Riccarees went away, black and ugly; and the body of Ompah went with them to the high poles of burial.

"After a time we make the start for home, before the winter shall come, and death in the snow-drifts and the wind. La Chance went with us, and we traveled swiftly, not by the way we came, for that was long, and also, through the land of the 'Riccarees, but north and east, by the land of little lakes and the Coteau des Prairie, that we might come to the Red River of the north and so with it to our places near Fort Garry. And Ba'tiste's wife traveled with us. What a woman she was! Strong and merry and brave, yet tender and quiet, and with something fine about her that fit in well with the wide prairie and the sky at night. Even old La Chance, he who made a scoff at women, he petted her as though she were a child; he it was who first called her the 'little white bird'; and Jacques Gaulthier made the song. As for Jo Gondreau and me, we were her servants; and to all of us she was as a sister.

"It was on the fifth night that she saw it first. We were on the Coteau, camped close by a little lake, with many trees about it, and Jacques was singing, when the girl pointed to the woods and gave a little cry.

" 'Ompah!'

"We sprang quick to our feet and our hands grasped our rifles, though we saw nothing. Jo and La Chance ran to the trees, but saw nothing and heard nothing, and so came back to the fire. When we asked why she had cried out she answered that the face of the dead Ompah had looked at her from among the branches of the pines, and the death paint was on it; and to this she stayed without change. For sure, we watched that night, but nothing came; and in the morning we looked among the trees for a trail, but there was no trail, and we looked at each other, for it is not well to see faces without bodies, or bodies that leave no trail. That she had seen the face of Ompah none of us doubted, for that girl was not one to cry out at nothing; no, nor yet to make a face out of a leaf or a bit of white bark.

"You think there was nothing? That it was but of a girl's fancy, excited by new things? Yes, but she is not the only one. And there are many things of the forests and the prairies which are not told in books; voices through the trees, and the feel of the sound of movings in the air; for I myself, old Gregoire Bobier, have heard them at

night, and in the long days alone. And singing from the shores of the far lakes in the woods where there is nothing but the wood-bison and the deer; and the wolf-howl overhead; the rushing of a great wind that stirs no leaf, with the sweeping of wings; the buffalo fleeing when no man pursues; and faces at the window when there is no track in the snow around the cabin.

"Nor was that face seen only of the woman, for on the next night Ba'tiste saw it also, and he said it was the face of Ompah, in the death paint, but with the look as of a devil; and there was no body to that face, and in the morning no trail. No! There was no trail. Had there been a trail we should have found it, for La Chance was the best tracker of the North, and I, Gregoire, in those days, I had the eye of the hawk that stoops for the field-mouse under the grass. There was no trail.

"Once again, when Ba'tiste saw that face, he fired his rifle at it; but that bullet, it was but of common lead, and the next night the face came once more. And the thing was heavy on us all, but most on Ba'tiste and the girl, for it was his knife which had cut short the running of the Elk, and it was she who was the cause; and what it meant, the coming of that face, we could not tell, save that it was evil. And the singing died out in the camp at night, and no one spoke loud, each man waiting, with his rifle, for the coming of that face. But none saw it, save Ba'tiste and his wife; and Ba'tiste swore that it was the face of an evil spirit, and would shoot at it no more, for that bullets would not touch it.

"Said I not that the girl was fine? She stood up before us, one night, and swore to leave us all and to leave Ba'tiste, for that the spirit followed her, and meant evil to her and to those with her; but if she went out on the plains alone if might be that the demon would still follow her, and so Ba'tiste and the rest might come safe home. But even as she said it there came on her face a look like death, and she stretched out her arms to Ba'tiste. And Ba'tiste he caught her in his arms as he would never let her go, and swore an oath that where she went he went also, in spite of all the devils of hell; and that if evil came to her it must come first through him. And we others said that also, so that she gave over her going and once more sat down by the fire; but before she sat down she gave us, each man, her hand, quiet, without a word; and old La Chance, he who was as a father to her, him she kissed, and Ba'tiste watched her, proud; and before us all he kissed her on the mouth; and so the night passed.

"Then we came to the river, and there we bought two bateaux of the Chippeways who are on its banks, and paddle down to Fort Garry. And we had hope that the spirit might not follow us farther, for there are many spirits of evil who cannot bear the running stream; but this devil it care not for running water, nor for fire, nor yet for the sign of the cross which we all make; and as we travel by the stream so it travel by the land, and now and again Ba'tiste or the girl see that face, the face of Ompah. And there are whispers in the still air by day and by night, and we are no longer merry; and the little white bird sits silent in the bateau, sad that she has brought this on Ba'tiste and on us.

"At the last we come to Fort Garry and to our homes; and Ba'tiste led his wife to the house of his mother; and there she was welcome; for Ba'tiste first, but after for herself. And after

that we come to the fort and to the homes of men, and go before the priest and to mass, that face it is no more seen, and we know it cannot come under the shadow of the cross that is above the little church. So once more we are glad; and Jacques again sings the song of the little white bird, while she, herself, is quick to learn the way of her husband's people. Ba'tiste he is busy with the making of his own house; and we others, we help him, so that it is not many days until it is finish, and ready for the bride.

"Then, on a night, we all make procession to that new house, and Ba'tiste and his wife go first, and the rest follow, with much laughing and singing, and the light of many torches through the trees. And the girl, she laugh, too, and speak to us in the tongue of her husband, so queer that we all laugh at her, and she laugh at herself, for pure joy. When we come before the house, all alight with torches, we stop, and Ba'tiste take his wife by the hand to lead her to her own place. She step over the new threshold and turn about to welcome us to the house, as is her right. In the door she stood, the light behind her, and from the front the red glare of the torches, and on her face is the look of the woman who comes for the first time to her home with the man she love; and the little touch of the blessed Mother of Heaven that is in the heart of all pure women, it shine in her eyes, so that we are all silent, looking at her there.

" 'My friends,' she say, and raise her arms to us, and a little soft smile is on her lips. 'My friends, my good friends'—

"Sudden she stop, and her face is toward the forest. Then there comes a wicked hissing, as of the war-arrow through the dark, and before us all the little white bird fall forward into the arms of her husband.

"Her hands go to his neck, blind, feeling their way, and clasp behind it. Then the clasp loosen; she turn her face up to his, and smile upon it once, a smile that is a glory and a heartbreak. Then with that smile still upon her face and Ba'tiste's kiss upon her mouth, there is one soft breath, and the little white bird has ended her flying.

"And in her bosom was no arrow, and on all her body there was no wound. But above her heart, below the tender rounding of her breast, is one black mark, the mark as of an elk running through the first white snow of morning."

AT SEA

What lovely land hath it most lately kissed—
This idle wave that passes while we muse?
What sign hath sped it hither and renews
Its journeys for some far and star made tryst?
Frail phantom of the roving wind and mist—
What realm of heaven or sunset clime did lose
To vantage it, such darkling splendid hues
Of trembling emerald and amethyst?
From that bright treasure chamber of the sea
Did Neptune cull the shining gems away
That star its crest, uncounted and unstrung?
And whence the mellow song of wind and spray
Save from Arion, loved of every tongue,
The old-time prince of ocean melody?

Mildred I. McNeal

THE RACE QUESTION OF TO-DAY

By Hon. W. A. MacCorkle, Ex-Governor of West Virginia

THE race question is no longer a question of the South. It is a question of the whole country, and is affecting the whole body politic. It is a national question that we are confronting. What are we going to do about it?

In the first place we must disabuse the mind in each section of the country of the prejudice which surrounds the race question. The southern men generally believe that the enfranchisement of the slaves at the reconstruction period was entirely from hate, viciousness and revenge on the part of the northern people. A great bulk of the northern people have the idea that the whole object of the southern man was to nullify every one of the *post bellum* amendments to the Constitution, and practically to re-enslave the black; that there was no great or salient question of race instinct or race supremacy, and that the southern man's treatment of the Negro after the war was intended as an insult to the North.

Now, as a matter of fact, neither one of these propositions is correct. A majority of the northern people in their ideas of reconstruction were honest, and their desire for the complete emancipation of the slave was the influence behind them. To some extent there was a vast deal of narrowness and ignorance among the northern people, but as a southern man I do not believe that the mass of the people in the North intended to wantonly injure and degrade the South.

On the other hand, the southern man was confronted with the most gigantic problem that had ever fallen to a people. With an ignorant, superstitious and alien race in absolute control of his home, holding control of his state government, directing the affairs of his city, wrecking and looting the state, devastating the fields, destroying the schools, and asserting itself ignorantly in all of the affairs of the state, he was naturally restive, and did things which to the northern eye and to the northern mind were not demanded by the circumstances of the situation. To the credit of both North and South, however, the situation is being daily better understood. In the North they are beginning to understand that there is a great question which concerns both sections, the South more nearly, because the South is the seat of the trouble. The South, on its side, has gotten its bearings, laid out its ground and is more thoroughly understanding the situation and how to deal with it.

It is not my purpose to open old wounds, to bring back unpleasant memories, or to stir up race animosities. It is my desire alone in the view I am taking to make the position of the southern man plain and clear to the thinking world. The ignorant Negro is not properly qualified to cast a vote, and neither is the ignorant white man. This is our great trouble. Under the constitution as it stands, ignorant numbers in many states give the right

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Mr. MacCorkle is vice-president for West Virginia of the society for the promotion of the study of the race conditions in the south, and was a prominent speaker at the recent meeting of that society at Montgomery, Ala. This article was prepared by him especially for "The National Magazine," as being the periodical best adapted to impartially set forth the question at issue.

of control to the state government. This may be true as a matter of statute law, but it is against the great fundamental principle of the best government of the state and the preservation of the people, and wherever this principle meets the statute law of the land, the statute law will surely be broken to pieces.

The political question has practically brought about the acute trouble between the races. It has debauched the ballot-box and has terrorized both the white and the Negro. To allow the Negro the vote to which in many cases his numbers entitle him, means the ruin of the state, and to take away from him that statute right means the violation of the laws of the land, a position the horrors of which should appeal to every man who loves his country and believes in perpetuatiug its institutions.

Then how can this danger be eliminated without casting upon the disfranchised the odium such as usually applies to those generally excluded by the suffrage statute? How can we place the disfranchised so that by their own efforts they may become voters?

The South desires the best interests of the Negroes, and desires to give them the franchise when they are sufficiently intelligent to properly use it. Thus, we are brought to the proposition that there is but one plan to enable us to be honest with the Negro, preserve the statute laws, and at the same time save unharmed the great fundamental law of the preservation of the state. That is, to do away with the enforced debaucheries of the ballot, settle the question by inaugurating the highest and most efficient plan of education for the negro, and by confining the ballot to the intelligent citizen, white or black. If this be adopted, it should be carried out impartially and absolutely, and under this plan the interference with any intelligent voter, white or black, should be visited with the most rigorous penalties know to the law. The glory of the state would be in its intelligent voting population, and the disgrace and dishoner of the state would be in taking from any member of that intelligent voting citizenhood the right to cast his vote in any manner he may desire. The limiting the vote in this manner, I insist, should fall impartially upon the intelligent voter, whatever may be his color. The ignorant white voting population of the South is practically as dangerous to her institutions as the ignorant voter in the Negro ranks. Naturally, however, by the greater number of Negroes in some sections, it would mean, and I frankly say it is intended to mean, the elimination of a great many Negroes from the franchise. The taking away from the colored voter any part of the electoral franchise, which, under the pre-existing state of affairs belongs to him, carries with it the corresponding proposition that, under such a condition, the government of the state must absolutely assume the protection of the Negro.

The white man desires to be fair. It is only compulsion which makes him adopt any system which is unfair to the Negroes. There is no intention to disfanchise the Negro as a class. It is not intended to violate the provision as to discrimination on account of the "race, color or previous condition of servitude," but it is intended to do away with any questions as to the fairness of the elections in the South, and to place the highest exercise of citizenship in the hands of those best qualified to exercise its provisions. From a somewhat intimate knowledge of the South and of the men who are in control of its affairs, I believe that there is no possible question but that

the intelligent black will be allowed to approach the ballot-box and exercise his right to vote as impartially as the intelligent white man.

It now remains to ascertain what has been done for the Negro in the way of education in the South, and what has been the effect of education upon the Negro, whether he has appreciably progressed by reason of that education in the direction of an intelligent voting citizenship. It has been somewhat the fashion among certain of our northern friends to hold out the idea that it has been a half-hearted attempt upon the part of the South to educate the Negro, and that what has been done has been done largely through northern philanthropy, and the South has only been playing at public education. Let me say that the war left the South absolutely prostrated, farms devastated, homes destroyed, manufactories leveled, state and personal credit entirely gone through twelve years of actual battle and political debauchery.

It will not be expected that the Negro will be educated and made a splendid citizen within a few years. His education has been attended with great difficulties, and discouragements have been in every step in his existence. He has been a slave, has been degraded, and lives in large masses which are dense and hard to reach. He has even now a comparatively small idea of economic conditions, and the burden of lifting him has been a tremendous one.

In one view, a great deal has been done for the Negro. Large sums of money have been spent upon his education, yet a vast deal of this money has been poorly spent. People in the North, without the knowledge of the social and educational conditions in the South, have spent large sums of money in endowing sectarian and higher institutions for the Negro. They have lavished great sums of money in many instances on the education of the Negro for the professions of the law, medicine, politics and the higher education. As a matter of fact a great deal of this education has been entirely inopportune and misplaced.

What the South wishes is to have the Negro educated thoroughly in body, soul and mind. Let him become a useful farmer; let an effort be made to make him a useful artisan; let him be taught the social economics of life, social ethics, how to live the cheapest and best; let him be taught the arts of bread-winning, and instead of being a disturber, instead of being a useless hanger-on in the section in which he lives, he will be a builder up of that section and an honor to his race.

Do not understand me to say that general and industrial training will entirely do away with the race question. I mean that when the naturally acute feelings which have been raised by the unintelligent exercise of the ballot by the Negro shall have been dissipated and he will have become educated as an intelligent workman, the race question will be infinitely nearer solution.

The problem will be worked out by the South. Wise men believe that the greatest danger is over. There is no question but that the races are greatly improved by daily contact with each other.

Any man may seem presumptuous when he discusses the future of the Negro question. With the light before me it seems in the present state of evolution the most feasible plan. I do, however, know this with all my heart, that the education of the Negro, the making him better and more intelligent and withholding the ballot from him until he has evolved himself into an intelligent citizen is certainly the best plan for the present.

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

CURIOSITY—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

THERE is one conspicuous human attribute which carries about a not altogether deserved bad name; undeserved for the reason that all curiosity —the attribute in question—is not as iniquitous as it appears to be. At first glance it is not easy to realize how fully responsible human curiosity is for all human knowledge. Columbus was without doubt the most curious of men —if we except those ambitious to find out what is going on at the North Pole. He was consumed with a desire to know what was going on in the Indies, a strange, outlandish quarter, according to traditional hearsay. As a result, he willingly risked his neck in pursuit of his curiosity.

Mr. Kipling and Mr. Stevenson have confessed to an overweening curiosity concerning the mechanism of the human heart and mind, as displayed in the actions of men. This curiosity led them into remarkable discoveries, and after industrious years of practice at the ablest means of expression, they both succeed in turning their thirst for knowledge to considerable account.

Idle, impertinent curiosity and this thirst for knowledge stand relatively as do socially wholesale and retail liquor or provision merchants. Retail trade appears to be at one end of the social ladder, wholesale at the other. Wholesale curiosity is a thirst for knowledge, easily condoned and greatly admired; but a half-pint thirst is idle impertinence, reprehensible in the extreme.

However, beyond this popular difference there lies another, constituting the backbone of all ethics. The value of any act depends entirely upon the nature of its result upon all individuals involved. If Columbus had had in view, when planning a new route to the Indies, prying with an eye to scandal into the private domestic affairs of the aborigines there to be discovered, his curiosity would have indeed been retail. But the good man was incapable of so little a thought, for, even if he did somewhat upset the domestic arrangements of these natives, once discovered, what he did was done primarily for their best good, along the line of virtue and morality familiar to his personal creed.

His motives, combined with the size of his scheme, labeled his enterprise "a wholesale thirst." In truth, this question of motive is beyond all else the supreme moral puzzle confronting decent people, ambitious to keep themselves clean in the sight of Heaven.

It is so easy to misconstrue one's own motives; to follow one's nose without confessing it out of joint.

But one thing is clear, that without thirst no man would drink what is necessary to keep him alive and healthy; after that discretion in the selection of sanitary liquids is a plain moral responsibility to the clean in spirit.

❁

MRS. DEWEY

THERE was a time when for men who treated a lady ungallantly there existed methods of punishment whose abolition is to be deplored.

In America we have a little war and make a big sensational hero out of it. He returns to his country amid hysterical hero worship; then the poor man commits the indiscretion of taking unto himself a wife without consulting the public as to his choice, and by so doing swings the balance of hysteria the other way. Once married, our hero is by this public no longer held responsible for his own acts; but, for reasons inexplicable, the lady he married is accused of perpetrating every fault into which the hero slides like all other good mortals. Mrs. Dewey becomes, the moment the once perfect man weakly consents to accept the public's invitation to father the country, a scapegoat for what bids fair to be an undignified campaign. The unfortunate lady cannot even avail herself of religious worship unmolested by the tongues and pens of men; that very worship for which our forefathers established this so-called land of the free. This idle handling by industrious tongues of an inoffensive woman's name does surely indicate that the liberty between sexes runneth into license; that gentlemen have no longer their erstwhile good taste (to say the least) in the handling of a lady's name. Political mud, it appears, rightfully pertains to political campaigns, but never yet has a country been benefited by political desecration of a woman's integrity, either in large or small affairs. When women reach the point of entering campaigns on their own account they must freely invite eggs and mud, but until that time arrives the part of a gentleman is to wash out his mouth with soap if he feels his tongue wagging without cause.

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THE SERVANT QUESTION

THE littleness of the feminine mind is currently illustrated by woman's garrulous whine, constant and prolix, concerning the servant question. This criticism has a stout body, not because the much lamented question is little—far from it!—but because 'tis a small business to whine, no matter how large the disturbance may be.

The question, broadly speaking, has larger proportions than the criticism, where it involves an important branch of all labor troubles. It seems highly improbable that any form of communism is likely soon to arise and do away with all remunerative service. Manual labor must exist until all the natural operations of life are carried on by machinery (Defend us from that calamity!) and capable workmen must exist until our bodies have succumbed entirely to spirit control, as is in some quarters predicted. But how is the labor demand to be satisfied if the culinary supply is exhausted this early in the world's history? At this writing, not a desirable serving girl is to be secured in the manufacturing city of Lynn, Mass., at any price. The factories have literally engulfed even the raw domestic material in the manufacturing towns. And for what reason? Do they pay

better prices than housekeepers? Indeed no—quite the reverse; but the position of mill hand is to the inconsequent mind a step higher in the social scale than that of a domestic servant. There is to be found the root of the servant evils; in the pernicious idea of woman's degradation whenever she touches domesticity in a serving capacity. We are all servants to our own particular master, and honest labor is the healthiest occupation yet devised by man, but so long as poets and painters apostrophise the laborer as a clod, he will be one; so long as the working classes are encouraged in schools or elsewhere to despise their work as unworthy of a truly democratic soul whose only business should be to nominate himself for President, girls of such parents will refuse domestic service, owing to the stain such occupation might leave on their reputation when they become Mrs. President.

Servants will diminish in quality and quantity until there is some revolution in the prevailing idea of democracy. Fine feathers do not make fine birds beneath false plumage; no amount of applied plumage will turn a donkey into a nightingale; no more will a factory girl stand a better chance of being Mrs. President than a good cook, unless she is intrinsically worthy of a prospective President's affection.

This assumption of equality removes servants further and further away from the personal interest and moral solicitude of the mistress of the house. Formerly, even among serfs and slaves, the mistress, were she worthy the name, kept some surveillance over the welfare of her servants, but now any attempt at moral or material influence over the employed is at once productive of "a warning" from the servant—if not a hasty, ill-tempered departure. The servant is too high and mighty, the employer consequently too indifferent, to admit of the maternal relations existing when the cook was not thinking of the White House, to the detriment of her roast or biscuits.

If this cook were once made to believe her cooking of importance equal to that of political preferment—which it certainly is—she would be more ambitious to shine in her native sphere.

Equality does not exist outside of political rights; even among children born of the same parents there is no equality of endowment; so let the cook plume herself upon her right to be Mrs. President, and remain contented therewith, rather than spoil the dinner by trying the wings she has not.

❁

ELDERLY ACTIVITY

THE chief defect of old age is its unreasonableness regarding the best physical ways of life. Age, after all is said, is only a mental state. A man can be young until his functions are decayed, provided his mind retains sufficient strength of lusty youth to resist the encroachment of time. Some children appear to have lived a hundred years, judging from their gravity of mind, while a man of probably sixty whom I saw recently playing at tennis most skillfully, gave in the agility and spring of his body an impression of extreme physical youth. Old age, as a rule, invites decay by sitting in the chimney corner while there is yet exercise to be had. The elderly tennis player hugged youth, by preserving and increasing muscular vitality; thereby hangs the tale of his popularity among young people with whom he is forced for congenial companionship. Elderly folks lay in wait for death by hugging the fireside when June dances invitingly outside.

It is June: and now the Student
groans beneath his happy fate.
All his people, near and far, must
come to see him graduate.

HOW BILLY SAVED THE DAY

BILLY FRITZSINGER was an integral part of the future generation at its mischievous age. His name was William; his mother called him Willie, his father Will, but a greater part of the inhabitants, irrespective of the parents' wishes in the matter, called him Billy, plain Billy, the printer's devil.

He was youthful, twelve years and one-half in age, sharp enough to stick in the ground and green enough to grow. His hair was red, which illuminated to a very satisfactory degree a crocheted veil of freckles.

His occupation was that of sticking type and the once a week duty of roller washing. But all this Billy didn't mind. He was getting 75 cents a week, learning big work, and acquiring the art of showing other people type lice—for which he made no charge. He was a forward lad, and enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of everybody except his own parents.

One morning Billy was sent over to the lawyer's office for a quantity of "strap-oil," and that worthy dignitary, appreciating the joke, was about to load it on Billy's back in layers, when the sudden in-coming of a client saved the young hopeful from the fifty-first "experience pill" to be swallowed in becoming fully initiated as a printer. Billy didn't know what he had missed, but he did hear the two men talking.

"Isn't there some way in which I can get him to lay it over a day? I can never meet the note by this noon."

"I'm afraid not," said the lawyer in answer; "as far as I see he's got you tight, and can foreclose."

"What shall I do?" asked the man, despairingly.

"I'm sure there's no way out of it. But let me see; yes, you have one chance in a hundred of getting an

extra day of grace. Shylock Watterson is a stickler for promptness. He has written me that he would be here on the strike of the hour of noon. If for any reason he should happen to be delayed, I will close up shop at five minutes past the hour, and the whole thing will have to wait over until tomorrow. He can't complain; I will have waited as long as he asked me to wait."

"Let us hope he'll be late," and the worried man hurried away to renew his efforts to produce money to meet the note.

Billy had heard all of this conversation, and he knew both the man who was in trouble and Shylock Watterson. The former he liked; the latter he despised, as did everybody else, and he desired to defeat the tyranny of the grasping money-loaner, but how was it to be done?

For some minutes after leaving the office Billy scratched his red hair in thought. Then an idea came to him like a flash; it always does to fellows like Billy.

He looked at the clock; it was now nearly twelve.

Slipping into the printing office next door, he twisted a generous supply of printer's ink on the wooden paddle, and going back to the lawyer's shop sat in front of it waiting for the modern Shylock to put in an appearance. He did not have to wait long, for soon he saw the familiar scowling personage coming down the street. With rapid precision, Billy smeared the ink of his paddle on the under side of the office latch; then retreating to a spot around the corner, he waited with a gleeful grin on his countenance.

The unsuspecting shylock walked up to the door and grasped the latch. His face became a thunder-cloud.

"Damn me! what is it?" he snarled, as he parted his sticky fingers and cautiously smelled them. Billy executed a five-finger exercise at him by way of answer. The Shylock was infuriated, and dashed at Billy with an oath, but Billy was not there. Away they went down the centre of the village street, the crabbed old man, with his frock coat-tails flying in the wind, after the chubby Billy.

The spectators of the sight, although not knowing the meaning, lent their sympathies to Billy. "Get there; keep it up! You'll wind him yet," they cried in laughter. But Billy didn't need encouraging. He had a peculiar way of falling down ever so often, and springing up again just before being caught. The chase waxed warm, and for several blocks they went, until the money-lender had to give it up, going home to wash his hands and face.

Billy returned to the office. The lawyer was gone, as per agreement, and the worried man was able to meet his note next day satisfactorily. He gladly paid for the washing off of the ink on the lawyer's latch, and gave Billy a generous tip for his lucky action.

But the next day he was sent to the harness shop for "strap oil," where he received it in full measure and his pride was subsequently vanquished. Once more he became in his own estimation only plain, red-headed Billy. But people liked him just the same.

Flynn Wayne

DE SIGHT OF UNCLE SOL

Us all had done met at Saint Abel's church
To bury Uncle Soloman King.
His folks done holler, and moan and fell out,
And done most everything—
Den dey had us all at meetin' ag'in
To hear how his fun'al was been.
Us thought us hearn de last of Unc' Sol
When de Big Spring 'vival come—
La! de way our preacher open wid pra'r
Was 'nough to give tongue to the dumb!
But everything 'peared to fall sorter flat,
De folks wa'n't easy to 'cite;
Us feared de 'stracted meetin' 'ud fail
Dat very fust Wilderness Night.
But des as things was de mo'es' dull
Up rose Uncle 'Ronymus Dan,
He cl'ar his throat, and he riz his han',
And he call to our Preacher Man:
"O, I wanter speak to de member ban'!"
"O, speak up den," say dat Preacher Man,
"I was off on a vigil last night," says ole Dan,
"And my vigil swept far and wide,
I had a mighty high hill to climb,

"'I was off on a vigil last night,' says ole Dan"

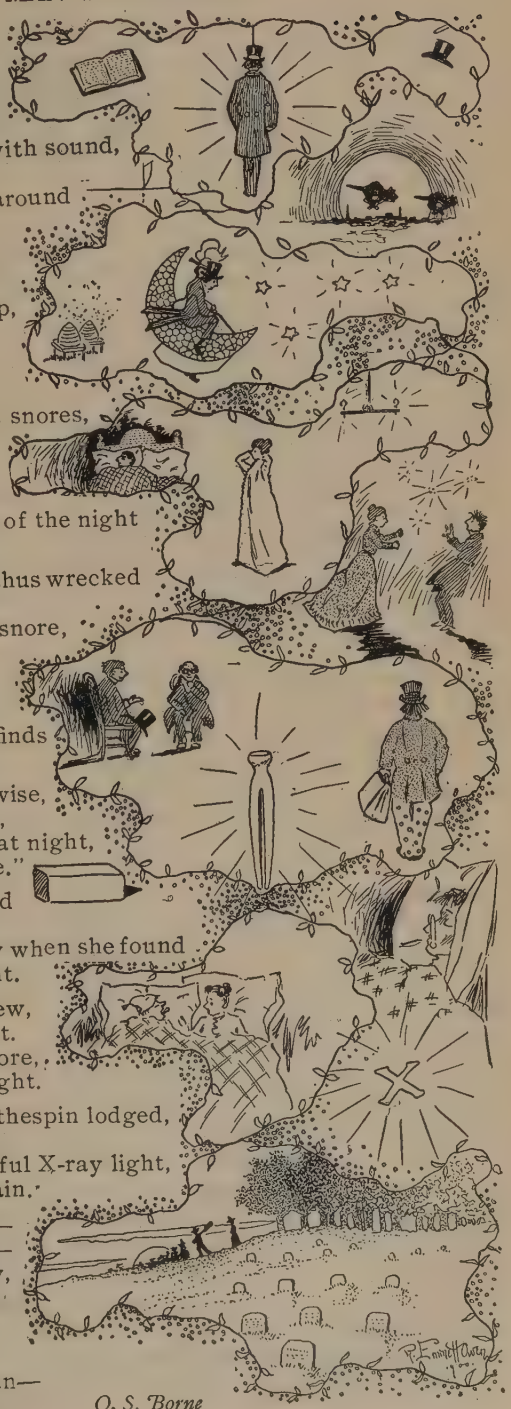
Wid heaven on t'o'er side—
De wall was straight, and de wall was sleek,
And de wall was very tall—"
Heah some of de members dey riz a groan
Which de preacher ain't brought at all.
"Dar was nairy a notch, nor nairy a crotch,
In de whole er de height of de wall,
So I clumb by de ends of my fingers, des so—
Lak a climbin' vine does grow;
So scratchin' and climbin' I retch de top—
Den! Sisters! De view inside—"
(Heah de Sisters riz a moan—Um-hum)

"Uncle Sol sat under that fritter tree"

"De past'er fields was green and was wide—"
(Um-hum!)
"And I seed Uncle Soloman King—"
(Um-hum)
"He had de bes' seat dat heaven could bring—"
(Um-Hum!)
"He sat beside of de 'lasses pool—"
(My Lord!)
"Lasses made by de ver' bes' ole time rule—"
(He-yeh!)
"And rollin' wide in a rich, sweet pool—"
(Um-hum!)
"De pool was rich, and sweet, and wide—
And de pretties' fritter-tree growed beside—"
(Dar!)
"Uncle Sol sat under dat fritter-tree,
Whar fritters hung thick as leaves do be;
When he hongry he des hatter reach up, I see,
And grab a good handful offer dat tree
And eat as commjious as 'mojious can be,
Des dippin' dem fritters right inter dat pool
And soppin' and eatin' away in de cool!"
(Um-hum!)
Oh, la! den dat preacher he snatch up de word
And fer groanin' and moanin' he scurce could be heard;
He 'zorted de members to try fer dat seat,
And he 'lowed in all heaven hit could nt be beat—
Dat seat of Uncle Soloman King.

Martha Young

A TALE OF A MAN WHO SNORED



William Adolphus Fitzhugh-Brown
Was a pious and godly chap,
But he had, alas! one grievous fault,
For he snored like a thunder-clap.

His snores filled the midnight hours with sound,
Like the beat of the restless sea;
And watch-dogs sleeping for blocks around
Would awake in fear, and flee.

William Adolphus Fitzhugh-Brown
Wedded a maiden fair,
And they went away on a bridal trip,
Like any young wedded pair.

Now, Mrs. W. A. Fitzhugh-Brown
Was a woman meek and mild,
But she never had heard such awful snores,
And they nearly drove her wild.

She laid awake all night and cried—
With her fingers in her ears—
And it seemed to her that the length of the night
Was a couple of thousand years.

The fair young bride, with her life thus wrecked
On the shore of the connubial sea,
Put down her foot: "You must not snore,
Or I'll get a divorce," said she.

To a doctor he told his awful plight,
And his voice with sobs was thick;
And he felt as the farmer feels who finds
That he's purchased a gilded brick.

The doctor looked most wondrous wise,
And said: "If you would not snore,
Put a clothespin tight on your nose at night,
And I'm sure you will snore no more."

A clothespin on his nose was clasped
When he went to bed that night,
And his young bride sobbed with joy when she found
That the clothespin worked all right.

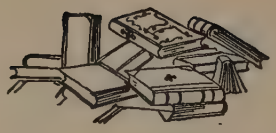
But alas! in his sleep he restless grew,
For the clothespin clasped him tight.
He opened his mouth for a mighty snore,
And the clothespin vanished from sight.

In his vermiform appendix the clothespin lodged,
And the doctors worked in vain.
Though they searched with a powerful X-ray light,
They never found the clothespin again.

Up on the hillside, under the trees—
Far away from the hurrying town—
They dug a grave one summer's day,
And planted poor Fitzhugh-Brown.

Mrs. W. A. Fitzhugh-Brown
Wore mourning for just a year;
But now she's captured another man—
And the wedding, they say, is near.

O. S. Borne

A GLANCE  AT BOOKS

Red Blood and Blue

Is a charming litt'e romance of the New South, with a flavor of ante-bellum days about the older personages. A noble-minded, red-blooded hero and his blue-blooded lady love are united by the depth of their affection. The book contains a vivid description of the battle of Santiago; perhaps the best yet written. Tales of this sort—simple, yet stirring—are none too plenty, and Mr. Harrison Robertson deserves much praise. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25.)

Mary Paget

By Minna Smith is another pretty little romance of the Bermudas. The appearance of William Shakespeare is a rather unusual and clever idea, and the plot is at once entertaining and well developed. (MacMillan Company. $1.50.)

The Touchstone

By Edith Wharton, is one of the cleverest stories from the author's keen pen. This author is brilliant, dissecting, playful and tragic by turns, and her style is clear and artistic. The story deals with a man who has published intimate, personal and almost love letters, from a woman who was never his wife, subsequently regreting that the need of money caused him to do such a thing. It is an exceptio. ally attractive specimen of book maker's art. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25.)

Robert Tournay

It is a relief to turn to this thrilling tale of the French era of terror, which is of sufficient picturesqueness to furnish material for more romances. From Mr. Sage's well told story one gets a pleasanter idea of Danton and, if possible, a more abhorrent one of Robespierre than from the more prosaic pages of general history. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.)

Pocket Island

There is a subtle element in a story of country life, if well told, that appeals to most readers of fiction, both those who are familiar with the scenes portrayed, and those who have never known rural delights. Mr. Charles Clark Munn in "Pocket Island" portrays country life of a generation ago in a way so charming that the readers can almost fancy themselves among green fields and shady woods, or beside running brooks. The romance of a boy's love and its growth and culmination in later years is prettily told, and there is no lack of adventure to add spice to the tale. (Abbey Press, New York. $1.00.)

The Queen's Garden

A simple and natural story by M. E. M. Davis of a blonde-haired little beauty named Nora Lepeyre, who lands in New Orleans on the eve of an epidemic, loses her nearest earthly relation without ever seeing her, and falls in love with a young neighbor named Richard Strong. A deftly woven fairy motif throughout the tale enhances its peculiar power. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Unleavened Bread

The pages of this clever little book teem with sarcastic and kind observations upon American character, customs, society and morals. The country's unequaled adaptability and progress, its superficiality and hypocrisy come alike under the author's scathing judgment. The rather unreal heroine is a concrete personification of Judge Grant's theories regarding certain tendencies of modern life; an awful warning against overpowering "individuality." But the tale is very well told and emphatically interesting. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.)

The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment

A certain whimsical way of putting things, unbetrayed by Oscar Fay Adams' previous volumes, deserves criticism and often compels admiration in the seven stories bound together under the title of the first. Certain it is that there is nothing in literature just like the account of the young prelate who stumbled and fell at the moment when a malicious pig crossed his path, or the tale of the church dignitary who had a past, and who confronted it in a very human, but in the most "lady-or-the-tigerish" sort of way. And it is no sacrilege to smile among ourselves at these necessary limitations of Anglican ecclesiastics. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

On General Thomas' Staff

By Byron A. Dunn, in the "Young Kentuckian" series, published by McClurg & Co., of Chicago, is a thrilling tale of our civil war, with a full complement of side skirmishes, daring deeds and hard fought battles. The style of the narrative is concise and forcible; and there are a number of new and clever incidents, which give a flavor of novelty to the author's well-worn background. The personal view of Generals Halleck, Buell, Rosecrans, Grant and Thomas are interesting; and the reader is invited to form a fresh and more pleasing conception of the Confederate guerilla chief, John Morgan, than he has educed from history. The book will undoubtedly find a large circle of friends among the young people, for whom it was written.

Smith College Stories

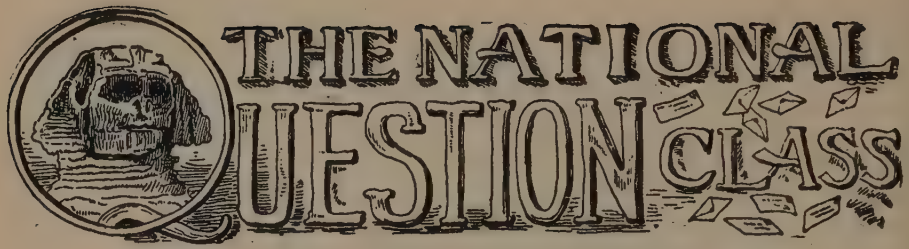
Not to be outdone by the various Yale Yarns, Harvard Episodes and Cornell Stories recently published, Josephine Daskam Dodge has just thrown down a very pretty gauntlet in her "Smith College Stories," which give a fascinating picture of Northampton life with its incidents and intrigues. Every one of the sketches is bright and eminently readable; and one called "A Family Affair," is exceedingly lifelike and artistic. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe

Anyone wishing to learn about the famous people who lived between the years 1819 and 1899, and get a fresh, original view of men and occurrences of that period, cannot do better than to read the "Reminiscences" of Julia Ward Howe, recently given to the public. The book is full of those "side lights" on events and personages so dear to the general reader. Mrs. Howe's account of life as she has seen it is most interesting. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Out of the Past

By Eleanor Hooper Coryell, is a strange, melodramatic story, rather crude in style, but full of movement and adventure. The book, published by Messrs. Street and Smith, of New York, is a model in the art of effective book making.



Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL

First Prize: Mr. John L. Burns, 1438 South Penn Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize: Mr. Samuel M. Warns, 1766 E. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Third Prize: Mr. William P. White, 1012 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Fourth Prize; Mr. Hyman Askowith, Albion St., Boston, Mass.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN APRIL

Literature

1. About 1337, Petrarch, finding himself still agitated by his love for Laura, determined to withdraw to the solitude of Vaucluse, and purchased a cottage and small estate. He thus write of his charming retreat: "This lovely region is as well adapted as possible to my studies and labors, so long as iron necessity compels me to live outside of Italy. Morning and evening the hills throw welcome shadows, in the valleys are sun-warmed gaps, while far and wide stretches a lovely landscape in which the tracks of animals are seen oftener than those of men. Deep and undisturbed silence reigns everywhere, only broken now and then by the murmur of the falling waters, and the songs of birds. In the morning I wander over the hills, in the evening through the meadows, or in that rocky garden near the fountain which Nature has made more beautiful than could the art of man. This little spot under the rocks in the midst of the waters, is more suited than any other to inspire profound thoughts by which the most idle minds may feel themselves lifted to lofty contemplation. I could pass my whole life here, were it not so far from Italy, so near to Avignon."

2. In August, 1792, Talleyrand solicited a temporary mission to London from the provisory executive. He remained in London during the whole of 1793 and a portion of 1794. A decree of the convention being issued against Talleyrand during his stay in England, he was forced by the Alien Bill to leave England. He came to the United States and was landed at Philadelphia. He remained in the United States two years and a half, traveling inland and visiting the prominent cities and meeting the most distinguished men. The proscription being recalled in 1795, he returned to France. According to his desires, his memoirs under his own hand were not to appear until 1890.

3. In 1827 Victor Hugo published "Cromwell," a drama too long for representation. The celebrated preface of this work expounds the doctrines of that Romantic school of which he was the recognized leader, and which, breaking away from the ancient rules of the classic theatre, strove to paint the different epochs of history with more exactness; also to speak with a language freer and more natural. Victor Hugo was exiled from France in 1851 for battling against the "Coup d'Etat" of Napoleon III. In his "History of a Crime," the cause is told at length.

4. Port Royal, a Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1204. It had for its object the education of youths. In 1626, the Abbey being small, the seminary was transferred to Paris. From this time the history of Port Royal becomes of general interest. Influenced by Du-

vergier de Hauranne, Abbe of St. Cyran, the friend of Jansen, and leader of the anti-Jesuit movement in France, the community became the fervent supporter of Jansenism against the Sorbonne. From 1636 the monastery of Port Royal was the retreat of scholars who worked with their hands and taught youths. In 1790 the monastery was suppressed. Racine, the great French poet, passed three years at Port Royal.

5. Moliere (Jean Baptiste Poquelin) was born at Paris in 1622. After finishing a course of study at the college of the Jesuits, he succeeded his father as upholsterer and valet-de-chambre to Louis XIV. His greatest desire was, as soon as his services to the king should be ended, to play in comedy. He secretly joined a comic troupe and, too respectful toward his family to compromise the name of "Poquelin," he took that of Moliere, which had been that of a comedian who had died a short time previously. Moliere the comedian died in 1673, but Moliere the poet can never die. Though a fanatical populace outraged his ashes, yet the glory of his works is immortal. The "French Academy," of which he was not a member, put upon his bust this ins ription, which expresses at the same time an homage and a regret: "Nothing is wanting to his glory, but he was wanting to ours."

Art

1. Pierre-Jean David was born in Angers in 1792. In 1811 he won the great prize of sculpture. While pursuing his studies in Rome he came very much under the ardent influence of Canova. He took the name of Angers from his birthplace, whose citizens conferred upon him an annuity. An ardent lover of liberty, he was arrested after the Coup d' Etat of Napoleon III. Among the numerous busts executed by David d' Angers is one of Washington.

2. The family of Vernet was notod for the father, son and grandson being painters. Claude Joseph Vernet, born in 1714 at Paris, lived in Rome twenty years, when he was recalled to Paris. The remarkable series of the seaports of France are the works by which he is best known. His son, Antoine Charles Horace Vernet, born 1758, distinguished himself at the exhibition of 1791 by his "Triumph of Paulus Emilius," "The Battle of Marengo" obtained great success, and for his "Morning of Austerlitz" Napoleon bestowed on him the Legion of Honor. Emile Jean Horace Vernet, son of Charles, was born in 1789. He is especially noted as a battle painter. He commonly painted alla prima, as the Italians express it, that is, without any retouching. His work is seen to great advantage at Versailles, in the Hall of Constantine.

3. Paul Delaroche was first a landscape painter, afterwards represented familiar scenes of history. He chose qualities from both the classic and romantic schools which were striving against each other in his time. He married the only daughter of Emile Jean Horace Vernet, who is introduced as a Roman peasant in her father's painting of "Raphael Encountering Michael Angelo on the Steps of the Vatican."

4. Madame Vigée Le Brun was born in Paris in 1755, and died in that city in 1842. During the life of Madame Le Brun no public establishment in France possessed any of her works. After her death Madame and M. Tripier le France presented to the Louvre two of the pictures which became their heritage on their aunt's death. These two paintings are "A Portrait of Madame Vigée Le Brun with her Daughter in Her Arms," the other "A Portrait of a Young Girl with a Muff."

5. Jean Louis Charles Garnier was born in Paris in 1825 and died in 1898. He entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts 1842, and gained the great prize in 1848. In 1854 he was appointed sous-inspector of the work of restoration of Tower of Saint Jacques. In 1861 he competed with the leading architects of Paris, and his plans were unanimously adopted for the new Paris Opera House, which was completed under his directions in 1875. In 1860 he was appointed architect to the city of Paris. In 1871 he wrote "A Study of the Theatre," which is a complete manual that will serve in future to guide all architects charged with the construction of theatres. The Observatory at Nice and the Casino at Monaco were also designed by him.

General

1. In 1627 the royal army laid siege to Rochelle, the capital and stronghold of the Huguenots. Richelieu superintended every operation. To cut off the town from the sea, he ordered a gigantic mole of stone to be built across the harbor. Twice the dyke was swept away by storm; twice it was rebuilt. Twice a powerful English fleet essayed to relieve the starving citizens, twice it was forced to retire. When the city surrendered, after a siege of over a year, scarcely 150 soldiers survived and the streets were strewn with bodies which the living were too weak to bury.

2. The word "nicotine" owes its origin to Jean Nicot, born in 1530, who first introduced the usage of tobacco into France. He was ambassador at Portugal and there the existence of the exotic plant was made known to him. He regarded it entirely from a medical point of view and with that intention sent it to France with instructions for its culture, the gathering and preserving of its leaves. As Jean Nicot was born at Nismes, it has been proposed to erect a monument in that city to his memory, in the form of a snuff box, and inscribed "Dieu vous bénisse."

3. Troy weight is so called with reference to Troyes, a town in France of considerable importance in the fourteenth century. Nearly all the principal towns or seats of commerce in the middle ages had their own weights and measures, the pound, foot, gallon, etc., varying from one town to another. The pound of Troyes in the early part of the fourteenth century was adopted to some extent in other places and in England, but was then specifically designated as "Troyes."

4. In the village of Carnac, in France, there are druidical monuments consisting of more than five thousand granite blocks in the form of obelisks, resting on their points, and disposed in eleven rows parallel with the coast. Some are fully sixteen feet high.

5. The Oriflamme was the early royal ensign of France. It was said to have been sent from Heaven in the time of Clovis and preserved in the Abbey of St. Denis. It was made of red silk, covered with golden flames, and its staff was a golden spear. From its glowing color it was called the "Oriflamme." Some authorities give Louis VI., and others Philip I., credit for adopting it as the royal banner.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JUNE

Literature

1. Who was Mezzofanti?
2. What young Virginia girl has sprung into popular favor as a novelist, her last book, recently out, having had a sale, in one month, of 125,000?
3. From what did Charlotte Bronte get the idea of her "Vilette?"
4. Did Pope himself do all the translating and the notes of his "Odyssey?"
5. In the struggle of what people was the poet Campbell so interested that his very heart seemed to be with them?

Art

1. What famous portrait painter was a native of Ausburg, South Germany?
2. What great musical composer was born at Bonn, on the Rhine, and who founded a church there?
3. What are the chief decorations in the Church of St. Ursula, in Cologne, Germany?
4. Where is the organ that was played by Mozart when he was only ten years old?
5. What was the old method of bronze casting, known as "cire perduc", employed by such artists as Cellini?

General

1. Who discovered the compass?
3. What was the origin of the now famous Passion Play, at Oberammergau?
3. Where are cowhair carpets made?
4. Who said to Francis I., "I could put your Paris in my yard," and what did he mean?
5. What very important event occurred in 1639?

PRIZES FOR JUNE

First Prize: "To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston.

Second Prize: "The Son of the Wolf," by Jack London.

Third Prize: Siechel Madonna.

Fourth Prize: "So Runs the World," by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

From the CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

An open Sea—a privateering prow—
Art, Drama, Verse, and late adventure row—
And then, a "Crow's Nest" view of books, and men—
A bit to talk about between myself and thou.
(With apologies to Omar, the Persian.)

The Absent-Minded Poet

Just before Kipling left England he was lunching at a restaurant in Fleet street much patronized by the literary and artistic set. In a fit of absence of mind Kipling got up from his seat and began walking away without paying his score. The waitress, with a readiness of wit which delighted the whole room, called out, "Mr. Kipling—pay, pay, pay," the well-known refrain of the "Absent-Minded Beggar."—*London Madame.*

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Great Times These for Map Study!

Geography, in itself a tiresome thing, perhaps, concerned with such soulless matters as lengths, depths, heights, gains interest so soon as it establishes a connection with the history of kingdoms, and the ambitions, fortunes, or passions of mankind; so that men may pore over a map with more eagerness than the greatest of romances can excite, or scan a countryside with a keenness that no picture could evoke. (Anthony Hope Hawkins, "Captain Dieppe," Short Novel Series. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.)

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An Artist and His Work

In an enchantingly retired country place some four miles from Westfield, Mass., at Mt. Tekoa, close to the ruins

J. J. LA VALLEY

of the Farley gun armory, (Revolutionary period) surrounded by rocks of all sizes and shapes, some of them famous

in Indian history, is the summer studio of J. J. LaValley, artist and poet. Various canvases in cultured homes throughout the country already testify to the consummate skill with which this skilled master of the brush and palette catches the hazy luxuriance of blossoming upland, the ripe beauty of freshly plucked fruit, or the dusty splendor of roses in full bloom. That he is a poet is proved by his interpre-

MISS LILLIAN SULLIVAN

tation of Nature's tenderest moods with Nature's most sympathetic coloring; a poet not without "honor in his own country"—for his works never remain long unsold. Doing, rather than talking, seems his forte. But this thought I brought away with me from lips that rarely utter a superfluous word: "The great successes are pictures which have a meaning—a reason for being painted. Individuality and free scope, within competently outlined bounds, of personal imagination, is the student's safest course to pursue."

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Excellent in the Part of Lady Babbie

The able forces of Charles Frohman include several deserving young aspirants for dramatic laurels, but none who wins more spontaneous favor than Miss Lillian Sullivan, whose picture is herewith presented. Criticism of a very high order has within the past month declared "Miss Sullivan is the sort of understudy we read about, but very seldom see," and again, "Miss Sullivan is the ideal minx of a Lady Babbie, with the timid bravery making the character so irresistible."

From the vantage ground of "Micah Dow" in "The Little Minister," her analysis of Miss Maude Adams' part has been so keen, and her "understudying" so conscientious that her advancement is simply a matter of course. Personally she is charmingly unassuming, a hard worker and best of all, unsatisfied with "pattern interpretations" in creating certain characters, and an earnest student of human nature as well. The role of "Victoire" in "Never Again" (her only other character, by the way) was so well taken that Mr. Frohman kept her at it for fifty-four weeks! She graduated from Villa Maria, in Montreal, as did also Katherine Florence and many others known to fame.

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All Under the Greenwood Tree

Canonization of Miss Alice Lounsberry, poet-scientist, and Mrs. Ellis Rowan, artist, will be advocated by any one who reads their beautiful book, "A Guide to the Trees" (Fred-

erick A. Stokes Company, New York.) Reviewers who love to read all of a good book, will fall captive before the pages of this book, whose leaves, like those of sylvan glades, seem to catch all the sunshine and just the tints of nature. Such a book is this for the poor Shut-Ins! It is a veritable temple fit for dedication to Diana, Vallonia, Daphne, Apollo, Pan and all the rest of them.

IN THE FOREST

From painting by J. Von Klever

Courtesy Melvin W. Kenney, Moulton Photo Co.

The Servant Question 1679

The most complete and satisfactory town history in existence to-day is the "History of Milton, Mass.," (668 pages) by the Rev. Albert K. Teele, settled for twenty-five years over the First Church (Congregational) there. Among other interesting features it contains the diary of Rev. Peter Thacher, first pastor of Milton, from which these extracts are made.

"May 7, 1679. I bought an Indian of Mr. Checkly. Was to pay five pounds a month after I received her, and five pounds more in a quarter of a year. . . August 18, 1679. Came home and found my Indian girl had liked to have knocked my Theodora on head by letting her fall; whereupon I took a good walnut stick and beat the Indian to purpose till she promised to do so no more. . . August 24, 1682. I went to Boston, sought about for a man, but could buy no English servant. Had the offer of a negro for twenty pounds. . . June 18, 1683. My negro, Ebed, ran away. Neighbor Mann went after him. . . June 19. Brother Houghton met my negro by Cambridge. . . July 16. I went to J. Daniels and paid him twenty shillings I borrowed to pay for bringing home my negro." The householder of two centuries agone had troubles of his own. "They also serve who only stand and wait." To return to the text, they also serve their day and generation admirably who give to the world such a comprehensive and readable work as Dr. Teele's very adequate "History of Milton."

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

WHEN a young man has reached the mature age of five and twenty he is competent to marry. At one and twenty he is merely a "boy"—so says Mr. Bok.

His recent editorial in "The Ladies' Home Journal," classifying all young men under twenty-five years of age as "boys," and unfit to become husbands, is unjust to American manhood. When Mr. Bok advises a young woman not to accept a husband "under twenty-five years, of age" he favors a social policy which too often brings a curse upon the American home.

Mr. Bok is one of our greatest editors, and has done a commendable work. He has been an inspiration to young people, in holding up right ideals. But in advising young men and young women on the sacred institutions of love and marriage, he has given counsel that worldly sagacity is all there is to live for. But marry under twenty-five!—they must not! So says Mr. Bok.

* * *

Every man over thirty, knows of the temptations that beset young men from twenty-one to twenty-five, which often takes from them all appreciation of the tender and idealized sacredness of womanhood. Every man knows, who knows anything of life, that the sweetest, holiest and purest affection of his life is given before he is twenty-one. I am writing of facts now, and not evolving a fashionable formula as to the means and methods of falling in love. The proposition to extend the "age limit" for marriage four years beyond the time at which our sturdy forefathers believed a boy was ready to vote and become an American citizen capable of being the head of a household, is certainly a fallacious doctrine. Such responsibilities and rights make the boy a man. But this "experience" can only come at twenty-five. So says Mr. Bok.

* * *

Are the young men of to-day less manly, less able to take up the responsibilities of life at twenty-one than our fathers were? Are young men becoming so effeminate that they must remain under guardianship and in kilts until they are twenty-five years of age?

Between twenty-one and twenty-five is the period most likely to develop the selfish and skeptical man of

the world, and statistics show that it is not the young man under twenty-five who makes all the greatest matrimonial blunders.

An exception must be made of the college man, although in many cases he would be far better under the influence of a home of his own, looking forward to the time when he must become the protector and head of a family, than dragging his ideals through a curriculum of tares and wild oats.

* * *

Is it better that without the God-given incentive and responsibilities of a home in which he and the girl he loves can fearlessly meet life, he should spend more years as the $10 a week clerk, hopelessly and despondently waiting because he is not "twenty-five" and must not marry? So says Mr. Bok.

Can it be that the chief purpose of American girls in marriage is "to be taken care of?" Does the average American young woman, the real strength of the nation, set above the heaven born duty and privilege of wife-hood and motherhood the glitter of gold and the sheen of silk? We leave unconsidered the pampered darlings of our monied aristocracy. Let them purchase, if they will, the life companionship of debauched roues and titled spendthrift fortune-hunters, (always over twenty-five and "experienced") and purchase splendid misery, or worse, at the highest market price.

* * *

The average young woman—the daughter of the mechanic, the farmer, the small trader—is she afraid to face the world, as her mother did—by the side of the man she loves, because he has not yet lived a quarter of a century. Had she rather thump a typewriter eight hours a day, stand behind the counter, or toil in shop or factory to preserve her "independence" (God save the mark!) as thousands of our young women are doing to-day, and wait for "the boy to grow to twenty-five," to provide her with the things her father and mother worked side by side and heart to heart to gain?

Are the responsibilities and trials which our mothers faced and endured, making their memory sacred to us as sons, to be denied the true and loyal American girls of to-day, until their lovers spend four years more as "boys?" Bosh, Mr. Bok, Bosh!

* * *

If pure, happy family life is valued, let the boy become a man when nature decrees. Let him be privileged to assume even at twenty-one the responsibilities of a household. Let him bring early in life to the girl he loves, pure manhood and devotion, untainted and unselfish, as God intended.

ONE of the ambitions of "The National Magazine" has been to have editorial staff representatives at all important strategic points in the world, so that our readers can be given authentic and comprehensive observations on all of the great world movements which are at this time—more than ever—of vital concern to the American people. In other words we desire to always maintain a keen timeliness in the contents of the magazine.

* * *

This purpose in a periodical has been assailed by some critics who insist that the magazine should remain the product of the study, rather than the city room of a newspaper. We must take issue with this position. The timeliness and aggressiveness of the ten-cent magazines is what has built up mammoth circulations and stimulated general periodical reading, while the high-priced magazines,

smacking of the "study" and resuscitated encyclopedia have been falling off. The ten-cent monthly magazine meets a public want which no newspaper can supply, and there is no reason for this jealous criticism. The American people evidently desire up-to-date, authentic and carefully prepared information on all the great living questions of the hour.

* * *

"The National Magazine" was the first periodical to send a staff correspondent to the Philippines, and Mr. MacQueen's articles were authentic and filled a need. He is now in South Africa with the same purpose in view. With staff representatives already sent direct from the home office of "The National Magazine" to China, South Africa, Cape Nome, India, Persia, Paris, London and Berlin, we feel safe in promising some exceptional articles to our readers during the year on live subjects. On June 2, Robert T. Fowler and wife will sail for New Zealand, where they are to reside three years, and will write articles on the actual test of socialism in governmental affairs. Some of the most progressive ideas in government we inherit from these newer and more isolated countries, where there is no timidity in experimenting, and where precedent is not absolutely entrenched.

* * *

The international exchange of ideas is certain to be fruitful of good results, and the magazines in getting at the root of these questions and keeping in touch with the world movements, discussing and publishing demonstrated facts inside of weeks instead of years, have certainly fulfilled a great mission.

The people look to magazines to-day for facts on which to base safe conclusions—not for the array of "big" names paraded in the old "review" style, with plenty of platitudes and poverty of fact; but with the living, breathing facts, action, the atmosphere of the case presented by eye-witnesses and trained observers and thinkers, whether newspaper men or by erudite college professors, smacking of the "study" or city news room.

* * *

The imputation that newspaper writers are not competent magazine contributors is not true. In our experience, the articles—yes, the stories, that have attracted the most attention in the magazine have been from those who have had newspaper training, and "The National Magazine" insists upon being a periodical of to-day—not yesterday, believing it will not only be more satisfactory to readers of the present, but to students of the future, who can obtain a comprehensive idea of the thought of our time in the bound volumes of "The National Magazine" which are increasing in value every year.

HAVE you two friends who you think ought to subscribe for "The National Magazine"? Send in their subscriptions and obtain a handsome bound copy of either "To Have and To Hold" or "David Harum" for your trouble. We intend to continue offering a copy of the latest success in good works as a premium for two subscribers for a year at $1.00 each, and the postage. It is the mission of a periodical to stimulate the circulation of good literature. We have sent out thousands of books to all parts of the country. If you want to own a library of the best books, just keep in touch with "The National Magazine" subscription propositions, and at the same time your friends will appreciate your kindness in bringing their attention to the best family periodical of to-day.

ALGO SOBRE LA EDUCACIÓN EN BOSTON

Por M. de Moreira

El nombre indígeno de la península en que hoy se encuentra esta ciudad, era Shawmut que significa fuente de agua viva. Las primeros emigrantes la llamaron Tremont ó Trimountain, á causa de los tres montecillos que se alzan en el Neck, pero por causa de los Puritanos oriundos de la Boston inglesa prevaleció este nombre para la ciudad que fundaron.

De todas las ciudades americanas la cuna de la libertad es Boston. En efecto, comenzó la revolución cuya causa ocasional fueron los famosos impuestos y el pueblo amotinado arrojó al mar el té importado de Inglaterra. En las inmediaciones se livró el día 17 de Junio 1775 la batalla de Bunker's Hill, y Washington venciendo todos los obstáculos entró en ella el 17 de Marzo, 1776.

Pero Boston no es solamente la cuna de la libertad, de la independencia de un pueblo tan progresivo como los Americanos; es también la cuna de la libertad intellectual, de la educación que hace este pueblo tan joven, esta nación tan nueva, la primera del mundo por su educación pública.

Ya en el año 1634 Boston tenía una escuela pública de latín y de esta epoca por acá mostró á las diferentes naciones del mundo que puede hacer una instrucción gratis y liberal para un pueblo. No hay una ciudad en el mundo que dió luz á más hombres de talentos que esta: Carver, Bradford, Endicott, Winthrop, Vane, Pickering, Knox, Lincoln, John Adams, Dane, Quincy, J. Q. Adams, Webster, Sumner, Wilson, Andrew, Choate, Parsons, Shaw, Story, Everett, Phillips, Garrison, Mann, Howe, Allen, Devens, Bartlett, Putnam, Franklin, Bowditch, Pierce, Agassiz, Bulfinch, Morse, Morton, Bell, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Copley, Hunt, Edwards, Channing, Brooks and Gordon.

La educación pública aquí es una gloria del país, ¿y porqué?

Porque, se toman los niños de la edad de 4 años y principian á enseñarlos en los "Kindergartens" las cosas necesarias á la vida. Esta enseñanza no es una que causa á las niños mucho trabajo mental, al contrario se enseña todo con canto y con juguete. Pero un niño de esa edad se recuerda más cosas enseñado jugando que de cualquiera otra manera.

A la edad de 6 años el niño entra en la escuela pública primaria.

En esta escuela el niño se quede 3 ó 4 años. El maestro toma cuidado de interesar al niño en sus lecciones, y de interesarle de una manera práctica. Libros son muy poco empleadas, cosa que hace la tarea del maestro más difícil, pero hace el niño más atentivo á oir lo que el maestro está diciendo.

De la escuela primaria, el niño pasa á la escuela de gramática y allí se queda 5 ó 6 años y después entra en la "High School." Acabando esta ya está preparado para entrar en un colegio.

De la escuela del "Kindergarten" hasta la high school incluida, toda esta enseñanza es dado al niño gratis, y por maestros que antes de recibir esta posición responsable de formar el juicio de niños, son obligados de pasar exámenes muy difíciles.

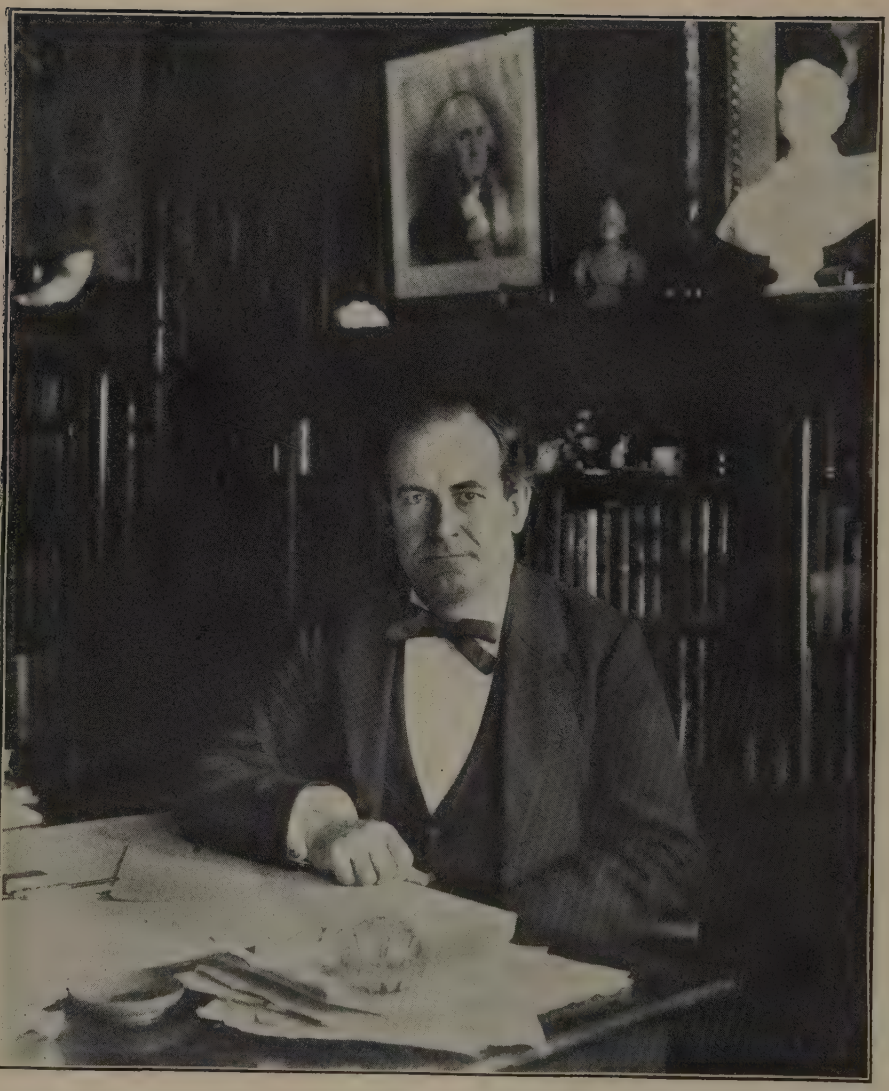
Esta predilección por los estudios y las ciencias hace que en un radio de doce millas del centro de la ciudad, hay universidades y colegios que tienen una gran fama por todo el mundo entero como: Harvard College, Radcliffe College, Wellesley College, Tufts College, Boston University, Boston College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston Museum of fine Arts, New England Conservatory of Music.

También un otro resultado de este deseo de aprender es ilustrado en la Biblioteca Pública de esta ciudad, una de las más grandes del mundo.

El edificio de esta Biblioteca Pública cubre más de dos acres y medio, costó $2,500,000 y contiene con sus anexos más de 1,300,000 libros.

En nuestras bibliotecas públicas vemos solamente personas de ciencias ó estudiantes ya de cierta edad, pero aquí el espectáculo que se presente á nuestra vista es muy diferente: gentes de todas clases, del labrador al millonario, del niño al hombre viejo, todos están allí estudiando, leyendo libros de historia, de geografía, de leyes, de ciencias.

Sí, Boston debe ser orgulloso de sus antepasados que han principiado este movimiento intelectual y también de sus hijos que han continuado este movimiento y han hecho de él una gloria del Nuevo Mundo.



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W. J. Bryan

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Mary B. Bryan.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XII. JULY, 1900 No. 4

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE is a picturesque interest in the rush accompanying the closing days of Congress. The composite character of American life and temperament is emphasized in the last days of the session. The weather is hot, collars wilt, tempers are ruffled. Acrimonious debate becomes dramatic in the form of biting personalities, and epigramatic "keynotes" flung out for use in the fall campaign. The "Congressional Record" grows more ponderous day by day with the unspoken speeches written and dumped in, post haste, for campaign ammunition, to be widely circulated on government franks—for the government "pays the freight."

* * *

The single arc light on the very apex of the capitol shines out at night like an evening star, shedding a shimmering white reflection over the massive dome. This is the signal of "overtime" at the capitol.

A night session in the Senate is quite as impressive as an opera. The ladies' gallery is always well filled, and the fair visitors take their places, white-gloved and armed with fans, wearing the expectant theatre expression on their faces. The gorgeous array of hats and bonnets that defy all attempt at analysis or description suggest a bed of rhododendrons. What the ruling *motif* is in woman's array has never been stated in words—the subtle attractiveness of it all is as undefinable as it is irresistible.

* * *

In the gallery there are other auditors who attend sessions quite as regularly as those on the floor, and it is said that this is the best point of vantage for the successful lobbyists who make their important observations from the gallery when the Senate is in session, and gather intuitively the essential points of the personality of the men whom they desire to influence.

* * *

Inside the Senate chamber there is not an electric light or gas jet visible. An aureole of arc lights, just above the glass roof, furnishes all the light of the chamber, and there is a mellowed softness in the effect that suggests foyer and footlights. At the night session, the messengers at the doors are more officious than ever, feeling the weight of responsibility on their shoulders, with no restriction from the fear of affecting box office receipts.

* * *

Senator Pettigrew begins his speech

on the Philippine question. He punctuates the address by making many excerpts, and the reading intonation no matter how important the subject may be, scarcely rouses the keen interest of his auditors. Senatorial courtesy demands a respectful hearing for these speeches, which are delivered, not to those present, but to the thousands who must hereafter read

AT CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S GARDEN PARTY

RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Photo by Clinedinst

when the avalanche of campaign literature is loosened. The closing days of Congress usually witness the time-honored struggle between the Senate and the House over appropriation bills.

* * *

These are anxious moments for the senators and members with special bills in charge. The lobbyist has relaxed his efforts and the responsibility falls on the senator or congressman in charge of the bill, tracing it through both branches, to the departments and even to the White House to see that the President's signature is affixed thereto.

* * *

General Wheeler, one of the most lovable little men who ever wore epaulets, called frequently at the White House, coming up the stairs two steps at a time (the stairs which are a terror to senators and congressmen) never relaxing his efforts until his appointment was made. Then came the matter of confirmation. Up to the Capitol again and again went General Wheeler to see that there was no hitch in the few remaining hours in securing prompt action on the confirmation of Gen-

eral Otis' promotion, upon which his own appointment as brigadier-general depended.

* * *

A day in the life of a senator at the close of a session certainly approaches the "strenuous." I was at the home of a prominent senator at 9.30 a. m., and there were over thirty callers ahead of me. At his committee room were more callers, and a mass of matters to be acted upon at 11 a. m. He had a speech to make that day, important bills to watch, running debate to attend to; he was called out to the Marble Room to greet and listen pensively to over a score of persons. After an hour for dinner at 7 p. m., callers again streamed upon him until 11.30 p. m., and then he called his secretary to answer a large accumulation of correspondence. How long he sleeps no one knows. If anyone thinks an active senator does not earn his salary, he simply does not know what he is talking about.

PRINCESS ARIBERT, GRANDDAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Photo by Clinedinst

* * *

There was something almost domestic in the way the senators gathered about the presiding officer's desk late in the afternoon and informally talked over the program for an evening session, pledging their senatorial honor that only such and such things should be taken up. There was a committee-room colloquy about it all, followed by a general rush to hasten through with the work in hand and defeat those designing members of the House on the conference committee, who had been giving senatorial dignity such a twinge.

* * *

On the last day of the session the President makes his only visit to the Capitol, and occupies a room on the Senate side ready to sign the bills that are rushed through during the closing hours and minutes, leaving the calendar free and clear. President McKinley also went over to the House side, where there was a little more excitement. Congressmen Fitzgerald, Tawney and others gathered about the speaker's desk and led in singing the various national airs. When "Dixie" was struck up, the southern yell fairly raised the roof. It was an inspiring scene. No matter how bitter and rancorous had been the day's proceedings from a partisan standpoint, the Fifty-Eighth Congress closed in cordial expressions of good will, good fellowship and patriotism that were truly American. When the hands of the clock reached 5 p. m., Speaker

Henderson's gavel fell, and in pursuance of a time-honored custom, the newspaper correspondents in the gallery sang the long-meter doxology. Then came the rush, with precisely the same spirit as that indicated in the "last day of school." With hurried good-byes and hand-shakings, the members parted to prepare for the campaign this fall, which is to determine the length of their political careers.

* * *

Just before and after the adjournment of Congress, the executive labors most assiduously for many hours. The President's supervision and confirmation of men and measures is no sinecure. The White House on "working nights" —which is about every night during the closing days of Congress, and after the social functions have ceased—illustrates the fact frequently stated that in no other country are the governmental functions conducted in so simple and business-like a manner. At eleven o'clock, p. m., as I walk up through the grounds the yellow glare of the gas lights and the dazzling white of the electric arcs scattered through the grounds make a fascinating picture, as they illumine the rich June foliage. The great electric light at the entrance brings out the stately colonial columns in clear relief. There is an echo of the swift rushing of carriage and auto on the avenue, but inside the grounds there is an air of business quietude.

* * *

A warm June evening in Washington is not just the time for work—but it is a busy time at the White House. Up stairs nearly all the clerks and stenographers have gone, and the doorkeeper who has charge of the door of the President's office at night, sits reading a magazine—of course it is the "National." In the half-lighted room—the scene of unusual activity during the day—there is now an air of dignity and restfulness. Four clocks strike the hour in succession: first a tiny treble, then a roaring bass; later a faltering alto, and finally a screeching tenor. It seems as if they have been timed to render an hourly chime, and each has a solo, to preclude church choir jealousy. The stillness and quietude grows deeper and more pronounced each hour; the croaking

MISS MARTHA HICHBORN

Photo by Clinedinst

frogs and chirping crickets in the Mall retard the tempo in the nocturnal chorus. In the cabinet room President McKinley and Secretary Cortelyou concentrate their attention for hours upon the great mass of accumulated papers. A ring for a glass of water is the only call that has summoned the messenger during four hours of night work. Every detail is carefully systemized so that the least possible delay is avoided in the despatch of public business. In these quiet, still hours of night, the important work of the chief executive is done, and it is very long past midnight when he passes out, through the double doors to the residential portion of the White House, to obtain rest preparatory to the influx of visitors that begins as early as 9.30 or even 9 o'clock. Then, after a few more letters to be given a stenographer in the last watch, Secretary Cortelyou closes up the business of the day and the lights at the White House go out. The strenuous life of an American penetrates even the highest official places, and this is in sharp contrast to the leisurely life of royalty and aristocracy in Europe.

MR. BROMLEY AND HIS BRIDE, THE DAUGHTER OF SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, AT CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S GARDEN PARTY

Photo by Clinedinst

THE OCTAGON HOUSE

Photo by Clinedinst

* * *

The old Octagon House, now a club, was the structure in which Dolly Madison reigned after the White House had been sacked and destroyed in 1814. The White House has not been damaged much since that time. There is talk of building a new executive mansion, worthy of the name and the nation. And yet, could the people feel satisfied to give up a place

which has been occupied by all the presidents, and is so replete with national tradition?

* * *

President McKinley's fondness for children was further emphasized at the children's day's exercises at the Metropolitan church. He arrived rather early in a closed carriage, stepped out without the aid of the footman, turning and raising his hat to Mrs. McKinley, who remained within the carriage. The front pews and the platform were reserved for the Sunday school scholars and teachers. The President sat in the third pew, in the midst of children, and entered heartily into the special exercises of the occasion, singing a double bass and keeping Senator Fairbanks, who came in later, in the right key. The children entered singing a stirring processional, led by a cornet and pipe organ, almost operatic in effect. The church was elaborately decorated with great masses of palms and ferns, banks of odorous flowers, and singing birds in cages. A sea of bright and happy faces made an inspiring scene. The long program of speeches and dialogue combined a strongly patriotic and earnest christian spirit. The little ones clambered to their seats, all unconscious of errors in speech, or any pomp. In no other country but ours, could the chief executive remain so close to the people, and take part with children in their festivities on such occasions. The stirring recessional was sung and the little ones marched out before the President left his seat. No great function of state ever brought forth a happier and more serene and satisfied expression than was evidenced in his greetings to the little children.

THE BRITISH LEGATION

There are many tragedies under the brighter and more imposing scenes of Washington life. In one of the cheaper

ARTHUR MAC ARTHUR, JR., ENSIGN U. S. NAVY

restaurants in Washington, where an egg, a roll and coffee may be secured for nine cents, an old man was speaking. "I slept in the parks last night," he said to a companion. "I could not sell much yesterday." Twenty years ago he was one of the most prominent public men in Washington. His signature, perhaps, remains attached to many important public documents. Now forgotten and forsaken, sleeping in parks, peddling medicines—all this among the scenes of his prosperity—he awaits an obscure death. Few of his old friends and acquaintances remain at the capital, and he is one of many political "derelicts." When the old man's companion told me of the misfortunes of this man, there was nothing in the recital to inspire a desire for a political career. The death of his wife and two children was the blow that crushed him, and the proud spirit was broken when an unjust political persecution followed; and now he is simply called "queer." During the war he rendered important and valiant service for the government, that called for even more heroism than that required on the battlefield, but the fact that he did not bear arms, and defied his persecutors in a political embroglio later, left him an object of public charity.

* * *

One of the strongest men in the Senate is Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin. He is a ready debater, a very forceful speaker, and is always in earnest. He has won the sobriquet of "the little giant" in his own state, and no United States senator was ever nearer the hearts of his constituents. If senators were elected by the people, John C. Spooner would continue to be

DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR, WEST POINT CADET

elected from Wisconsin by large majorities. It is interesting to see the fire fly when he joins in a red hot debate; and he carries on the most determined and successful contests on the floor of the Senate.

* * *

Washington society was favored in June with a visit from a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. The Princess Aribert is about thirty-four years of age, the youngest daughter of Princess Helena, and a great favorite. Her husband's estates are in Denmark, where she was born, her father being Prince Anistrom, of Schleswig-Holstein. She is the first one of the royal family of England to visit this country since the Prince of Wales. It is interesting to know how familiar many Washington people are with the mysteries of royal titles and pedigrees. The influence of the diplomatic corps at Washington stimulates an interest in royalty at Washington that does not exist in any other American city. Still this influence does not affect the democratic simplicity of a large number of statesmen, legislators and officials who are first, last and always truly American in spirit and bearing. One of the leading ambassadors recently told me that the composite of American character represented by the shifting representation in Congress was one of the most interesting studies of the age.

* * *

It is in the Titanic struggles at the close of Congress that the most important measures are decided. Every member has his special bill, and the appeal for "unanimous consent" for consideration of some special bill is unusual, while there are times when the objectors like Senators Wolcott and Pettigrew have their innings. Senator Tillman, walking up and down near his seat and twirling his glasses, seemed at peace and in a joking mood at an evening session, when Senator Wolcott objected to his appropriation for the Charleston, S. C., exposition. He went over to the Colorado senator to expostulate in a good-natured way, but the Rocky Mountain senator, attired in evening dress, and alertly watching over the bills, was relentless. Senator Frye is an ideal presiding officer on such occasions. He rushes business along at lightning express speed, and in putting the mo-

GENERAL MAC ARTHUR, YOUNGEST MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

tions, does not give time between the calls for ayes and nays *viva voce* to go through the formalities of a response from the senators.

* * *

"Do you know," said a prominent congressman, that we are getting up a funny story syndicate to work over a new lot of campaign stories, changing names and dates, for the fall campaign. It takes Senator Chauncey Depew to make over an old story, entirely beyond the recognition of its warmest and closest friends. The sense of humor is a saving grace among politicians, as well as in any other profession."

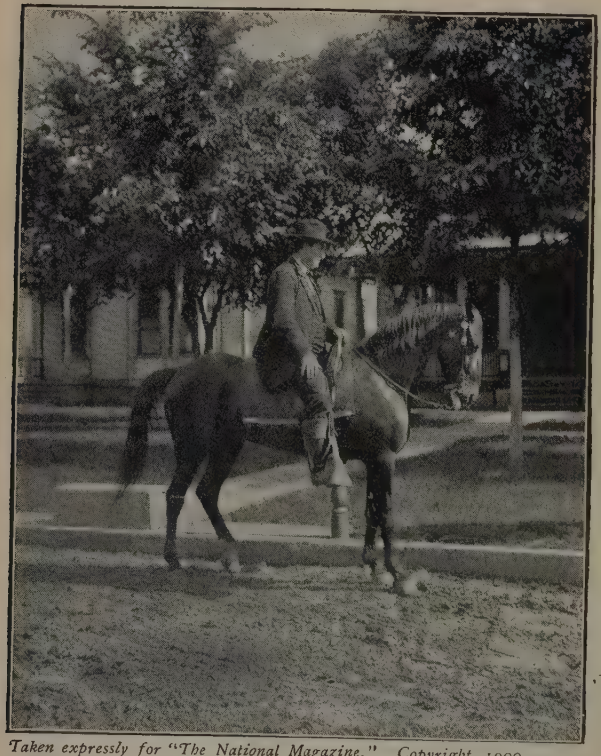
* * *

At a time when the relations between the United States and the Sultan of Turkey were strained to the utmost, and the wires between Constantinople and the State department were hot, the ranking admiral of Turkey called upon President McKinley and had a long chat. The visitor was a short man with bushy black hair, cut close and pompadour. He speaks good English and is very much interested in American affairs. He had mislaid his white Fedora hat, and had probably forgotten that he did not wear a fez or a chapeau. As the search proceeded I heard him say one little word that indicates his higher civilization. It was a short explosive, exclamatory word, often spoken, but which does not look well in print.

* * *

They are telling some poker stories on a number of prominent public men. It may be that poker and politics go together, but there is a suspicion that poker stories are promiscuously credited to politicians, as all humorous stories emanated from Abraham Lincoln in some way or other. It is suggested that poker is invaluable to public men to enable them to become diplomats, and train them to control the facial muscles on occasions when it is indispensable to disguise all inward feelings and score a point by a decided bluff. If these are the qualifications of a poker player—well, no moreneed be said.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



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The distinction of being the youngest major-general of the line of the army today belongs to General Arthur Mac Arthur, who when eighteen won a medal of honor for conspicuous bravery in action at Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863. Arthur Mac Ar-

thur, Jr., the general's oldest son and namesake, is an ensign in the navy. He is an honor graduate of the naval Academy, class of 1896, and received his diploma before he reached his twentieth year. He served in Cuban waters during the entire blockade, and is now serving in the Philippines on the gunboat "Yorktown." Douglas Mac Arthur, the second son, is now a cadet at the military academy, West Point. He won his cadetship by competitive examination, and has the distinction of standing number one in a class of 147 men, and also of being number one in every subject and class. These gallant sons of a gallant father are splendid specimens of the American young manhood that is a glory to the nation.

* * *

Senator Hanna made his debut as a stand-up-and-fight debater on the floor of the Senate this month. It was plainly seen that he was stirred up on the armor plate debate, and he joined in the discussion in dead earnest. He carried his little cane to gesture with, and s emed in the matter of repartee able to combat the biting epigrams of Senator Tillman. Even the venerable Senator Hoar, who wears his green goggles at the night sessions, could not wither the implacable Hanna. Senator Wetmore is frequently pointed out by strangers as Senator Hanna, and wears the honors gracefully.

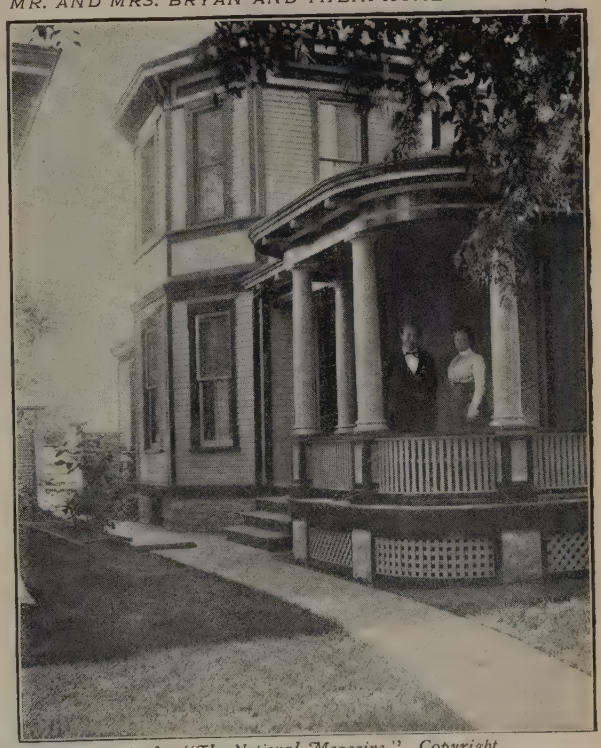
* * *

One of the few balls given in the White House in fifty years was that tendered by President Andrew Johnson to his grandchilren. "It was a merry event," said one of the present attendants at the Capitol who was there. "President Johnson was very fond of his grand-children, and he took part in the festivities with a great deal of zest. When I recall the costumes of the ladies of that period, with great bulging hoopskirts and crinoline, I think what a curiosity it would seem to the young people of to-day to look in upon that scene.

* * *

Memories of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" were recalled when a delegation of full-blooded Indians was received by the President. The visitors were chiefs with hyphenated names, and most of them understood English and appreciated the informal talk given by the President. One of them was very old—nearly reaching the century

MR. AND MRS. BRYAN AND THEIR HOME



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mark, and almost blind—but he insisted on seeing in person the Great Father of the nation, and carried back to his people on the reservation the kind greetings of the President.

* * *

Miss Hawley, daughter of the sena-

THE WIFE OF THE SPANISH MINISTER

Photo by Clinedinst

tor from Connecticut, won the prize medal at the Corcoran Art School exhibit. The increased interest in art at Washington during the last few years is indeed remarkable, and will soon lead to the establishment of a *salon* as suggested in these pages last month. Washington is becoming a favorite and most appropriate rendezvous for many of the leading artists.

* * *

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has

HON. JAMES A. TAWNEY, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM MINNESOTA

reason to congratulate himself on the work of his department in the "rare

FRANK A. FLOWER

days" of June. With exports of farm and soil products reaching over $500,000,000, representing an increase that has never been paralleled, the agricultural department at a total expense of less than $4,000,000 has paid for itself ten times over in the increased profits it has made possible and the new markets it has stimulated. The government inspection of live stock for export alone has decreased the cost of insurance from $8 to $1 per head, and this margin goes directly to the consumer, and in the aggregate explains the prosperous condition of live stock export trade. The fight against animal parasites of every kind, and the remarkable results obtained in checking ravages of cholera and preserving the health of animals is in itself a gigantic item.

There is no branch of the government that is more directly on a dividend-paying basis than the agricultural department. Modestly hidden away among the trees, shrubs and flowers in the Mall at Washington, surrounded by roses—inside and outside, monster bouquets on every hand—Secretary Wilson has the ideal cabinet portfolio, and is truly representive of the intelligent farmers of America.

* * *

Representative Mahon deserves commendation for his recent earnest and out-spoken denunciation of the practice of hazing, though it was perhaps hardly necessary to incorporate such a section in the West Point Appropriation bill as that suggested by the member from Pennsylvania in the House the other day, making hazing a cause for dismissal from the academy. The custom is brutal, unmanly, and

HON. JOHN C. SPOONER, SENATOR FROM WISCONSIN

indefensible from any point of view. Mr. Mahon mentioned one case during the past year in which the son of an officer serving in the Philippines had been beaten until he lay in spasms for two or three days and his life was despaired of. Such an outrage ought not to be possible in any well-regulated educational institution, much less in a school where young men are trained to lead and command their fellows, a profession in which self-control and respect for others are essential factors.

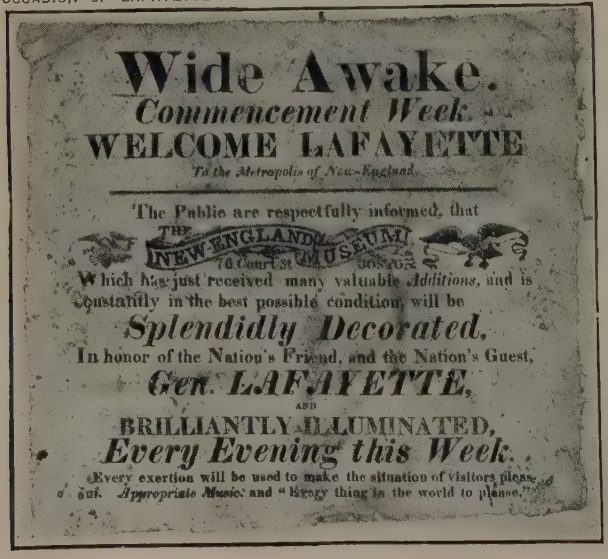
MRS. WILD, WIFE OF THE NEW ARGENTINE MINISTER, AND HER BROTHER

Photo by Clinedinst

* * *

It is said that too close application to musical study is the chief cause of the temporary physical break-down of Miss Belle Henderson, the accomplished and beautiful daughter of Speaker Henderson. She has devoted a great deal of her time for several years to music, principally vocal, and has developed a decided talent in this direction. It has also been reported that a too strict adherence to a vegetable diet had something to do with Miss Henderson's illness. If this is true, it will be interesting to note whether the case of this young lady will be taken as a warning by others who are just now making a fad of vegetarianism. Her friends are confident that the treatment she is now receiving in a sanitarium at Philadelphia will effect a speedy and permanent cure of her present malady, which is not regarded as alarming.

HANDBILL ISSUED BY THE NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM ON THE OCCASION OF LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO BOSTON IN 1824


Wide Awake.
Commencement Week.
WELCOME LAFAYETTE
To the Metropolis of New-England.
The Public are respectfully informed, that
THE NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM
76 Court St. BOSTON
Which has just received many valuable Additions, and is constantly in the best possible condition, will be
Splendidly Decorated,
In honor of the Nation's Friend, and the Nation's Guest,
Gen. LAFAYETTE,
AND
BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED,
Every Evening this Week.
Every exertion will be used to make the situation of visitors pleasant. Appropriate Music, and "Every thing in the world to please."

* * *

Acting Secretary of the Navy Hackett is a busy man these days, and by means of cable messages is keeping closely in

A BUSY CORNER IN THE CENSUS DEPARTMENT

Photo by Clinedinst

touch with Admiral Kempff on the Chinese situation. The absence of news from Pekin is looked upon as particularly threatening, and grave fears exist for the safety of the Europeans there, as taking advantage of the present disorders, bands of robbers are pillaging the foreigners.

* * *

When General Lafayette visited Boston in 1824, he received a great ovation, and the citizens of that city inaugurated a week's celebration in his honor. The New England Museum issued a number of linen posters, twenty-two by eighteen inches in size, bearing a full length portrait of the French general. It is believed that the only one still in existence is that belonging to Miss Augusta E. Pierce of Chesterfield, N. H., a direct descendant of President Pierce. It is in perfect preservation, and has been loaned by its owner to the authorities of the Paris Exposition to be placed on exhibition at the time of the dedication of the Lafayette monument on July 4th, the American children's tribute to Lafayette. In connection with this poster will also be shown two handbills: one issued by the New England Museum, announcing the welcome to Lafayette, and the other the official announcement of his tour through New Jersey. These unique relics were brought to light through the earnest personal efforts of Mrs. Sarah E. Temple, of Flemington, N. J.

HON. W. P. HEPBURN, REPRESENTATIVE FROM IOWA

AN INTERESTING MEMBER OF GRANT'S CABINET

By Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. Army

TWO of the cabinet ministers who were intimately associated with General Grant while he was president, are still living. They are George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who was secretary of the treasury, and George H. Williams, of Portland, Oregon, who was attorney-general. I had a pleasant talk with Judge Williams recently, and he told me many things of interest to the public about General Grant.

Judge Williams is a native of New York, where he was educated in the public schools, grew to manhood and was admitted to the bar. At twenty-one he went to Iowa and practised his profession. In 1847 he was elected circuit judge. Not long after Mr. Pierce became president, in 1853, Judge Williams was appointed chief justice of the territory of Oregon, Stephen A. Douglas, a personal friend, having requested the appointment. President Buchanan reappointed him in 1857, but not being in accord with some of Mr. Buchanan's slavery ideas, he tendered his resignation and resumed his law practice, becoming a Republican.

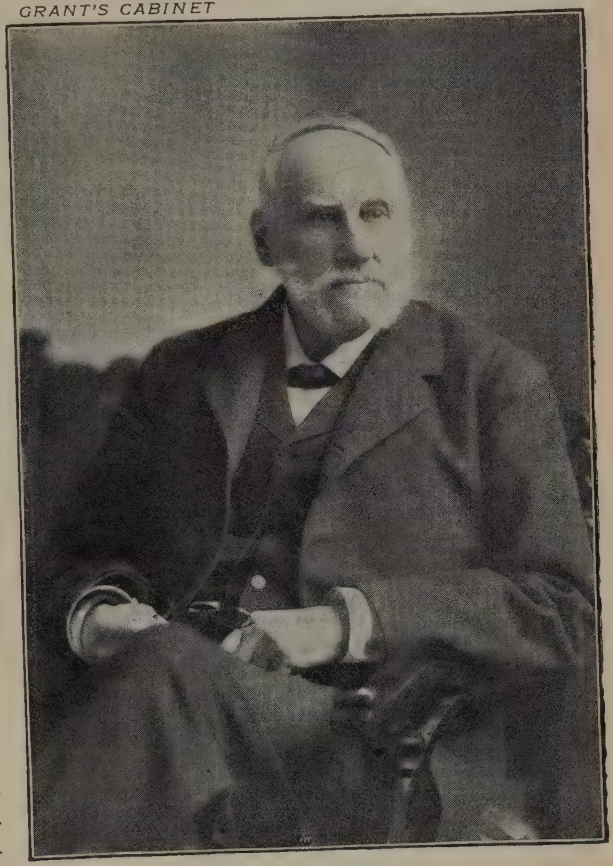
In 1864 Mr. Williams was elected to the United States Senate. It was Senator Williams who drew the reconstruction bill and had charge of it in the Senate. President Grant appointed him a member of the Joint High Commission which negotiated the treaty of Washington, and soon after his duties in that connection ended, selected him as attorney-general.

HON. WILLIS L. MOORE, DIRECTOR OF THE WEATHER BUREAU, AND INAUGURATOR OF THE ANTI-CIGARETTE CRUSADE

* * *

When Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase died, General Grant found great difficulty in selecting his successor. Great pressure was brought to bear to promote one of the associate justices. General Grant desired to do that, but was not long in discovering that while he would greatly please one of the justices by such a course, he would seriously displease all of the others and their friends, and the idea was abandoned. It was finally decided to name Roscoe Conkling, who had recently been elected to the Senate. Senator Conkling declined. There were two or three cabinet meetings, largely devoted to discussing candidates for chief justice. One of these meetings was held without the knowledge of the attorney-general. General Grant set-

tled upon Judge Williams, and his name was sent to the Senate. "I knew nothing about it until my name was sent to the Senate. It was my greatest surprise," said Judge Williams. "The next day, when I met General Grant, I said, 'Mr. President, I am under many obligations for your kindness in this matter.' He replied, 'It was the proper thing to do.'"



JUDGE WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN GRANT'S CABINET

The history of that appointment is very interesting. As will be remembered, the Senate did not act upon it. The desire of many senators to see an associate justice promoted was a marked factor in preventing prompt confirmation, but there was a still greater factor. Mrs. Williams was a talented, beautiful woman; she was a leader in Washington society; few equalled her and none excelled. This distinguished society leader, while very popular with a large element, was unpopular with an influential element. That element consisted of the wives of some senators, representatives, judges and other high officials whom Mrs. Williams greatly surpassed in attractions. It was a thorn in their sides to have her the wife of a cabinet minister: what would it be when she was the wife of the chief justice? The pill was a very bitter one for them. The idea of this lady from far away Oregon, the backwoods, as they said, ranking them. It must not be. And they united, almost as one, in the most bitter warfare upon Judge Williams that has ever been known at the national capital. Every newspaper that opposed the Grant administration made it an especial business to traduce and besmirch the attorney-general, Grant's choice for chief justice. And every Republican paper that could be reached by the pressure, which was most powerful, joined in the loud baying. The Senate hesitated. Some of its members clamored for a different appointment. The delay and the wholesale, vicious attacks had a most depressing effect upon Judge Williams. He finally said to General Grant, "This bitter, cruel, unjust opposition is too much for me; I cannot bear it any longer; I want you to with-

draw my name." "I will do so, Mr. Williams, if you insist, but I do not wish to. I am prepared to stand by you to the bitter end."

"No, Mr. President, please withdraw my name; the tension is too great, the load is too heavy." The name was withdrawn.

That Judge Williams made a serious mistake in asking the President to withdraw his name, is undoubted. The tide had begun to turn in the Senate; the attacks of the press and society leaders had disgusted many of the senators. Several senators went to Judge Williams and expressed regret that he had withdrawn, telling him that it was only a question of time when he would have been confirmed. "After my name had been withdrawn, other cabinet sessions were devoted to selecting a chief justice. Many names were suggested. Caleb Cushing, of

SENATOR CARTER, OF MONTANA

Massachusetts, was chosen. The appointment was referred and there it remained, as mine had. Cushing's famous letter to Jefferson Davis, in which he virtually sympathized with the Confederate president, was printed. That settled Mr. Cushing; the Senate would not confirm.

"It finally dawned upon the President that it would be necessary to select a dark horse. Some one suggested Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio. He seemed to fill the bill as a dark horse candidate. Not much was known about him by any one outside of Ohio. He had visited Washington only once, and had never had a case before the Supreme Court. President Grant asked me to telegraph him, asking if he would accept. Of course he would, and did, and he was appointed and confirmed."

* * *

Not long after that Judge Williams tendered his resignation as attorney-general. For a time he practiced law in Washington and then returned to Oregon and resumed his law practice, interrupted in 1864. A movement was set on foot over twenty years ago, to return Judge Williams to the Senate. A majority of the Republicans were favorable to his election, but the Republican minority united with the Democrats and elected John H. Mitchell. Since then Judge Williams has been besought by parties and individuals to consent to the use of his name for various offices of honor and trust, but he has invariably declined.

I know that thousands would listen, as I did, with deep interest, to what this distinguished ex-member of his cabinet said about President Grant.

"Was it General Grant's habit to take an active part in discussing questions which came before the cabinet?" I asked.

"If the question was one which should be settled by the head of a department, the general would refer the

matter to that cabinet minister. In a question like the inflation bill, for instance, General Grant always listened

SENATOR LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

attentively to the opinions of the cabinet, now and then asking a question or suggesting an idea. That bill passed, as you remember. After a prolonged session of the cabinet, when the question of veto or no veto was discussed from every standpoint, General Grant closed the meeting by saying: 'Gentlemen, it is my plain duty to veto that bill; I shall veto it.' "

"Did President Grant generally approve of the acts of his cabinet officers in the management of their respective departments, and did he appoint to office the men recommended by cabinet officers?"

"Generally, yes. General Grant was very good in the matter of appointing men recommended by the heads of departments. He never failed to appoint any one that I recommended, and I cannot recall more than an instance or two where he failed to comply with the requests of other cabinet officers. He did not always approve of our actions. I refer to one case, without using names. A federal officer had been found guilty of embezzlement, was tried, convicted and imprisoned. He had many influential friends, and they besought the president for a pardon. Grant referred them to the attorney-general, and in every instance I reported unfavorably. At last the wife of the prisoner came to my office and pleaded that her husband be liberated. She was a beautiful woman, refined, highly educated and intelligent, and her appeal was the most pathetic that I ever listened to. It was a hard task to perform, but I had to say to the lady, 'I cannot help you; your husband was guilty, and if I favor a pardon for him, how can I refuse others whose offences were not so great as his?'

"In those days General Grant had a rule that no woman seeking pardon for friends should be admitted to his office, but by some means this lady reached his room and made her appeal.

REPRESENTATIVE FITZGERALD OF MASSACHUSETTS

When he said he did not see how he could comply with her request, she fell on her knees and with tear-sprinkled

cheeks, begged the president to give her back her husband. 'If not for my sake, for the sake of my children; for the sake of an unborn child!' That day General Grant sent a note directing me to take the necessary steps to pardon the man, and it was done. When I met him, I said, 'Mr. President, you made a mistake in that case. That man was an embezzler; it was a perfectly clear case. He ought to have remained in prison.'

"'Mr. Williams, I know it was a mistake; I know the man was guilty; I know he ought to have been kept in prison; but what is a man to do when such a woman falls upon her knees and pleads that her life and the life of her unborn child depend on my saying yes?' There were signs of tears in the President's eyes as he said it."

"Was General Grant cordial, jovial and friendly with the cabinet?"

JEROME BONAPARTE, A GREAT-GRANDSON OF DANIEL WEBSTER

"At times, very much so. When there was any important work to do at cabinet meetings, the general always gave close and serious attention. When we met and there was nothing to do I have known him to talk for two hours, and most entertainingly. Usually at these social gatherings he would talk of the Mexican and Civil wars and the men he served with, but never about things that he did. He frequently told us of great movements made by Sheridan, Sherman, Thomas or Faragut; or by Lee, 'Stonewall' Jackson or Longstreet. He was always very cordial in greeting cabinet members, but the class that was most warmly greeted was his comrades of the Mexican and Civil wars. Those he met with both hands extended to grasp the two hands of each visitor."

"How did the savage newspaper criticisms effect General Grant?"

"I think no one could tell. He never used to say anything about them, and he did not care to listen to any one else talk about them; but he was a sensitive man and I have no doubt that some of the harsh things wounded him deeply."

"I know, Mr. Williams, that General Grant was a most industrious man in the field. Did he carry his habits of industry to the White House?"

"He certainly did. He was a tireless worker. If there was anything that the president had to do, he always did it at the earliest possible moment, and the best he knew how. He very seldom called upon a stenographer to help him in his correspondence, and never in the preparation of his state papers. Whatever he prepared was in his own handwriting."

"Did General Grant evince much interest in the campaign of 1872?"

"Apparently none. The night after election I was with him. While all others in the room were greatly excited and pleased as the reports came in, General Grant sat in his chair apparently wholly unconcerned."

[illegible]
[illegible] LANCE, MASS.

TEACHERS OF THE SCHOOL AT SANTA CLARA

VISITING CUBAN TEACHERS IN AMERICA

By Mary C. Francis

WHEN, early in January of this year, the word spread through Cuba that an excursion of the teachers was being arranged to take them to the United States and give them a summer term at Harvard, such a wave of excitement swept over the island as can only be imagined by those who fully understand the Latin temperament.

Never, under four hundred years of Spain's rule, had Cuba had public schools; never had her citizens been afforded a sufficient share in public affairs to create in them any civic pride. Her people lay in an intellectual lethargy, and her women, especially debarred by custom and tradition from educational privileges, presented the only example of unintellectual womanhood in the western world.

Riding on horseback in the ravaged districts of the interior of the provinces of Puerto Principe and the Oriente in the summer and early fall of 1898, I for the first time saw the Cuban at home. Later, in Havana, I have seen them again, no longer a ragged and starving army, but office-holders, many of them, active in public affairs and striving to shape the future destinies of the island. From my first view of this people, in their wretched habitations, living a semi-barbarous life on the earthern floor of their palm leaf huts, to the aristocratic grande dames of the old regime who welcomed their guests in their stately mansions in Habana, I have never found a more universal craving for the establishment of a public school system.

Almost a year of American interven-

tion passed with little to its credit on the educational balance, and then, in November of 1898, Mr. Alexis Everett

MARIANO HERNANDEZ

Frye came to the island at the request of the secretary of war, and at once began active work.

During the month of December the alcaldes of the different municipalities were notified of the provisions of the new school law and were instructed to at once choose from the best material available those who were willing to be-

JOSE M. ORDONED, SUPERINTENDENT OF NORMAL SCHOOL AT GUANABACON

gin the work of teaching. Since there are as yet no school houses on the island the buildings for school purposes had to be rented, and since the people were in many instances too poor to buy books for their children, everything, even the janitor's salaries, had to be paid out of the funds of the island. Many of the children, too, had no parents to buy their books for them, for their were fifty thousands orphans left by the war, and they were becoming a very serious charge.

As soon as matters were fairly started there was an astonishing development. Within the sixty days

ALEXIS EVERETT FRYE, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS OF CUBA

between the first of January and February 28, over 100,000 children were enrolled, 2,500 schools were opened and every man, woman and child all over the island knew that at last another era had dawned for them. From that time until the schools closed in June there was a steady increase, until there were 150,000 children enrolled, 3,500 teachers employed and 3,300 schools opened.

When it was finally arranged after

Mr. Frye's visit to Boston that 1,450 teachers could be taken to Harvard, the rivalry that arose in the desire of every teacher to go for a time seemed to threaten complications. One town promptly elected twenty-five, about twice the number to which they were entitled, without waiting for the necessary instructions. Delegations came to the office every day and begged to be taken en masse. Letters by the hundreds poured in from applicants, eloquently urging their claims.

"We want to go to Harvard," was the universal cry, and despite all the precautions taken to prevent it 250 more were elected by their juntas and fellow members than could be taken, and after the returns were all in came the tardy request from the fifty teachers of Porto Rico for transportation also.

To those in the United States who do not know how limited has been the life of these instructors, scarcely any adequate idea can be formed of what this trip means to them. Many of them have never been outside of their province, and the more fortunate who have heard the wonderful tales of what may be seen and heard in Los Estados Unidos have spread the word until the imagination of all is fired with such images as may fill the soul of a traveler on the edge of an unknown world.

These teachers are not, of course, trained or prepared for their work, and this vast object lesson—for it is that—is perhaps the best thing possible for them. It might have been more practical if it had been possible to bring them while the schools were in session and let them visit and learn by observation of methods in the schoolroom, but even without this the journey must stand without parallel and remain a significant and striking sign of the times. Just what the cumulative effect of such remarkable new impressions will be remains to be seen. They are enthusiastic, eager to learn, especially the English language, and the whole people as a race have an

A GROUP OF MAMBI SCHOOL CHILDREN

almost surprising facility when they apply themselves.

Probably ninety-nine per cent of them have never been teachers before, and all our methods of teaching are therefore new to them. Certain it is that they will carry back with them a breath of the western world which the island needs, and if in the future Cuba's sons and daughters have a broader intellectual life the greatest university in the United States may well have much of the credit.

STA CLARA LARRALDE Y QUIROS

Perhaps nothing since the American occupation of Cuba has created such a universal interest as has this trip. For most who went it was the event of a lifetime, and the number departing from each city and pueblo drew about them a nucleus of friends whose interest swirled in little eddies, breaking upon the preparations until they finally stood on the pier and cheered and waved as the transport slowly cast off.

MANUEL VALDES RODRIGUES

MARY C. FRANCIS

To Mr. Frye, to President Eliot, and to the citizens of Boston and Cambridge who have made this possible the Cuban people owe an eternal debt of gratitude, and public opinion, as reflected in the press, is unanimous in expressing the utmost thanks of this embryo nation. It is by far the noblest work done in Cuba up to this time, and is of a nature better calculated to solve the difficult problems of the future than anything else could be. Boston is to be congratulated on the presence of these teachers this summer, while to both Cuba and America the trip should result in an international friendship.

THE IDYLL OF A PARIAH

By J. Montgomery M'Govern

THE starting point—the bed rock—of civilization, certainly as far as the Anglo-Saxon race is concerned is about reached when one strikes the mountaineers of the Alleghany region. Among our "contemporary ancestors" stoicism is at a discount, and the man who receives the greatest amount of deference from his fellows is he who can upon every occasion most volubly and dramatically express his feelings.

Small wonder, then, that in this particular little mountain settlement in the extreme northwest corner of Georgia, the place Jim Russell held in his neighbors' esteem was not a high one. He was such a shambling, ungainly, forlorn looking specimen of humanity that his physical defects alone were enough to make him the butt of the mountaineers' clumsy jests, but other men as unprepossessing as he had been prime favorites in the settlement. It was his taciturnity, his shy—perhaps sullen—reserve that had earned for him the contempt of the men and the ridicule of the women, who found vent for their dislike by habitually taunting him with the soubriquet of "Say-nothin' Jim."

When it was gossiped about that 'Fita Lopes had given marked encouragement to the attentions of "Say-nothin' Jim," the settlement was thrown into a fever of excitement. 'Fita was the acknowledged belle, not only of that settlement, but of the entire vicinity for miles around. Her father, Carlos Lopez, a Cuban, and a man—it was said—of high social standing in his own country, had come to the United States just after the Cuban uprising of '68, in which he had taken part, and had finally drifted to this obscure "Cracker" settlement in the Blue Ridge mountains, where he was safe from the keen eyes of the Spanish officials who had set a price upon his head. The suspicion with which the dashing young foreigner was at first regarded by his primitive neighbors was set at rest when he married one of the young women of the neighborhood and proceeded to build for himself a log cabin as humble as those of the mountaineers. The latter grew to look upon Lopez as one of themselves; they monosyllabized his Spanish name and spoke of him as Carl Lopes. Save for his foreign accent and dark, handsome face, this Cuban exile had become simply a Cracker farmer, as spiritless and grumblingly satisfied with his lot as his sallow-faced, drawling neighbors.

But whatever the man had lost in vigor, ambition and spirit, seemed to be renewed tenfold in his daughter and only child, Josephita, whose Spanish name was soon shortened by her mother and the neighbors into 'Fita. From her infancy 'Fita had been accustomed to follow her own imperious will in all things. She lorded it with a merciless hand over her weak, gentle-spirited Cracker mother when the latter attempted to remonstrate with her upon what "folks would think of

her doin's;" which "doin's" were certainly wild and unconventional enough to shock a less primitive community than the one in which 'Fita was born. For her father, alone of all the world, the little imp seemed to have a certain degree of respect, though even him she obeyed only when she felt inclined. Lopez' whole life seemed bound up in this child, the idol of his heart. He did not send her to the district school, perhaps because the child swore that if he did she would burn down the school house and kill the teacher, accompanying the threat by quietly taking down one of her father's old silver-mounted duelling pistols and loading it. At any rate, Lopez had taken entire personal charge of the girl's education, and had instructed her in everything that he, himself, knew. Just how much or how little that was, probably no one but he and she could have told, but the neighbors averred that "'Fita could talk in so many languages it would make your head swim to hear her." Certain it is that the girl could sing in a way these simple mountaineers had never heard before, could make wonderful music from an old violin of her father's, and could dance in a way that not one of the sturdy, awkward Cracker girls could approach.

So it was that though 'Fita and her father led a comparatively isolated life and went about little among their neighbors, the latter soon woke up to the realization that the pale, black-eyed, tangled-haired child was growing up into a beautiful and most fascinating woman. It was the young men—the mountain swains—who first made this discovery, and those who had teased her most during her wild, unkempt childhood, "jest to see her fight," now became her most ardent admirers. Her dark, glowing Latin beauty and her iridescent vivacity formed a striking contrast to the fair prettiness of the yellow-haired, light blue-eyed, stolid Cracker girls. Bets of plugs of tobacco against jugs of "moonshine" whiskey ran high as to which of the boys 'Fita would choose as a husband, but no one bet on the one she apparently had chosen, poor Jim Russell. In the vernacular of his neighbors "Jim Russell was so tow-headed and lop-sided and ugly he'd do fur his own scare-crow, and so no-'count he couldn't s'port hisself and one cur dog—let alone a wife and fambly."

When some of the girls, Cracker fashion, attempted to tease 'Fita on the subject, her black eyes snapped, and instead of giggling and denying the engagement—as the other girls of the settlement invariably denied theirs up to the very day of the marriage—she defiantly announced that she expected to marry Jim in the winter and that it was nobody's business but hers. "Dios mio," she added—an oath she had learned from her father—"I will strike the first one that says anything against Jim."

This unexpected engagement was a nine days' wonder in the little isolated mountain settlement. The young girls discussed it in whispers at "sociables" and "quiltin's." Old women pushed back their sunbonnets and removed the ever-present snuff-stick from their lips to gossip about it, and even the men were not above mentioning the subject to each other, wondering "what on airth had got into 'Fita to make her take that good for nothin' cuss who was too lazy to live, an' that she'd have to s'port all her days."

Had the girl, herself, stopped to analyze her feeling, she could probably have given no better reason for accepting the pariah of the village than that

she was actuated by the same impulse that during her childhood had caused her to adopt all the stray dogs that came to her father's cabin, and to keep a hospital in the shed at the back of the house for sick kittens and broken-winged birds. But if it was a tenderness akin to pity that this beautiful young woman, glowing with health and animal spirits, felt for sickly, unfortunate Jim, his love for her was something very different. For the first time in his life he had some human being who looked upon him kindly and upon whom he could bestow affection. This man received little else than kicks and cuffs from a world into which he had come unwelcomed and unwanted. Never knowing who his father was, he was left doubly orphaned when almost an infant by the death of his frail young mother. Since then life for the sensitive, delicate child had been one long, hard struggle—all the more pathetic because it was so commonplace and insignificant. Years of ridicule and neglect had given the boy a "hangdog" air and slouching gait, and now the man was in reality almost as idle and shiftless as he was accredited by his neighbors with being—seemingly content to dig a bare existence from the little plot his mother had left him, with no other aim or object in life than to seclude himself and escape as far as possible the notice of every one.

Now that this beautiful young woman—she as brilliant as he was apparently dull—had come into his life, no wonder Jim worshipped her more with the slavish, appealing admiration of a faithful dog than with the sort of love men usually bestow upon women, all unmindful of the spiteful tongues of the village gossips, who declared "All he wants with 'Fita is jest to git a good, stout wife to work fur him." Jim never talked of his love; even when the day for the wedding drew near he was still as reticent and shy as ever, but he walked with the air of a man who has something to live for, and worked harder than usual in his little patch of stony land. "Tryin' to hoodwink 'Fita into thinkin' there's

somethin' in him; jest wait till he's married an' see how soon he goes back to his old ways." On his pitiful attempts at self instruction from the little primer and one-syllable reader which had been his mother's they made no comments, for that they never knew.

Just one week from the day set for the much talked of wedding the settlement was thrown into a furore of excitement, greater even than that caused by the announcement of the engagement. 'Fita had eloped with the dashing young man who had come from a distant city to examine the marble quarries in the vicinity, and who had dazzled the settlement for the past few weeks with the double brilliancy of his diamond shirt studs and his flattering speeches. No one knew where they had gone. The note 'Fita left for her father only said she was "going off with Mr. Manselle, who was going to marry her and make her a lady."

When the news was carried to Jim he made no outcry. The men who expected to see him storm and rave and swear the vengeance that any of them would have done in a similar case were disappointed. As one of them afterwards expressed it: "He didn't sca'cely seem to hear at all—jes' stood thar 'thout sayin' a word, an' kep' on cuttin' the stick he had in his hand—only his face gettin' grayer 'n sand every minute."

The women cried triumphantly: "We allus knowed he didn't keer nothin' fur her; you caint expect a po', speritless creetur like that to have the feelin's of a man."

Jim surprised the settlement by not falling back into the idle, shiftless ways they had always predicted. He kept on working with the same energy he had shown during the few months preceding the time set for the marriage. Still the work he accomplished only brought fresh contumely upon his head, for the man went about more ragged and out-of-elbows than ever; he never contributed to the neighboring barbecues, and always refused to give anything to either of the two churches the settlement boasted—the Primitive Methodist and the Foot-Washing-Baptist. He was called "mean and stingy," and universally looked upon as a miser. He seldom went to church, and never attended revivals and protracted meetings. Even the exhorters who went to his cabin to talk to him on the subject of his soul's salvation came away disappointed, and shaking their heads gave it as their opinion that "Jim wus too hard a case to ever git converted."

With the tenacity of a mountain Cracker who clings to his native soil under all circumstances, Jim continued to live in the settlement, only—as the years went on—keeping more aloof from his neighbors, and growing apparently sullen and morose. He seldom spoke to any one except his one-eyed yellow cur, a creature almost as forlorn-looking as himself.

One day a rumor spread through the settlement that a woman wearing a long black veil and leading a child by the hand had been seen the evening before to enter Carlos Lopez' cabin, and soon every one knew that 'Fita, had returned to her father's home. They knew the stranger was 'Fita, for all the women of the settlement flocked to the Lopez cabin to learn the woman's identity from her own lips, but had they met her unexpectedly few of her old neighbors would have recognized her. 'Fita had been away from the settlement for only ten years, but a space of more than half a lifetime seemed to separate the radiant, buoyant girl who had gone away from the faded woman with the lack-lustre

eyes and the pitifully drawn mouth who had come back. The woman was as reserved as the girl had been overflowing with vivacity and chattering merriment. It was at first supposed that she had returned a widow, but in response to all inquiries and volunteered sympathy regarding her husband she simply said: "He is not dead." Her whole life seemed bound up in her child, her little Carlos, a black-eyed, curly-haired boy, the image of what she, herself, had been at nine years of age. Though she

"He worked harder than usual in his little patch of stony land."

wore the plainest and often the shabbiest garments, her child was always well and daintily dressed. She "took in" sewing and often washing from women who could afford to have it done, in order to be able to buy the little luxuries for her boy that her mother heart coveted.

Though their cabins were comparatively near each other Jim Russell never went to see his former sweetheart. He seemed to be scarcely aware of her presence in the settlement. Some of the young men once intercepted Jim between his home and the blacksmith shop of the settlement, and in a spirit of what they considered fun commenced questioning him about 'Fita, and added: "I s'pose she ain't purty enough now fur you to make up to agin, Jim."

These would-be wags realized at once that they had gone too far. Jim's only reply was: "Her husband's still livin'." But the way in which the words were spoken and the sudden glitter in the gray eyes of the man who uttered them made the men who had all their lives bullied and openly ridiculed the pariah before them draw back and abruptly change the conversation.

One afternoon in the latter part of June—nearly a year after 'Fita's return to her girlhood's home—half a dozen men were returning to their homes in the settlement after a long day's "cotton choppin" on the plantation of one of the comparatively wealthy "river bottom" planters farther down the valley. The men walked slowly, each one with his hoe slung over his shoulder. George Washington Smith, the reputed wit of

the settlement, was the only one of the men whose spirits the heat and fatigue of the day had seemingly not affected. He kept up a constant raillery at the expense of one of his comrades, Jim Russell, the only barefooted member of the party. The hot southern sun had transformed the dry, dusty high road—"big road" they called it—into a sandy furnace, and Jim picked his way along carefully, trying to avoid the burning stones and bits of mica which blistered his bare toes when they came in contact with them.

"Looks like he wuz walkin' on aigs," commented the loquacious George Washington, "or mo' like a gal tryin' to larn how to dance."

The other men, when appealed to for their opinion, merely grunted, considering this only another evidence of Jim's characteristic stinginess.

Suddenly all the men were startled by the terrified shrieks of a child. This was followed by a low, roaring, rumbling sound, which probably at that distance none but countrymen would have recognized. They looked anxiously toward the entrance to an avenue or by-road which opened into the main road a few yards ahead of where they were standing. Before the men had time to collect their naturally slow wits, a child about ten years old, panting and running at the top of his little speed, turned from the avenue into the road, followed at only a few yards distance by a snorting, wild-eyed bull, which with lowered head and tail erect was gaining on the boy at every step.

"Great God, old Busby's Jersey bull out ag'in," gasped one of the men.

As to the identity of the boy, there could be no doubt. None but 'Fita's child would be so gaily dressed in a little red silk shirt and jingling silver belt; and those great dark eyes—now dilated with fear to nearly twice their usual size—and glossy black curls could belong to no one but little Carlos.

For a moment the men were too horrified to speak or act, then some of the more cowardly, realizing their own danger, ran toward the rail fence near the side of the road and climbed it with alacrity. Of those who remained, Mike Turner, the coolest man, shouted:

"Hit him with yer hoes, boys, or throw 'em at him—do somethin' quick to git the beas's attention, so the boy kin climb a tree."

The men raised their hoes and rushed forward. This plan of campaign might have succeeded if just at that moment the little fellow had not stumbled and fallen directly in front of the bull. The child had missed his one chance of escape.

The men standing by knew nothing could be done now to save him. Coarse, uncouth as they were, they nearly all had little sons of their own at home, and involuntarily they turned their heads aside or covered their faces with their rough hands to shut out the sight of the child's butchery. They heard a savage snort from the bull, then the thud as of some body flung into the sand of the road-bed—but when they looked again, little Carlos, instead of being the mangled corpse they had expected to find, had regained his feet and was sobbing hysterically. He was unhurt. A few feet from him, the blood streaming from a horrible ragged wound in his side, lay the body of a man over which the bull was still standing and pawing viciously. It was Jim Russell.

Seeing there was no other chance to save 'Fita's child, Jim had flung himself between the prostrate little form and the horns of the bull. It was all over in less than a minute.

An hour later, after the women of the settlement, crowded into the one little room of Jim's cabin, had exhausted—as they thought vainly—their earnest efforts to restore him to consciousness, they sat about his bed-discussing audibly his worthless life and its heroic ending. One old woman remarked: "I reckon it must ha' ben the sperit o' grace workin' in him at last, and he laid down his life fur another fur the sake o' the Lord."

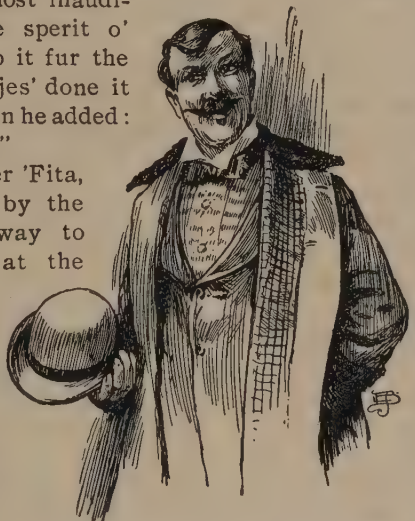
The man on the bed opened his eyes and moaned almost inaudibly; "It warn't the sperit o' grace, an' I didn't do it fur the sake o' the Lord. I jes' done it fur 'Fita's sake." Then he added: "Send fur her, quick."

A few minutes later 'Fita, who had been met by the messenger on her way to Jim's cabin, stood at the bedside of her girlhood's lover, with her ear bent near his lips to catch his last words to her.

Jim groped blindly for her hand and whispered huskily: "You know why I done it, 'Fita; you know how I've loved you all these years, an' the boy's all you've got to live fur now, so I saved him fur you." He gasped for breath, then said more feebly: "Hol' me up a little, 'Fita, so I kin tell you somethin' before I go."

'Fita raised the man's head on her breast, and touched his forehead with her lips. Then he whispered; "I've got a little saved up fur you, honey; not much—you'll find it in a little tin box buried under the big rock in front o' the do'. I done my best to make it mo' fur you, darlin—the folks in the settlement called me stingy an' thought I wuz too mean to live. But I wuz savin' up every cent I made to —there, don't cry, darlin': I never blamed you fur goin' off with the other feller. I allus knowed you wuz a heap too good an' purty fur the likes o' me. You give me mo' happiness in them three months we was engaged than anybody else ever give me all the rest o' my life, an' I've just ben workin' an' savin ever since, to show you how I loved you fur it. First I thought I'd try to make a thousand dollars 'fore I died, so's I could leave it to you, but when I seed how po' you wuz, an' how you had to work—fur yo'self an' the boy—I thought I'd try to make what I had five hundred by Christmas, an' give it to you then fur a s'prise." Jim's breath was coming in more irregular and feeble gasps now, but he managed to add:

"You'll fin' jest fo' hund'ed and thirty-five dollars and fifty cents there now, 'Fita. I wanted mightily to live till I could make out the five hund'ed anyhow—But I couldn't help it, honey; you know I couldn't—you'd ruther have the boy than the money."



"Dazzled the settlement with the double brilliancy of his diamond shirt studs and his flattering speeches"

THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL TRAGEDIES

By Frank Abial Flower

IN due time the present site of Greater New York will be the terminus of a vast glacier from which bergs from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height will be constantly thundering into the Atlantic; Winnipeg will be the seat of the North Pole and the center of ages of winter of immeasurable severity; St. Paul and Minneapolis will be buried and ground to powder beneath 2,000 feet of snow and ice; the great lakes will be petrified by thousands of years of Arctic cold; Niagara will be inhumed and silent; Florida, Louisiana and Texas will be as frigid as Labrador now is, and the climate of Mexico will resemble that of the Finland of to-day.

What an appalling picture—especially when one recollects that the North American continent will, previous to that time, have become the home of several billion souls reveling in a perfection of civilization beyond the dreams of the most comprehensive imagination!

Yet, as that is what has been, it is what must be again—for in nature there is no *faux pas*, and nothing experimental.

The ice invasion, popularly described as "the glacial epoch," will return again, not only in the United States, but in Europe. Hence there is a glacial epoch, as popularly understood, no more than there is a summer epoch. Like the seasons, the glacial phenomenon is eternal; it merely shifts, like the seasons, from north to south and from south to north. Our puny winter comes and goes once in 365 days; the awful winter of the ice invasion recurs once in 250 centuries!

The glacial zone, with all its frightful phenomena in full operation, now covers what is termed the North Pole area, preponderating to the south on the American side; also the so-called South Pole area, preponderating to the north on the eastern hemisphere side.

It is grinding down mountains, removing hills, filling valleys and casting into the sea those stupendous bergs of ice, earth and rock which menace the mariner in the North Atlantic and other waters. It is creeping southward on the American side at the same thousand-year pace which brought it here many times before in the countless ages of the past, wiping out, as it advanced, nearly every form of animal life, changing the configuration of the continent, creating lower Florida and filling in nearly a fifth of the Gulf of Mexico.

Some years ago, while making explorations north of Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, where for leagues the dark, igneous rocks are practically bare, I observed the existence of what I believed to be two, and frequently three or more, sets of drift excoriations extending in different directions, though principally, of course, to the south.

Having compared these non-parallel markings in many localities, I began an examination of the drift debris south of the Great Lakes. Everywhere it revealed the same story. The sand and mineral precipitations; the gravel dunes and the fields of bowlders had been gathered from widely separ-

ated and radically different mother-ledges; therefore they could not have been transported to their present resting places by the same floe of ice, or the same flood of waters.

Besides, they bore evidence, in many cases, of having been brought by one glacier, and attacked, disfigured and perhaps partially buried by another and later glacier.

All doubt as to the existence of a succession of glacial invasions having been removed by long-continued investigation, thought naturally turned to the probable length of the recurrent cycle—the date when the next great "age" of ice might be expected to arrive.

The solution of this all important problem I determined to work out approximately, if possible, independent of recorded theories, and for this purpose selected the region of the Great Lakes, especially the basin of Lake Superior, which seemed to furnish an abundance of fresh and striking evidence. At the end of two years I concluded that not more than 7,000 or 8,000 years had elapsed since the ice receded, and perhaps not more than 8,000 years had passed since the flood waters, pouring southward in enormous volume over where Superior and Duluth now stand, into the Mississippi river; over the site of Chicago into the Illinois and Mississippi rivers; over several points on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie into the Ohio river and over Lake Champlain and the site of Albany and New York into the Atlantic ocean, had subsided to practically their present level.

Adding together the autumn, winter, spring and summer of an ice epoch —for the vast stretch of a glacial year is characterized by the same seasons as the solar year—I found that each drift age extended over a cycle of 20,000 to 25,000 years, and therefore that the next one would be here, with its infinite rigors, 7,000 or 8,000 years hence.

An autumn of three months expanded into an autumn of 6,000 years; a winter of three months lengthened into a winter of 6,000 years, and a spring of three months drawn out into a spring of 6,000 years, with snows, blizzards, cold-wave periods, ice-gorges and freshets magnified or prolonged in proportion, constitute the picture of what has been and what will be again in North America—the summer of the glacial year, now on the wane, being the present time, with its own comparatively infinitesimal winters and summers chasing each other about with bewildering swiftness.

The operations of one great glacial epoch, having a definite rise and fall, account substantially for the Noachian flood; for the legend of barbaric nations and Indian tribes that all but a favored few of their people were once overwhelmed by a catastrophe from the North; for the Scandinavian tradition that Greenland was once a paradise; for the lost Garden of Eden and for the lost Atlantis.

However, a single ice invasion does not account for the existence of coal measures at varying depths; for the differing flora and fauna found buried at different distances beneath the earth's surface; for finding submerged behemoths as far north as Siberia; for the heterogeneous character of the glacial debris; for the likeness of the American Indians to the prevailing Asiatic races; for the non-parallel lines of glacial erosion and for many other things not yet conclusively explained. But the theory of absolute periodicity in an endless succession of glacial invasions accounts perfectly for all of them. Thus, assuming that I had settled the periodicity of the ice invasion and the

approximate length of the glacial cycle, the next fact to be established was that of cause. The simplest and most natural solution lay in the assumption that the point now described as the North Pole is not the true and everlasting North Pole, but merely a pole of the earth's axis which is constantly moving in a circle, only to return, in long periods, to the same or to any point on its slow and icy orbit; and that the true and fixed North Pole is what is now termed the magnetic North Pole, and that the glacial area, which is always present on the earth's surface, is made to travel around the real North Pole once in about 25,000 years, as the result of a terrestrial motion which the astronomers either have not discovered or have not correctly defined.

If this assumption be true, and there is weighty and abundant evidence to prove that it is, the reason for the well-known variation in the lodestone or magnetic needle is, for the first time, perfectly explained.

Now let the astronomical scientists define the North-Pole motion and the reason for the fixedness of the magnetic North Pole as above described,* and many of the most puzzling mysteries of geology and astronomy will have been cleared up forever; but of course the mightiest of all conceivable tragedies, an ice invasion of the United States in the fullness of her glory, will not have been evaded.

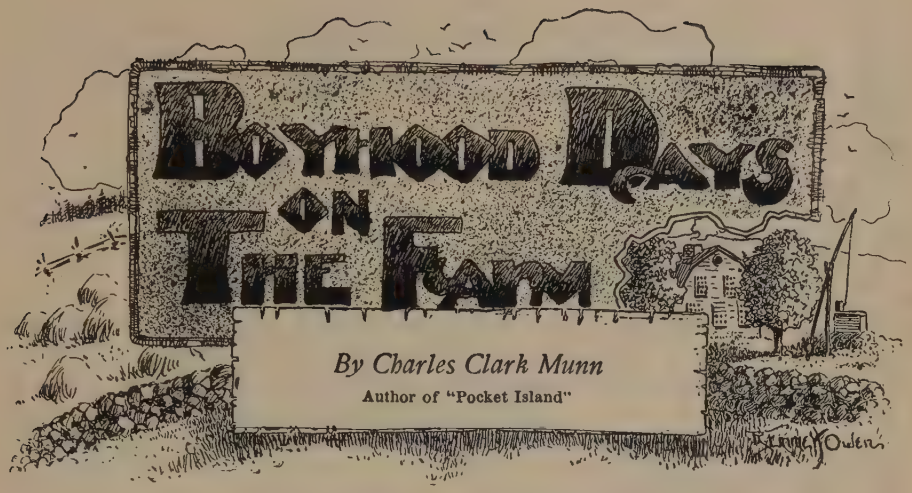
*Dr. Albert H. Phelps, of Glen Falls, N. Y., has worked out a theory which seems to disprove the precession of the equinoxes and scientifically fixes an exact cycle in which the glacial epochs recur, a thing Mr. Flower does not attempt.

ROSE FRAGRANCE

In the clear, still dawn,
A thought was born;
So holy, pure and crystal white,
That, though it held a message bright,
To lead men's steps to paths of right,
It was unheard.
For even the angels bending low,
Could find no purer name than snow;
So the thought went drifting to and fro,
But found no word.

'Till the angel Love,
Floating down from above,
Caught the pure thought to her breast,
Kissed it, and laid it down to rest
In the heart of a rose, that was straightway blest
With fragrance rare;
So the sweet love thought that had no name.
As the rose's perfume to mankind came;
And never a thought of sin or shame,
Will its presence dare.

Adaven



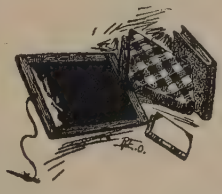
PART III—SCHOOL DAYS

"Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall;
It's door's worn sill betraying
The feet that creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing."

ORLO'S first term at the district school was not a season of joy. In the first place he had to submit to a scrubbing every morning, and occasionally his good mother would use a little soap and sand to get his ears into proper condition—for hearing perhaps. Then he had to put on garments he didn't like; a roundabout with shrunken sleeves, a collar that chafed his neck, pants which he must not soil under penalty of whipping, and shoes that pinched his feet. To a boy accustomed to the freedom of a hickory shirt, a straw hat with holes in it and pants upon which a little dirt more or less would not be noticed, these features were a torture. And worst of all he was afraid of the teacher, and more so of the big girls. The boys he didn't mind, for he knew most of them; but he was not accustomed to girls.



Then he detested being shut up all day, not daring to whisper to another boy under fear of punishment, with only short play spells that seemed to end so quickly. He began to feel that pulling "pusley" in the garden or turning a grindstone, might, after all, be preferable to sitting on a backless bench and wearing a collar that sawed his ears every time he turned around.

Like all farm boys, Orlo loved his freedom, and to be shut in a small room for six hours each day was even worse than tedding hay. Then, study was a dull, monotonous task and what was the good of it! It wouldn't help him about his chores; in fact, made it worse, for he had to work so much harder before and after school, and there was no chance to go fishing at all! The Saturday

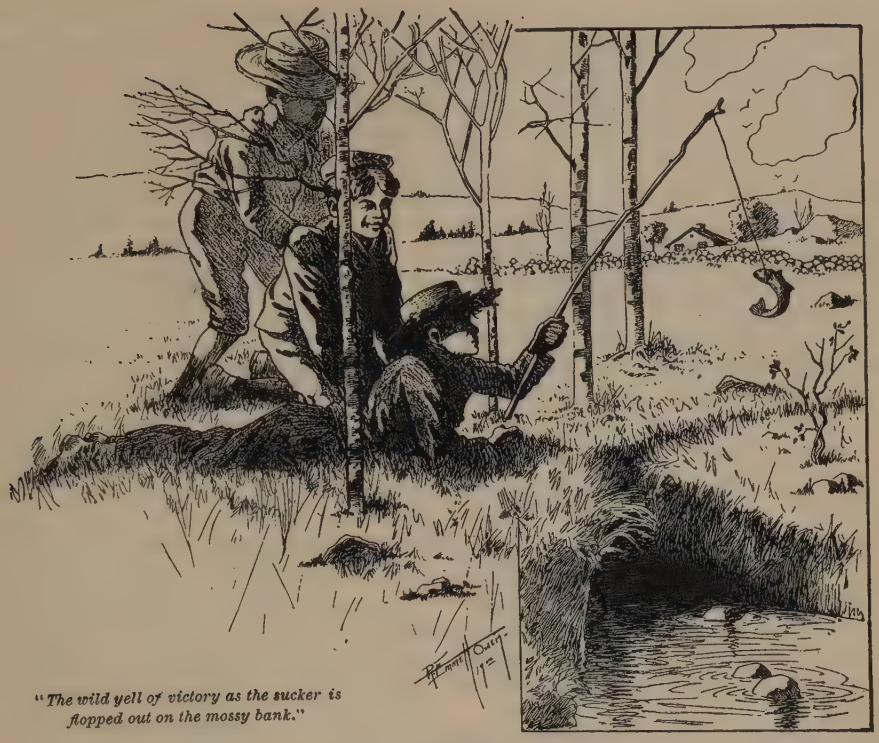
holiday gave him no respite, for that hateful garden had got ahead of him, and "pusley" had grown so thick that it made him desperate. Then autumn came and nutting time, but he never had a moment for that delight, and when he stole off on Sunday and set his traps, he was forbidden to go and tend them because it might soil his clothes. To have a trap set and not be allowed to go and see if anything had been caught, was to Orlo worse than a whipping.

But school days had some amenities after all, for out back of the little brown unpainted temple of learning was a grove of chestnuts, and from where he sat, once in a while he could spy a squirrel. To a boy wearied with the monotony of study a squirrel is a perfect godsend! Then back of the grove there was a brook that leaped laughingly over ledges, and he and the other boys could catch minnows there noontimes, and put them in miniature fishponds, where they usually died. Then down in the meadow the brook ran deep and still, and in its holes were suckers to snare.

I do not know of any sport more enthralling to a band of schoolboys than snaring a sucker. The mingled hope and fear as the chief actor, lying flat on the bank, gently lowers the wire noose in front of the victim; the bated breath as the fish slowly backs away; the keen suspense as the noose again approaches him, and then the wild yell of victory as he is flopped out on the mossy bank, is joy supreme to them. I do not imagine the sucker enjoyed it as well; still he was accorded the distinction of being carried home on a willow stretcher by the boy who captured him, and proudly exhibited to all whom that boy met, and finally furnished a meal for the cat, which is, after all, about the only thing a sucker is good for.

With the winter Orlo's troubles increased, for now he was compelled to speak pieces once a week, and that was more agonizing than being pursued by a bumble bee. First he had to submit to an extra scrubbing that morning, for fear a single speck of dirt might be lurking behind his ears; then he had to put on a new and sharp collar whose edges were full of sawteeth; and the dread lest he forget his lines was worse than anything else. He was bound to miss in his recitations that day, and when the fatal moment came and his name was called, a dozen "bumbles" after him

would have been preferable. He had met various kinds of misery, but to walk all alone up to the platform, turn around and face a crowd which he knew was ready to laugh at him, was



"The wild yell of victory as the sucker is flopped out on the mossy bank."

agony boiled down! And it was this ordeal that first awoke in him a consciousness that, for a boy of his age, his feet were abnormally large, and more than that, an uncertainty as to what to do with his hands, and where to keep them while reciting! He had been forbidden to put them in his pockets, and for this reason that was the very place he wanted to stow them.

No matter what a boy is told not to do, that he will want to do more than all else, and perhaps that peculiarity also has come down to us from Adam and Eve.

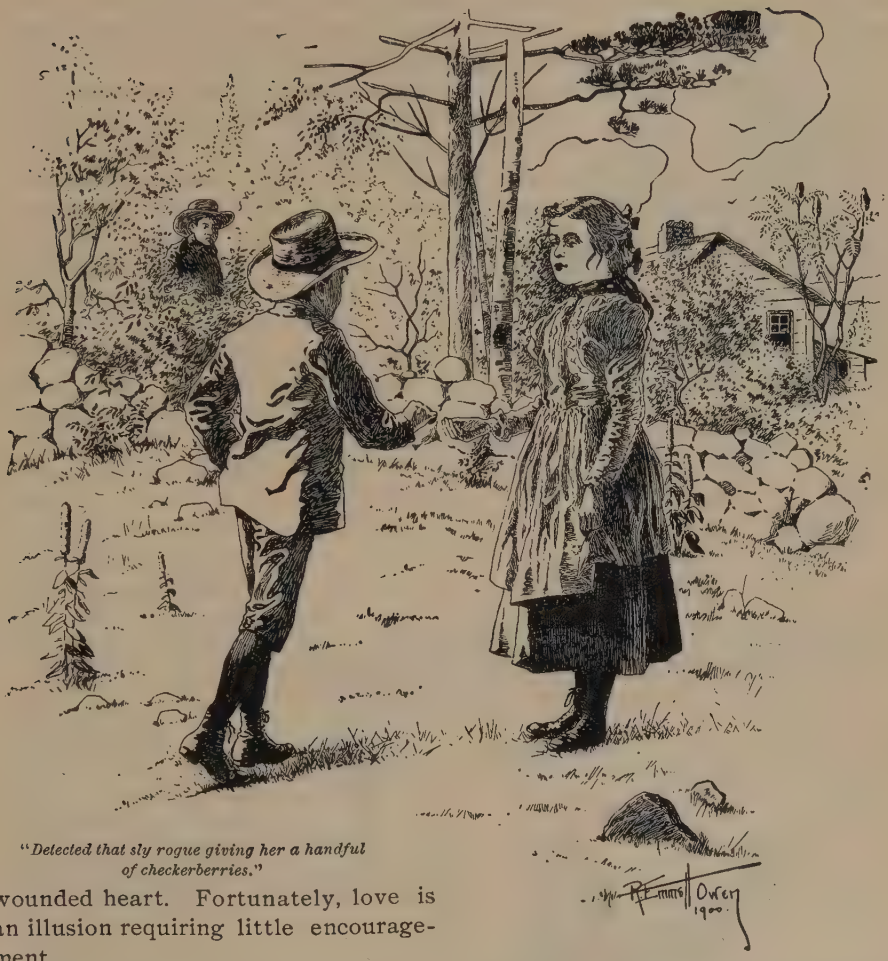
When Orlo grew old enough to enjoy playing with the girls, his woes multiplied. There was one blue-eyed girl, answering to the old-time name of Liddy, who first attracted his boyish attention, and who was the magnet that drew him, one summer day, into a game called "Stand in the Well," then being played by the older scholars out under an apple tree behind the school house. Before that time "Two Old Cat" and "Pump Peterway" had been good enough for Orlo, and in common with other boys of his age, he had jeered at the older ones who were so silly as to play "kissing games." He had once been thrashed by one of them, for telling him that a boy who wanted to kiss girls ought to have a raisin tied up in a rag and suck it. But a year or two makes a wonderful difference in a boy's ideas, and by the time Orlo had discovered that his feet were unduly large, he found that Liddy's smiles were more attractive

even than snaring suckers. Every true daughter of mother Eve inherits a knowledge of how to use a noose—and most of the male persuasion soon or late feel it.

Although Orlo had not as yet felt its tightening clasp about his feelings, he began to discover that gathering sweet flag buds, or a bunch of water lilies for Liddy in summer; or bringing her "seek-no-farther" apples and drawing her on his sled in winter were pleasures, and that Jim Pratt was a mean, "no account" boy who needed watching. Now Jim and Orlo had always been the best of friends, inseparable on nutting trips or night adventures when bobbing for eels or spearing suckers was the incentive. When either discovered a squirrel's nest or a bee tree the other was informed, and together they shared despoilment. If Orlo had a trap set for woodchucks he always invited Jim to go with him and tend it, and if they found a "chuck" in the trap, to help kill it. Jim always reciprocated, and as they were near neighbors they went and came from school together. But now these pleasant associations seemed likely to be ruptured, for the first time Orlo noticed Jim talking to Liddy he decided that Jim was a base traitor and needed watching, and when he detected that sly rogue giving her a handful of checkerberries, he threatened to lick him if the attention was repeated. From this it became evident to Orlo that "bumbles" and "pusley" were not all the enemies he had to contend with. Then he realized more fully that his home made clothes were not what they should be; that his roundabout with its pinned-on collar was not as stylish as Jim's coat and vest and that his heavy cowhide boots made more noise than Jim's lighter ones. Especially noticeable to Orlo was this when he came to speaking pieces, and then it seemed to him he made as much noise as though he were falling down stairs.

"Liddy"

At Christmas Jim received a new pair of "rocker" skates and a new sled with the picture of a gallant horse in red and yellow painted on it, and Orlo's heart sank. What with Jim's dandy coat and vest and that sled, he felt that Liddy would have no further use for him. And when that noon she allowed Jim to draw her on his new sled all over the pond, he meanwhile flourishing his new rockers, Orlo's cup of bitterness was full to the brim, and he decided that he would thrash Jim within an inch of his life the first time he could find an excuse to do so. No doubt Liddy was perfectly conscious how Orlo felt; she certainly could not help seeing the ugly frown on his face, and most likely enjoyed the first consciousness of the power that lurked in her twinkling blue eyes and rosy cheeks. But she made amends later, and when Jim that afternoon missed an easy word in spelling class and Orlo went above him, she gave him a look of admiration that was balm to his



"Detected that sly rogue giving her a handful of checkerberries."

wounded heart. Fortunately, love is an illusion requiring little encouragement.

At the end of the spring term, Orlo was informed that farm work would need him all summer, and received the news with dismay. For a few reasons he was glad, but in the main sorry, for he would see no more of Liddy and miss the one long, joyous mid-day hour of play. The only consolation was that Jim was also to be kept at home, and so Liddy's affections were in less danger. But the dreaded examination day brought woe and sorrow galore. He had begged his parents for a new suit for that occasion, or at least a new pair of pants that were long enough; but they said he was growing so fast that it was a waste of money. His best roundabout was good enough, and though his mother smartened him up a little by cutting his hair and pinning a bright blue bow on a new linen collar, he felt sure of making a sorry appearance when he came to speak his piece.

Liddy wore a white dress, all flounces and furbelows, and all the other scholars seemed dressed far better than he was. Jim had a bran new suit, with a collar that was buttoned to his shirt, and the display of a triangular section of starched bosom

made him look almost a man. This was gall and bitterness to Orlo.

The school house began to fill with visitors, the parents, the school committee; and worse than all, the minister with his long clerical coat and white choker; and Orlo felt that it was indeed to be a day of tribulation. When reciting, he seemed to have forgotten about all he had ever learned; and the more he stumbled in geography and missed in spelling, the worse he felt and the more horrible seemed the moment when he must walk up in front of the crowd, turn around and declaim. He knew he was sure to make an ignominious failure and be too scared to speak a word.

Between recitations he kept repeating his "piece" to himself, furtively eyeing the minister between whiles, and wishing that pompous individual miles away! What business had he to come there, anyhow, and be the merciless spectator of a scared boy's agony! It was all wrong, and Orlo felt that no one wanted him around. He was quite sure he didn't.

Then his short pants and heavy boots became factors in his misery, and the figure he would present on the platform, a horrible spectre. He tried to catch Liddy's eye once or twice, to see how she felt, but Liddy was to read a composition, and so had troubles of her own. From no one of his mates could he gather a smile, for they were all suffering alike, and, though Orlo knew it not, were one and all scared half out of their wits.

"She allowed Jim to draw her on his new sled."

At last "speaking pieces" began, and one after another of his mates were called up to do their best, which was without doubt their worst. When Liddy read her composition, she trembled so that the paper shook; and Jim Pratt, who had chosen "You'd scarce expect one of

my age," etc., kept pulling at his pants the while and forgot half his piece, which was a convincing argument that the first line he uttered stated the truth.

Orlo had selected "Casabianca," and when his name was called his knees began to shake and moisture to gather on his brow. It was an awful—an agonizing—moment; and for one instant he had a desperate impulse to bolt for the door and run for his life! When he reached the platform and faced around, his lips felt like dry leaves and his tongue like a corn husk! His voice, too, when he found it, was like the rattle of a shingle in the wind, and with his knees playing a tattoo together, he emitted the following delirium:

"The boy stood on the burning deck—
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
And fast the flames rolled on,
And yet beautiful and bright he stood—"

Then came an awful pause. The hydra-headed monster that was glaring at him seemed to rise and tower above him and dance around him in a mad whirl! His mouth was parched, and a lump in his throat choked further utterance. In spite of previous admonitions, he thrust his hands into his pockets, swallowed desperately and began again. But the boy, the burning wreck, and what he said was chaos now, and this the way Orlo tangled it up on the next lap:

"The boy stood on—the flames rolled on—
And fast the flames rolled on—
Whence all but him had fled—
And yet beautiful and bright he stood—
And fast the flames rolled on—
And yet beautiful and bright he stood."

It looked that way certainly to the audience; at least Orlo was making a desperate effort to stand there and not drop dead! But it was no use, for the

"It was an awful—an agonizing—moment."

tempest of misery which had been gathering for weeks, now culminated and obliterated the burning wreck and all that pertained to it; and with a gasp and smothered "boo-hoo," and forgetting even his bow, Orlo made for his seat. His worst fears were more than realized, and he knew that he was, and forever would be the laughing stock of the entire school for life!

Then to crown his misery, when it was all over and he went to say good-by to Liddy, she was talking and laughing with Jim Pratt and he just knew he was the object of their mirth!

Could a boy's wretchedness reach a lower level?

SUCCESS

By B. Minor

JIM was one of those quaint little fools one sometimes hears about —a queer little man with a heart so big that he had room left in his intellect for only one idea at a time; and Jim's heart was filled quite full of his love for her, while his mind was filled with his ambition. Way back in his childhood days—the days of stolen jam and fairy stories—Jim had had an ambition to be a "Pirate an' a stweet-tar dwiver an' a witch an' a devil an' a—an' a—drummer—." Oh, he always had an ambition! Afterward, when he grew older, and sat in school behind the gold-curled head of her—Susie—he had an ambition then, only the trouble was, his heart began to assert itself and interfered dreadfully with his boyish animal dreams. His ambition then was to cut off one of those curls and run; but his heart made him search all over the commons for empty bottles and sell them for enough to buy her a valentine, and while she sat and swung her feet and giggled at a neighbor girl, Jim just touched the tip of a hanging curl and brushed it against his lips—and then "laid" for the boy who had seen him, and grinned.

A few years more, and his ambition changed. He didn't care to be a "pirate an' a devil an' a drummer"—all specimens of a class—but he did want to be a valedictorian. His ambition was to succeed—to be the *best.* One day Susie had stood up and cleared her throat and brushed back her curls and read an essay on "Success."

"Who could love a man," she lisped, "with so little spirit that he cared not to succeed? What man that is a man goes not through life with head thrown back, watching, snatching at, running after the blue and green and golden bubble of success? What boy, worthy of the name of boy, would not strive to stand in front and wear the laurels of his class?" An old-maid sister with an inner conviction of latent literary abilities had dictated it, every word, proud to show what she could write —but Jim?—well, it did the work for Jim. After that he gave up football, and frightened his mother into an unwonted gentleness of speech, thinking he might be ill, he studied so hard.

Susie tried, too. She wanted the laurels just for the fun of keeping some one else out of them. It was a battle royal. Never were there such perfectly prepared papers passed into that good teacher as on the last examination. On the morning of the last day (the day for the test in mathematics—Jim's favorite subject), the teacher said to a group of pupils: "Well, so far, Jim's ahead, but to-day will tell the story."

"Who's second," asked some one.

"Oh, Susie, of course; just ten points behind Jim. But this is her worst subject. She just hates it."

Jim heard it all. He looked over at the blackboard and out of the window, then his heart got to bothering him and he sighed once, shifted his eyes to the water-bucket, watched the sunlight gild the dust-flakes floating there; sighed again; took down his hat—and went fishing. Susie won the laurels.

Susie went to college. Jim went into business, for his family were—

well, they were poor. Susie revelled in ideas and ideals, in fads and fancies and in "culture of the highest form," to quote from the boarding-school ads., while Jim revelled in soap, six bars for a quarter; sugar, six cents a pound; potatoes, twenty cents a peck, etcetera ad infinitum, ad nauseum; but at night when the door was locked and the cashier was balancing his books and Jim was arranging his stock, he would revel in dreams of gold-brown hair, and soft, sweet curls, brown eyes and —and—success! Then he'd go back to his sugar bin and fill his paper sack, and try to figure out how many years it would take to gain success, and what constituted success in the grocery line.

Four years later, when she came back, he called on her one night. She met him—one grand, glorious revelation of God's ideal of grace; beautiful beyond compare; clad in her gray silk waist that fitted so smoothly over the roundest, most bedimpled shoulders, and puffed out so witchingly in front, with its lace collar, and gray cloth skirt, set off by a big-buckled leather belt, and all crowned with a halo of soft, brown hair that waved in the lamplight in fluffy tendrils gleaming with tints like happy memories. Jim couldn't help it—he put up his hand and touched it, and then turned "red."

Lots happened that night; lots—although there were only two people to do it all. Jim was making sixty dollars a month (two people could board on that in his village) he had good prospects—constantly improving. He knew all that; knew it by heart; had been telling it to himself every evening as he walked around the block trying to break in his new patent leather shoes before he called on her. But she didn't know it—so he told her. There was something else he knew, and he told her that, but I can't tell you. There are some things each man knows that should be kept in the holy of holies of his heart, and shown only to the angel that rules therein. We wouldn't have known he had told it to her at all if she hadn't laughed—one of those unsympathetic, metallic, dry, harsh laughs that sends a chill down your spine. Long years afterward, in the little western hamlets, sitting up in the village hotel with the evidences of his last defeat spread about his feet, Jim would hear that laugh and the words that followed: "Oh you must succeed first. What have you done? What is life without success? Oh—" and he would grow hard and cold, and then he would see the soft, brown hair and the gray silk waist and the lovely face, and his mood would change, and he would sigh and begin again.

He got back to his hall bedroom somehow that night and kicked off his shoes—they hurt dreadfully. Everything hurt. The chair hurt (he didn't think of his bed). The fire hurt his eyes, his brain hurt; and, Great God, how his heart hurt! He sat and figured and figured and figured. What constituted success? Surely, not sixty dollars a month; and it would be years before he could gain a partnership, and he could not afford to wait. Evidently, only money meant success, and with God's help he would succeed. He took a desperate resolve. Other men had made money quick—so would he. All the public asked was to be fooled, and he would do his best to fool it. The West was waiting for him.

* * *

Next day he gave notice to his employer, and three years afterward he wrote back from Fort Worth, Texas, to a fellow clerk the story of his journeying:

Fort Worth, Tex., June 21, 1896.

Dear Will:—

Surprised to hear from me, are you? Well, you shouldn't be. I do almost anything nowadays, and strangers have outgrown the habit of being surprised. It's been a long time since I've heard from you and—other Louisville people, and sitting up here in this hot little hell-hole of a bug-ridden hotel room, with the engines and the trains beneath my window filling the night with noise and smoke, a ceaseless irritating clatter, while the stars look down in an aggravating calmness and the lamp flickers in a lonesome draft. I hum to myself the old words of Milton looking for a friend:

To whom I can my hopes and fears impart
And trust the cares and follies of my heart.

The teacher at school used to tell me that my strongest feature was my imagination, so I shall take my stocking-feet out of the window where I have been hanging them, wooing sleep, and I shall use all the wealth of that imagination dreaming that you care to hear.

You remember, no doubt, when I started out three years ago? Well, I came West with something of a hazy, half-certain intention of landing in some of the "raw new states," settling down and growing up with the country, and ending by being seated in the Senate of House of Congress. That was the sentiment of the move. That was the way I talked when my head was high in the air, but by the time I struck St. Louis and found I had been "touched" en route for all I possessed in this world save my memories and fifty cents (and I sometimes wished they had taken my memories too), the question lost all traces of sentiment and resolved itself into a problem of the utmost practicability, almost vulgar, of making that fifty cents feed me for a day and take me on my journey.

Say, Will, were you ever hungry? Did you ever realize how much there really was in a half-dollar—how much bread and sausage? I know. I know lots of things I never knew before; and something else I know is this—the awful mind-wearying length of three years, with only Hope for company and strangers, strangers everywhere. Three years mean one thousand and ninety-five nights—and every night like this; only the weather changes.

The fifty cents lasted me three days. Then I acted as chamber maid in a livery stable for a week, and made five dollars. You know what a chamber maid is. Just think of one of those dainty, white-capped, pleasant-faced girls and you will know what I was *not*. There is absolutely no condition in the category of human discouragements analagous to the position of chamber maid in a livery stable. I can only suggest it to you by contrasts.

After I had earned my five, I noticed a boy on the street corner hawking pills. He interested me, particularly in the way he raked in the money, so I asked him to let me "bark" for him awhile. He did, and with a spirit born of the moment, I got up there and sold pills with such an easy, winning grace that he fell on my neck and worshipped me as his long-lost brother. We went into partnership and toured Missouri hill-towns, lead-mine towns, cross-road towns, all kinds of towns, as Quaker doctors, selling pills and hair-oil and soap. We coined money, and in those two months I cleared over $500 for my share, above expenses.

One night in Carthage some miners took offense, and just to keep up with the procession I took to the woods while he took a passing freight train and the sheriff took our soap. After that I went down to Kansas, hired me a wagon, filled it full of lightning rods and started out. You can see the "trail of the serpent" in the distance yet. A thunder bolt hasn't landed in Kansas for two years now, and you can't even forclose a mortgage without getting tangled up in some of my "plants."

I cleared $1200 out of that deal, and ended up in Little Rock with the swamp-ague. Say, it has often struck me that it was a good thing the Master had only Pharisees instead of Americans to hear him tell the story of the Good Samaritan. Americans would not have understood him. Before you can appreciate the full value of this cynicism you will have to be alone and sick in Arkansas. That three months in that back-woods hotel caused me to shake off most of my flesh and about

$600 in cash. The only things the chill did not shake were my ambition and their prices.

Since then I have been knocking around these diggings getting a little more sick of the whole thing every day. Oh how I long for peace and quiet and rest. I run across a copy of Omar Khayyam to-day that some drummer had left behind (though what a drummer would be doing with such a book I can not understand) and in it I read:

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and—thou,
Singing beside me in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow.

No wonder I'm hanging my stock-inged feet out of the window to-night, wondering which star hangs nearest over Louisville and—the rest.

I have wooed success in every seductive tone and soft spoken word in the vocabulary of desire. I have done everything from financing a minstrel show to branding cattle with a patent branding iron, and from teaching "oil-paintings in three lessons" to playing "hack" on a village newspaper; and to-day, heart-sick, tired and weary, with only $3,000 to show for it all—with success dancing will-o'-the-wisp-like in the distance, in the borrowed beauty of a woman's face—laughing at me with a laugh that once I heard—I stretch out my arms and cry:

Oh Love, could thou and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire
Wouldn't we break it to bits?—and then—

Ah then—then what would we do? Quien Sabe! I believe I'd go back to Louisville. Maybe I will some day. When I do I hope to have a better story to tell you.

Good-night, old boy. The last train has just pulled out, and it's gray in the east. Maybe I can go to sleep. Good-night.

Your friend, *Jim.*

A few months after that a haggard, white-faced cripple stumped down the Union station platform on his crutches, while the conductor answered a woman who had paused to make room for him and stood looking, with the single, all-meaning word—"Railroad-wreck," and Jim was back in the land of his fathers, with all his nervous energy bound fast by his crippled feet. With his ambition, if possible, stronger than before, with his heart burning slowly day by day he must hobble through this life, or sit still, while success hovered just out of his reach, and leered in his patient face. There was not much for him to do, yet he could write, and he did. Reams—reams—reams!

The first place he hobbled was to Susie's old home, but a stranger told him that her father had died and with her mother she had moved into a smaller house, and taken a place in the business world. Jim almost stumbled down the steps. "Susie working! Great God! Susie—my Susie?" A sudden fancy seized him to see the place. He hunted it up and found it to be a great dirty factory in the slums of the town, and as he peeped into the door, that cold, star-lit November night, and saw her strained, tired face bending over her typewriter, and watched her fingers fly, his heart ached and he prayed to God to let him help her in some way.

He knew this: success he had not—not even a definite income. His three thousand dollars were not a drop in the bucket, and unaided would last no time. To offer her money would be an insult, and to offer her himself would be a farce. He went to his room, praying all the way.

Two days afterward he got a check from one of the magazines for thirty dollars, for one of his stories, and as he sat and fingered that holy bit of paper (for to every man the first smile of success is holy) and tasted the first sweet morsel of gratified ambition, longing that she might taste it with him, he had a sudden inspiration. She worked. She had a typewriter. He needed help? Why should she not work for him? Here was a new

field opened up. Thank Heaven for that! But wait—would she, Susie, work for him, Jim? No; he knew she would not. She'd trump up some excuse forbidding him helping her, and suffer alone for her pride's sake. No —that was settled—she never would. But wait—how would a disguise do? Sounded silly, didn't it? Still, he was crippled. That was part of a disguise. How would a pair of goggles and a vandyke beard help him? Let him try, anyway—and he did. Yes, that would do, very nicely, very nicely, if —if only—she had forgotten his voice.

He went home, dropped her a note, stating that he was in need of a stenographer and had been referred to her —"please call to-morrow." That night he spent, not in sleeping, but in hobbling before his little mirror, putting on and taking off his small disguises and practicing to change his voice. By four o'clock in the morning he had begun to perspire in the agony of his hope and his excitement.

She came. She opened the door suddenly—long before he was ready for her; long before he had thought of a word to say. Oh, if she had only let him know when she was coming. He seized a table leg to keep from running and clasping her hands. He held himself down and stared at her and swallowed hard while his goggles trembled.

Her clear, sweet voice spoke out, "Good-morning, sir. I received your note and came to see you."

He answered, "Yes," and looked out of the window and then at the floor.

She waited; then she began again. "What kind of work have you to do?"

"What kind? Oh—oh yes. Copying. Copying manuscript—" then his senses returned. "Where do you work now? What machine do you use? What salary do you make?"

She told him, and sighing one of those tired, heart-weary sighs, added, "But the hours are very long." He looked at her again. Her hair was drooping over her pale, blue-pencilled temples. Her eyes were circled, and her hands were thin and bony and white—paper white—death white—he had to cluch the table leg again.

"I'll give you as much as you are making, on shorter hours, say from nine to four or five, if you will work for me. Later on I will give you more, (He longed to give her then all that he had) and your work will be simply copying manuscripts. I write some; that's all I can do; and some of it is published—but your salary will be secure and in advance if you desire it. Will you come?"

She sighed once, looked out at the telegraph wires, and then a sudden memory of the long, tired evenings surging over her, she said, "Yes, I'll come to-morrow." Then she was gone.

Jim simply collapsed, and when the janitor came in that evening to clean up the little office he had rented for the occasion he found him sprawled in his chair, with his bank-book in his hand and his goggles on the floor: wide-eyed, staring—to all the world asleep.

Talk about heroism! Do you know what Jim had before him for the next few months or years? Did you ever love a woman passionately, devotedly, with a love that burned and bruised itself, and did you ever have to sit for days at a time within two feet of her, and for her honor's sake and for her peace of mind, never look at or touch or speak to her—with nothing but your will and God to help you on? That's what Jim had to do—and he did it.

Jim wrote—ah such stories as he wrote! One of the broadest ear-marks

of the amateur is the belief and the attempt to make "literature" mean something. They all seem to have an idea that literature is sacred. They get over it later; witness some of the "literature" that is published to-day! Yes, Jim was an amateur, and believed that his work, like a woman, should always show at its best, and how he struggled to make good plots! Only to find that "good plots" made only ordinary fires. Of course they came back—came back by the dozens, but each time the anguish was a little less acute; for, gentle reader, of all the disappointments in the world (the world apart from the hearts we love) there is nothing that gives quite the same wrench as a returned manuscript. But Jim's disappointment was in a measure overcome by his joy in working for her, and he only burned the stuff and wrote the more.

However, after the first three months went by without a cent coming in, and his balance smaller by $200, Jim decided that something must be done, if only to pay for the postage and the rent. He could not use her money for that! And so he cudgled his brain by night and hobbled the streets by day, seeking a means to the end. Somewhere he heard of "syndicate work," and it set him to thinking. Then he sat down and wrote to a New York newspaper syndicate in his most professional way, and enclosed them a specimen manuscript. Fortune favored him, and he found a market for some of his accumulated work. So he toiled on, day after day, beating his brain for some new materials for his pen, and keeping a small set of books for a business friend.

Once in a long time some magazine would take one of his better stories, and on those happy days when the checks came back, Jim's life was full.

So time sped on, till a year had passed, each month finding the balance in bank smaller grown; each month finding her healthier, stronger, happier, more beautiful than before.

One day, just after he had opened his morning mail and thanked the Muses for an offer he found there—an offer of thirty dollars for a character study in child-life, "comic vein, 2,000 words,"—Susie came to him and said with many a blush and stammering word, "Well—er—er, I suppose—I guess I'd better tell you. Ha, ha! You know I won't be with you after the 22d, and I—well—er—I suppose I'd better tell you now."

Jim looked up with parted lips and bated breath while the paper fluttered to the floor, and his knuckles rattled against the desk. "Wha—what's that? You won't—what's the matter?"

"Yes; ha, ha! you see, I'm going to be married on the first of the month and I'll have to—" He reeled, and then dropped down into a chair. His hand went mechanically to his forehead and then to his beard, his tongue moistened his lips, and his eyes stared before him at the open letter while the words laughed back with an ancient, mocking note. "Thirty dollars for a story in comic vein—thirty dollars!" He smacked his lips and then sat very still.

"What's the matter? Say, have I—Oh how you frightened me. Was it such a surprise as that? I didn't think it made any difference to you. You will have plenty of time to get another stenographer. I'll get you one."

Jim only answered "All right."

Only once that day he referred to it. He had been frowning hard and chewing his pen, numbering the children that he knew, hunting for one with a comic face—but all his children were crying. He turned to her and asked:

"What business is your fiancee in? May I ask?"

"Certainly. In the coal business."

"Do you think coal is more refined than groceries?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"May I ask what salary he makes?"

She was a little piqued at his comparison, and she snapped out "Sixty dollars!"

His pen dropped and his head went down between his hands. There was a wrenching of his shoulders—then he sat up, stretched out his crippled legs, looked at them, looked at her, took up his crutches and—laughed. Loud, long, bitter, mocking—the laugh he had listened to for five lonely, wasted years—and then stumbled out.

He did not write any stories for those two weeks. He didn't keep any books.

One day toward the end he got a letter from New York—a letter that he had prayed for, hoped for, longed for with all his heart and soul—a letter that meant to him all there could be of success. The largest magazine there had enclosed him a check for $300 for a serial story, and offered to take another when he wrote it. The epitome of success (as he knew it) was reached—and she was leaving him forever.

That night he did not go home. He paced the little office floor until he dropped from weariness; then he sat down before his desk and took out his bank-book and his letters and his hopes, and laid them all before him. This was the end. He would not live to see it finished. God forgive him!

He took off his goggles and his beard. She was gone, and he needed no disguise before his God. He would die as he had lived before it happened—simply Jim.

He laid them beside him and then took up the precious letter of success and fondled it. He fished out the first one with its first sweet note, like the gray dawn before a glorious day, and he read them over, and folded them up and wrote on them "For Susie." They told all his story that he cared to tell.

Outside a clock struck four, and a street-car rattled past. Inside the red electric lights burned in his face and hurt his eyes, tear-dimmed and burning. He was getting drowsy. Oh how good to die—just to go to sleep.

He looked at his pistol; held it sideways; pulled the hammer backward and dropped it lightly, testing the action.

He laid it down and took up his bank-book. There was the first check he had ever drawn for her, and here—here was the last. He wrote one for all the balance, and laid it on the letters, "for Susie."

He laid his head down on his arms amid the papers; the pistol gleamed cold in his nervous fingers, but at the moment his right hand touched his pen. Through his entire being there rang the call of years, "Success! Success!" He dropped the pistol: his eyes burned with new impulse.

"God!" he cried to the shadows of night, "There is more in life than a single woman. I'll be a man. It takes a man to live. Success! Success!"

CONFLICT

A crucial moment in each life-time lies
When the heart, pausing, says, "Here shall I stay."
And pitiless, the stronger will replies,
"Sister, not so—we go another way."

Theodosia Pickering Garrison

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XVIII. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans. He eats a farewell supper with a newspaper friend who is about to depart on a journey, and who presses him to accept a loan. Griswold refuses the loan and says that he may end by becoming a robber but will not begin on his friends. Two days later New Orleans is startled by a bold bank robbery. Griswold, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Miss Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat and a mutual recognition ensues. She is much disturbed by the thought that she must point him out to the law. Griswold, thinking to escape, looks for the bundle in which is hidden the money, discovers that it is gone, and remains on the boat. Being accosted by Miss Farnham, he acknowledges his identity and tells her that she must inform the authorities. She does so, and at the St. Louis landing sees the officers of the law fall upon Griswold. In the meantime he has found the money again, and escaping from his captors, makes an entire change in his appearance and takes the midnight train for Wahaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Miss Grierson, daughter of a wealthy magnate, is trying to reconstruct the social fabric of Wahaska, and is ignored by some of the older families. She induces her father to loan Edward Raymer money with which to extend his Iron Works. Griswold is taken sick on his arrival at Wahaska, and during his convalescence becomes acquainted with the Raymer family. Edward is interested in Miss Grierson, and takes Griswold to call upon her. He tells her about his book and she encourages him to rewrite it. Grierson notifies Raymer that he must pay a third of his indebtedness on a certain date. Griswold offers Raymer the use of a sum of money and becomes his partner. Andrew Galbraith, the banker whom Griswold robbed, comes to Wahaska, and Griswold recognizes him.

XIX.

THE robbery of the Bayou Bank was already an old story when Detective Griffin returned to New Orleans from his voyage to Guatemala. He was a successful man in his calling, and he took up the case of the bank robbery at once; not only for the reward, but because he was willing to try if he could not send the shaft home after his St. Louis colleagues had sped their arrow and missed the mark.

He did not begin where the St. Louis officers had left off. He saw at once that the real identity of the robber had not been established by the anonymous letter describing one John Gavitt. He suspected that the name was a mere mask, and the proof of this was shortly clenched by evidence easily procured that the real John Gavitt had died in the little Iowa river town which was his home a short fortnight after the date of the robbery.

Hence it followed that Gavitt had been impersonated in the "Belle Julie's" crew by the escaping culprit, and with President Galbraith's description of the man for a starting point, Griffin first searched the "Rogues' Gallery" for a face which might stand for the original. This search, though it was made as carefully as if he fully expected to find the man's portrait in the criminal records, was as barren of results as he expected it would be.

"It is just about as I put it up," he said, at the end of the photograph inspection. "The fellow isn't a professional at all; he is some hare-brained crank, and this is his first break."

This point established, there were two courses open: to try to trace the man in New Orleans, and so to determine his identity; or to take up the lost clue in St. Louis. Since it asked for less time, Griffin did the latter first, and succeeded in besting the St. Louis officers by one move. For them the fugitive had disappeared, handcuffed, in the runaway carriage; for Griffin he reappeared a little later at Mr. Abram Sonneschein's emporium, but was lost again when he left with his purchases.

Griffin went back to New Orleans, baffled but not discouraged. As before, the case turned upon the pivot of

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Mr. Lynde's strong stories of American life are commanding wide and favorable attention. He is one of the most virile of the younger school of American authors, and his novels, "A Romance in Transit" and "The Helpers," are masterpieces of entrancing fiction.

identity. When he should have learned the man's name and place in the world, it would be an easy matter to track him down.

Accordingly, he went to the bank and asked again for the anonymous letter.

"You have tried every means to place the writer of this, Mr. Galbraith?" he queried.

"Everything we could think of. It might be any one of the hundred transient customers we served that day."

"It is a woman," hazarded Griffin, at a venture.

"Doubtless."

"Was there a woman in the bank when you went with the fellow to cash the check?"

"There was. She was at the teller's window."

"Did you notice her particularly?"

"Not well enough to be able to describe her. I had other things to think of just then."

"Sure enough. What was she doing?"

"Getting a draft cashed, I presume."

"Where would that draft be now?"

"In the possession of the issuing bank, and probably cancelled long since. It couldn't be traced or identified. We've been over all that."

"Of course; but I was hoping we might stumble upon something that had been overlooked. May I use the 'phone?"

"Certainly."

Griffin shut himself into the 'phone-box and called up the wharf-master's office on the levee.

"Hello! Is this Robertson? Say, Dick, where is the 'Belle Julie' now? Up-river, you say? All right; I am coming down to get you to wire Captain Mayfield for me."

The "wire" sent a little later from the wharf-master's office asked for a list of the "Belle Julie's" lady passengers on that voyage which began on the day of the robbery. Griffin was not above swearing a little when the answer came. It was a string of twenty-odd names, and to have speech with these twenty-odd women meant weeks of continuous travel for the detective.

That being the next move in the game, however, he set about making it methodically, beginning with those most accessible, and working through the list from name to name; and at the end of the weeks he had interviewed every woman on his list save two. These two lived in a small inland city in Minnesota, and when he turned his face northward to try the final cast of the die, he was weary enough to be disheartened, if disheartenment had been admissible.

It was evening when he reached Wahaska and since it was too late to do anything, he promised himself that he would smoke but a single cigar and go to bed. But when the cigar was alight he left the hotel to smoke it in the open. There was an unusual stir in the streets, and a question asked of a chance passer-by evoked the reason. The new Grierson Opera House was to be opened that night by a company imported from Chicago for the occasion, and everybody was going to the theater.

Griffin strolled listlessly with the crowd and presently found himself in front of the new playhouse. It was early, but the "first-nighters" were already thronging the vestibule. He stood aside to look on, honestly wishing he could rid himself of the Bayou Bank mystery long enough to go in and enjoy himself with the pleasurers.

Now it chanced that in stepping back out of the sidewalk throng he got

in the way of the carriage contingent, and a moment later a voice at his elbow said:

"Excuse me; will you let the ladies alight?"

Griffin gave place, and saw a young man with a clean-cut, eager face hand two young women from the carriage. They were followed by an elderly gentleman with eye-glasses; and on the sidewalk the group fell into pairs. Griffin could not well help hearing the colloquy.

"I think the others will be here in a few minutes, Doctor. Shall we wait and go in with them?"

Thus the young man with the clean-cut face; and at the older man's negative he spoke again.

"Just as you please. If you will take Miss Raymer and let me take Miss Farnham, that will divide us equally. The seats are all near together, but I couldn't get them all in the same row."

Griffin stared hard at the speaker's companion as the *parti carre* moved away.

"So that is Miss Charlotte Farnham, and my last chance," he mused, turning back toward the hotel. "There is one grain of comfort in it for me; if her face doesn't belie her, she will tell me the truth. By Jove! but that young lawyer, or whatever he is, has an eye for good looks. I've never seen her equal in all my ups and downs, and that's saying a good deal."

So he went his way to the St. James and presently to bed without so much as suspecting that he had actually touched elbows with the man whose identity he was vainly trying to establish.

XX.

It was the early morning of a flawless northern summer's day, and the lake sparkled like a sheet of hammered silver under the windows of the Farnham sitting-room. The shades had been drawn when Griffin entered, but he had taken the liberty to run them up before Miss Farnham came in. And since he was finding it necessary to read much between the lines of her guarded answers to his questions, he did not regret the precaution.

"You say he admitted his guilt to you, Miss Farnham, before the boat reached St. Louis?"

"Yes."

"May I ask how he came to do that?"

"I—must I answer that?" she faltered.

"I need hardly say there is no 'must' about it. I am an officer of the law, and I am anxious to find the man. I am sure you will tell me everything which might help me, and I don't ask to know more."

She considered it for a moment and then took counsel of frankness.

"He admitted it because I asked him."

Griffin smiled, and then explained the smile.

"Pardon me," he said. "I was thinking that no one but a woman would ever have thought of doing such a thing as that. I fancy you surprised the admission out of him."

"No, I do not think I did. He admitted the fact very willingly, though he would not admit that it was wrong."

"Ah; that helps more than you might imagine. They have all been looking for a seasoned criminal, you know."

"He wasn't that," she said, with an air of conviction. "Apart from this one great wrong which he had done, he seemed to be a gentleman. It may seem incredible to you, but he fairly insisted upon my writing to Mr. Galbraith."

Griffin smiled again and nodded reassuringly. What she was telling him fitted in admirably with the only ten-

able theory he had formed; that the robber was no criminal; that he was only a monomaniac on the social side.

"And when he did that he doubtless assured you that he would consider himself bound in honor not to take advantage of your frankness?"

"He did just that. How did you know?" she asked.

"I merely inferred it. And his parole was to expire at St. Louis?"

"It was—it did."

Griffin rose and found his hat.

"I am greatly obliged to you, Miss Farnham. I know you haven't found it easy to speak of this to a stranger. While the identity of the man is still a mystery, you have helped more than you know. Good morning."

Griffin left the house, but instead of taking the street, he turned aside to stroll aimlessly along the lake shore, giving a new theory time to grow a little more definite. As has been said, his trade of man-catcher had come to be a passion with him; and he had genius where others labored only with talent. When the new theory had taken shape it slipped into musing speech.

"She can't account for his little vagary, but I can. He simply fell in love with her at first sight, and because he was in love with her he made her do that which she knew to be right at whatever cost to himself. That being the case, he is as sure to turn up here sooner or later as the sun is sure to rise to-morrow morning. Better than that, he may be here now. I'll camp down and study my environment for a while. It's a pretty place, and I'll call it my vacation."

In a week's time Mr. Thomas Griffin had learned more about Wahaska than the ordinary summer visitor would have learned in a year's residence. He knew Jasper Grierson and his ambitions, and Jasper Grierson's daughter and hers. He knew all about the social tea-pot tempest, and could identify the adherents of each of the factions. He knew that Andrew Galbraith was a guest at the summer hotel on the point, and was soon able to draw his own conclusions touching the growing intimacy between Grierson and the New Orleans banker. The drawing of these conclusions cost the detective a trip to the pine-land region in the northern part of the state, and the information he sought and obtained had no bearing upon the bank robbery. Jasper Grierson held the reversion of some worthless pine land which he was trying to sell Andrew Galbraith; that was all.

But in another field Griffin sent his arrows of investigation nearer the target, and that without knowing it. He came to know all about the Raymers, the Iron Works Company, and the reorganization of the same with one Kenneth Griswold for a partner. Probing a bit deeper into this, more to account for the oddity of a man like Griswold interesting himself in a business affair than for any other reason, the detective unearthed a thing which the prime movers in it were not bruiting abroad. Jasper Grierson had all but succeeded in smashing young Raymer's enterprise; would have smashed it but for Griswold's intervention. That was fact the first. And fact the second was this: that Jasper Grierson repulsed was not Jasper Grierson defeated. Having failed to smash Raymer, he was now trying to obliterate both Raymer and the new partner. To this end he was fashioning two weapons. The railway and all other work controlled by Grierson and those to whom he dictated was withdrawn from the reorganized Iron Works Company. That was the weapon legal; the other was more deadly. In the height of the Raymer-Griswold prosperity a

deputation of workingmen had waited upon the partners with demands which could not be met. And the alternative was a strike.

XXI.

As Raymer had foretold, Griswold's initial visit to the Grierson mansion on the lake's edge was but the beginning of an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy with the daughter of the house. For one thing, Griswold was always sure of his welcome at Mereside; and for another, he was beginning to find the atmosphere of Margery's sitting-room the one environment where the remaking of the book could go on, and that Margery herself was the one person with whom he could discuss it with helpful freedom.

Do what he might, he could not bring himself to the point of taking Charlotte into his confidence in the matter of the book. Though it was wholly undefined in his own mind, the barrier was the one which had been builded on the voyage up the river. The more he saw of Charlotte, and the more his love for her grew and throve, the less possible it became to look forward to a day when he might hope to tell her all with a fair probability of winning her approval of the thing he had done.

But with Margery no such difficulty existed. Her sympathy was always quick and intuitive, and she seemed to have the gift of saying instinctively the thing he craved most; the thing he might have suggested if she were not always beforehand with him. He was not so besotted as to believe that he had discovered in her that other half of the artist's always incomplete circle; the one person in the world who can fully understand him. On the contrary, in his soberer moments he thought he knew her for what she was. But these disillusions grew less frequent as visits to Mereside became more frequent, and in time they began to disappear altogether. For Mistress Margery was wise in her generation, knowing many things well and the heart of a man better than any.

But about the book, which was to settle once for all the vexed question of the rights of man, they did not always agree. As first conceived, the story was merely a vehicle loaded to overflowing with the socialistic protests of its author. But in the rewriting a new plot had been substituted; suggested, nay, even outlined, by Mistress Margery herself; and on the keel thus laid, the venture built itself into something more like a novel and less less like a preachment. Griswold saw the growth of it under his hand; saw the far-reaching possibilities of it; saw also, that it was departing, despite his most strenuous efforts, from the course which he had pricked out on the chart of the former endeavor. In other words, the new book bade fair to grow into something which the publishers might accept, and the public might buy and read, but of the rights of man there was coming to be less and less as the work progressed.

Being first of all an enthusiast, Griswold dug deeply for the cause of all this, and thought he found it in his new relation as an employer of labor. At first he had told himself that he would be a silent partner in the Iron Works, leaving all the activities to the practical Raymer; but he soon found this blankly impossible. And with personal interest and the shifting point of view came a change, gradual and almost insensible, in his attitude toward mankind in general and toward the workers in particular. So it came about that while he was writing a book, designed to overturn the exist-

ing social order, he was drifting slowly but surely into the ranks of the oppressors.

The first open confession of this change in creed came when the threat of a strike rose storm-cloud-like on the Iron Works horizon. Raymer was for temporising with the men, and for yielding something if need be; but this Griswold fought stoutly, growing more stubborn as the threatening cloud increased in size. If the men could not see for themselves what was for their best interests, they must be made to see.

But in reality it was Margery who was responsible for the major changes in the book. Caring nothing at all for the ethical question involved, she cared a great deal for the success of the author, and she was shrewd enough to arrive quickly at a double conclusion; that Griswold was well able to write a successful book; and that, left to himself, he would assuredly spoil it with his theories. So she labored faithfully to keep him in a broader road and not without a goodly measure of success.

"But, Margery—"(they were well past the "Mr." and"Miss" by this time) "I can't do that," he said, one morning when they had been reworking the plot through one of the cozy sitting-room talks.

"Don't you see it begs the entire question of labor and capital?"

"I see that you can't help doing it unless you are deliberately false to your art," retorted the literary oracle. "You have put these people on the stage, giving them certain characters, and they must go on and do the things that are consistent."

"Not if the consistent things are going to make the entire picture out of drawing."

She laughed. "How impossible a man can be," she rejoined sweetly. "How many times must we go back to the original question? You must choose between saying it all and having nobody read it, and saying a little and having everybody read it. I'm not saying anything against your theory —it's lovely. But unless you make it a good story, first, last and all the time, you will never get a hearing."

"Then I may as well give it up," Griswold confessed. "If I may not preach a little, I have no excuse for saying anything at all."

"Oh, you may preach a little. But in this particular instance you must make Rathbone stern and inflexible, cruel, if need be. You needn't be afraid of its effect upon the girl. She will condone anything he may have to do—it's a way girls have."

He looked at her narrowly, and then the film of abstraction came between.

"I wonder if you really mean that? Are women so ready to condone?"

Her laugh was mocking. "You make me blush for you," she said. "Isn't an author supposed to know more about us than we know about ourselves?"

"I don't know about the supposition. But the man who knows the heart of one woman—"

She stopped him with a little gesture of impatience.

"Tell me what it is you don't know, and I'll turn traitor and betray my sex."

At that his gaze went beyond her again, and he said: "I wonder if you would?"

"Try me and see."

He hesitated a moment and then plunged into the depths of it.

"Then tell me this: If Rathbone should go on and do all the hard things you say his character calls for—things which Priscilla believes to be wrong—would she put her conscience aside and stand with him?"

Miss Grierson's reply was brief and very much to the point.

"A woman in love has no conscience. The man she loves has to furnish enough of that commodity for two."

Griswold winced. "What a merciless little cynic you are," he declared.

"It is true, and when you are saying true things, where is the use of taking the roundabout way. I don't say the woman wouldn't be hurt. She would be, and the hurt might turn up afterward in a way to make the man sorry. But that has nothing to do with the fact that a woman's conscience can't hold its own against her love."

Griswold shook his head in deprecation. "I don't like to believe that. I'd like to believe that a man may go on making a good woman's conscience the touchstone by which his own conceptions of right and wrong may be corrected."

Margery laughed lightly. "And so you may, if you don't first go about to make the woman love you. But you can't eat your cake, and have it too."

Griswold folded his manuscript and put it back in the envelope. Then he said what was in his mind.

"These are generalities, Margery. Would you be that loyal to the man you loved?"

Miss Grierson's shrug was barely perceptible.

"I like that," she said. "That is certainly personal enough." And then: "You mustn't endow me with a conscience."

"Why?"

"Because I think it was denied me in the general distribution of things good but unhappy. I am afraid the question I ask oftenest is whether I want the thing hard enough to try to get it."

"As if any one would believe that of you!" said Griswold, at parting.

But afterward, when he came to think of it, the thin edge of belief found a crevice and would not be denied its entrance therein.

(To be continued)

AT TWILIGHT

What does the twilight bring
  After the garish day?
Soft solacing
  In shadows cool and gray;
And one resplendent star
Flaming afar.

What does the twilight bring
  After the bruit and blare?
Sweet solacing
  In dim, untroubled air;
And somewhere, half remote,
One low thrush note.

What does the twilight bring
  After the world's rough press?
Dear solacing
  In the returned caress:—
A voice you understand,
And Love's warm hand!

Clinton Scollard

THE GREATEST SUBWAY SYSTEM IN THE WORLD

By Geo. J. Varney

WHEN the street railway spun its spider-web of tracks and trolley wires over the old city and added the new territories that constitute "Greater Boston," most of the cars from the numerous radiating lines were forced to make a portion of their trips in the central district in one or the other of two adjacent thoroughfares, which in that part of the city were neither straight nor wide. In consequence, blockades extending for half a mile and exceeding half an hour in duration became a part of every day's experience. To remedy this condition, the state legislature in the spring of 1894 passed an act authorizing the city of Boston to construct a passage for cars under certain of the principal streets in the congested portion of the city, between the northern depots and the South End.

* * *

The first excavation was made at the western extremity of the Boylston street branch on March 28, 1895, and the first of October, 1897, saw the southern half of the subway in full operation. This extended from Park street, southward to Shawmut avenue; the western branch coming along Boylston street into the Tremont street section at the southwest side of the Common.

At this point the right-angled structure of the subway gives place to a pair of tunnels—one for the north-going and the other for the south-going Tremont street cars. By the descent of the latter under the Boylston street in-and-out tracks a crossing at grade is avoided.

In this sub-subway a track branches off to the left, coming up to the subway level at the track for south-going cars on Shawmut avenue, having passed under the track for the north-going cars on Tremont street. Over it the north-going cars of Shawmut avenue and Tremont street unite, so that the cars from both continue northward on the same track.

The northern half of the subway was completed and the whole brought into public use on September 3, 1898. This continued from Park street to Scollay square, through Tremont street, with two tracks only. This first, for north-going cars, crossed on the eastern side of Scollay square and went under the east side of Cornhill to Adams square; then turning northwest, continued under Washington street to the terminus at the North Union station. The return is made by a loop, the cars passing back on the opposite side, up Hanover street, going south through Scollay square into Tremont street, to the track that lies in the sub-subway. The northern section has also a pair of tracks coming in the same direction straight between the through tracks, connecting by a loop about the Adams square station and by a track running up Hanover street through Scollay square and back through Cornhill to the return track on the north side of Adams square station.

* * *

Thus there are in the subway sections of two divisions, with a single track each; other sections with two tracks; Scollay square with three

tracks; and a long section in Washington street between Adams square and the northern depots with four, also one with four tracks on Tremont street.

There are five stations in this underground thoroughfare, connected with the surface by sixteen flights of about thirty steps each, and of a width of fifteen feet. The two stations on the common have a small building of stone, glass and metal over each of the eight stairways, but there is no standing room under cover on the surface at any station. At the Park street and Scollay square stations the ticket offices are in the subway. At the Adams square and Haymarket square stations the ticket offices are in the surface structure.

The bottom of the masonry in the sub-subway is thirty-nine feet below the surface of the street. The standard height of the subway between car-rails and roof is fourteen feet, and the distance of the latter below the street varies from five to thirteen and a half feet. The single track passages are twelve feet across, the two-track sections average twenty-four feet; while the four-track portions are forty-eight feet.

HAYMARKET SQUARE, IN MARCH, 1897

The interior walls of the station buildings are of enamelled tile, and those of the stations beneath enamelled bricks; the walls of the long passages between these having a coat of white paint on a plastering of Portland cement. The fifteen hundred or so incandescent lamps disposed in three rows along the roof render ordinary print readable by good eyes anywhere in the subway; while about one hundred and seventy-five electric arc lamps make the stations as bright as a sunny winter morning.

CORNHILL, IN APRIL, 1897

The walls of the right-angled sections generally are of Portland concrete, formed in place by wooden moulds. In these, three feet apart, are imbedded steel posts. The concrete walls are twenty inches thick where the posts are straight and the walls consequently vertical; but

where the posts bend in at the top the walls are twenty-four inches in thick-

INTERIOR VIEW OF SUBWAY IN JULY, 1897

ness. The outside of the walls has a coating of asphalt.

The roof-covering consists of brick arches of three-feet span, resting on and against the beams; the arches having a covering of concrete or cement—both, at some places—with a top-dressing of asphalt as a watershed.

Though the subway, for most of its length, is wholly between the street limits, yet every day in some parts of the line a portion or all the width of the street where the work of construction was going on, was in use by teams as usual. This was provided for by building the walls in trenches, or the lower portion in drifts (small tunnels) and completing them in trenches, which were bridged on a level with the street, when the space was required. Similarly, in wide sections, the foundations were laid, and the pillars set in trenches during the night, the spaces being bridged for day use. When necessary, in order to put on the roof, the earth was removed in "slices" of about twelve feet in width across the street; these also being bridged during the time when they were necessary for street traffic; and even tracks for the street cars were laid over them.

The tunnel walls having been constructed in drifts, the space between was bridged by a shield, the sides of which rested on the walls, the earth above remaining unbroken. The shield was of iron, with ribs below the arch. This was driven forward along the street by power from a hydraulic pump operated by steam; the force being transmitted through iron pipes, having at the working-end extension joints. Miners, also, by picking the earth at the forward edge of the shield, aided in its advance. The masons followed, building a brick arch at the rear portion of the shield, in the shelter of its high concavity. Soft cement was pumped up into the space left

CROSSING BRANCH TRACKS BY TUNNEL

between the shield and the brick. The excavation made underneath the shield, and next to it, was only deep enough for the men to work in; the core of earth left behind being removed later through the completed portion of the subway, or lifted through openings (temporarily left in the subway roof at proper distances) by conveyers operated by steam machinery, which bore it away above the side of the street and dumped it into carts.

READY FOR EQUIPMENT

In the single-track tunnels, a shield but little over twelve feet wide was required, to extend to its bearings on the side-walls; but in the "wide-arch" two-track sections, the shield used was an arch-like structure twelve feet long, and twenty-nine feet four inches wide; the rise along the middle line being eight feet, seven and one-quarter inches. The shell was constructed around two arched girders, each three feet eight inches deep, and set four feet apart; which left the same length of shell clear at front and back. The weight of the shield complete was about twenty-two tons; and it was designed to sustain a weight of some six hundred and forty thousand pounds. The cost of the shield and the apparatus belonging to it,—hydraulic jacks, valves, etc., varied little from $6,000. When its work was done, all removable material was taken away, and the shield built into the roof.

As made ready for use, a water pipe runs throughout the subway; and in frequent refuge niches along the walls stand pails of water, for use in case a car should catch fire from the electric current by which it is driven. There is nothing in the subway structure to take fire except the wooden ties on which the rails are laid, and the insulated support of the trolley wire overhead. At the stations, however, there are on the large concrete platforms wooden seats, a box-office for the ticket-seller, and the turnstiles—by which the passengers pass out or in, to or from the stairways.

Drains under the tracks carry any

LOOKING NORTHERLY FROM PARK SQUARE STATION

water that may collect away to dry wells; from which pumps driven by electric motors convey it to the sewers.

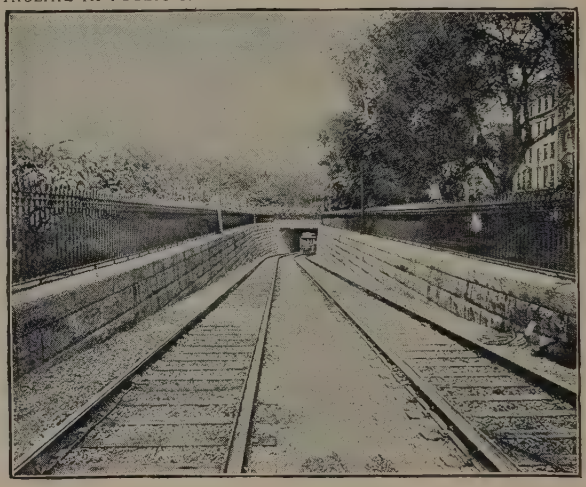
The air in this subway is clear and wholesome. It is kept in proper circulation by several electrically driven seven-foot and eight-foot circular fans, placed in chambers at the sides of the subway and communicating with the outer air. It is one of the most spacious underground railways in the world, the best lighted, and the only one that contains four tracks side by side.

The length of the subway from either the southern portal of the main line (at the junction of Shawmut avenue with Tremont street) or the western portal (on the Boylston branch) and the northern portal, at the other extremity, near the North Union station, is about one and a half miles; the entire length being very near one and eight-tenths miles. The single tracks measure, approximately, five and two-thirds miles.

* * *

The subway was leased to the West End Railway, which operated all the street railways in the city; operating also the completed southern half of the subway for about one year, when the northern section was completed. Since this time the whole has been in the exclusive use of a new corporation, the Boston Elevated Railway Company, to which all the railway property and rights of the West End company have been leased for a term of twenty-five years. The new company is making extensions above and beyond Boston streets; while the city is to extend the subway northward under the Charles river to East Boston, and westward toward Cambridgeport.

INCLINE IN PUBLIC GARDEN



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The lease of the subway by the city was made for a term of twenty years; the lessee to furnish its own equipment, power and light; paying to the city an annual rentage of four and seven-eighths per cent on the net cost of the subway. This proves to have been a little short of five millions of dollars—about two millions less than was appropriated for the purpose.

STAIRWAY COVERINGS TO PARK STREET STATION

CONCISE FACTS REGARDING HISTORIC BOSTON

By F. A. Waterman, Expert Guide

PURITAN, Colonial, Revolutionary, Civil War, Peace Jubilee and Present Boston; Commercial, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Political Boston; Boston, dear Old Boston—dear New Boston. Press, pulpit, stage, platform, citizens aud visitors describe, praise and honor Historic Boston. How varied and contrasting are places, scenes and events in Boston—hills cut down; rivers, harbor and flooded lands filled up; crooked lanes and streets broadened and lengthened.

THE FIRST KING'S CHAPEL

"Blaxton" would be greatly profited could he buy Boston "for thirty pounds," Winthrop would not even know "Trimountaine" nor his "spring" and "vegetable garden." The Colonists would see a great change from "meeting in the first church in Boston" and meeting in the State House on Beacon Hill. Indians, criminals, Quakers and witches no longer are hung on the Great Elm on Boston Common. Clams and acorns are not now the principal food in Boston. The Hancock Tavern is not the aristocratic hotel. John Eliot's Indian Bible is now a curiosity, as no living person can read it. Philemon Pormort would be surprised that teachers are not "entreated to become school-masters for the teaching and nurchering of children." Ann Hutchinson would be glad to see the modern Women's Club House. Stephen Daye, and Samuel Green, America's first printers in 1639, and Benjamin Franklin would be amazed to see the modern printing-press. Samuel Radcliff's ears would not now be "cut off for swearing", Hester Pryne would not be "branded an adulteress" nor John Parker "confined in the stocks." Peter Faneuil would not know the present Faneuil Hall. Duels are no longer fought on Boston Common. James Otis would not have to deliver his

VIEW OF TREMONT STREET FROM COURT TO BROMFIELD STREETS, AS IT APPEARED IN 1800

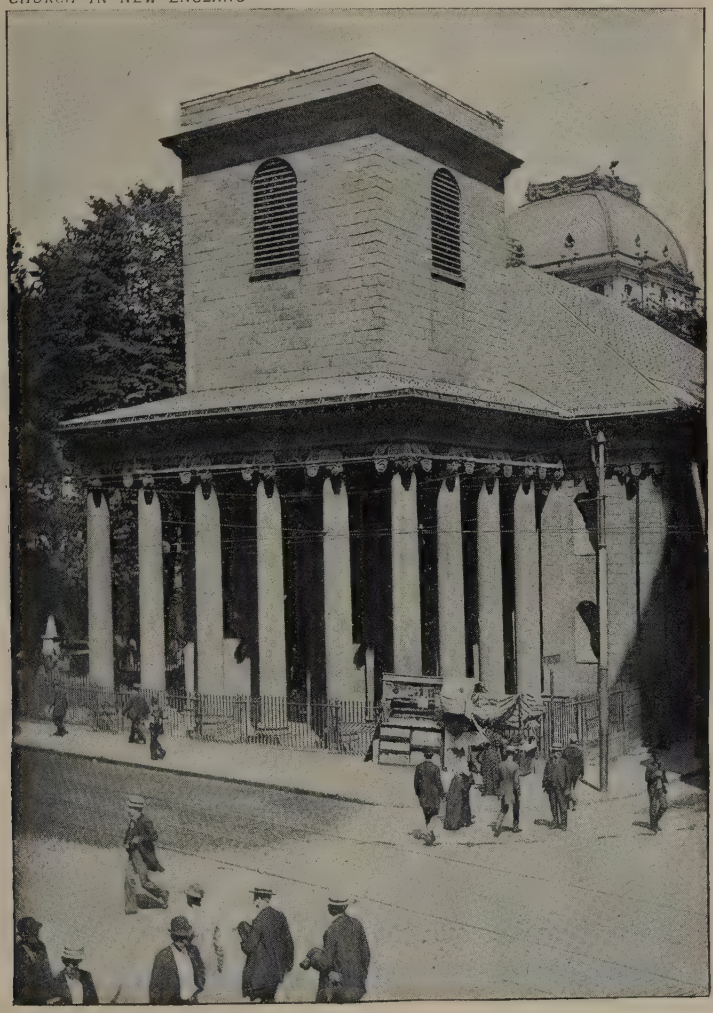
"argument against the Writs of Assistance," when the English compelled the nations of the world to keep from meddling in our war against Spain. Samuel Adams and John Hancock would therefore gladly welcome the British in Boston, and Michael Johnson, the first person killed in the Boston Massacre, would probably welcome the British himself. The Boston Tea Party would parade possibly on Bunker Hill and hold a reception to the British in Faneuil Hall, with Otis, Adams, Hancock and Warren delivering addresses. General Gage and Paul Revere would never believe any person in Boston would call "Christ Church" "Old North Church." Paul Revere would gladly have made smokeless powder for the Americans; and could now ride to San Francisco, Cal., and back, in a palace-car, in the two weeks he required to ride on horseback from Philadelphia to Boston. Benjamin Franklin could now ride sixty miles an hour in a car propelled, lighted and heated by electricity, and talk to friends in Chicago, and in Boston listen to music played by Sousa's band in New York. Morse could get the latest news from Africa by telegraph. Roger Williams would say "men can study, investigate, teach and preach" in Boston to-day, and be guaranteed full "liberty of conscience" by the constitution of the United States.

In a magazine article I can only briefly hint at what the visitor in Boston should spend a month profitably in seeing for himself or herself, of the wealth, power and influence of Boston in history, religion, education, philanthropy, arts, sciences, inventions, manufactures, commerce, trade and transportation, mining and business. It is very difficult to describe to those, who in recent years, have visited Boston at the World's Peace Jubilee, 1872; 100th

VIEW OF TREMONT STREET FROM WEST TO BOYLSTON STREETS, AS IT APPEARED IN 1800

Anniversary of the Bunker Hill Battle, 1875; 250th Anniversary of Boston, 1880; International C. E. Convention, International S. S. Convention, International W. C. T. U. Convention, Triennial Convention of Knight Templars, and the Dewey Reception, 1899—very difficult, I say, to describe Boston, influenced so much by the following men who have made Massachusetts eminent in history: Carver, Bradford, Endicott, Winthrop, Vane, Pickering, Knox, Lincoln, John Adams, Dane, Quincy, J. Q. Adams, Webster, Sumner, Wilson, Andrew, Choate, Parsons, Shaw, Story, Everett, Phillips, Garrison, Mann, Howe, Allen, Devens, Bartlett, Putnam, Franklin, Bowdich, Pierce, Agassiz, Bulfinch Morse, Morton, Bell, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Copley, Hunt, Edwards, Cahnning, and Brooks.

"HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPEL"—KING'S CHAPEL. FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND



The "Hub of the Solar System"—the State House—is surrounded by twenty-eight cities and towns within ten miles, having over one million population, of which 500,000 live in Boston. "The Modern Athens," Boston, has within twelve miles, Harvard University, Radcliffe College, Wellesley College, Tufts College, Boston University, Boston College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, New England Conservatory of Music, several fine commercial schools, private schools, magnificent Boston public schools, library collections of over 3,000,000 books and pamphlets, and the Boston Public Library. The new building, covering two and one-half-acres, with an inner courtyard, cost $2,500,000, and with its twelve branches contains over

"MANIFESTO" CHURCH, BRATTLE STREET

1,300,000 books and pamphlets, and is said to be the largest circulating city library in the world. More eminent historians, poets and authors have lived in Massachusetts than in all the other states.

The Boston Metropolitan Park System of 14,000 acres, with the Boston Common, Public Garden and Commonwealth Avenue, is only equaled in extent by Paris with 14,000, and London with 19,000 acres. It has ocean, river, mountain, forest and garden parks—the most varied in the world.

Boston was first called "Shawmut," next "Trimountaine," from the three peaks of Beacon Hill seen from Charlestown across the Charles river; name changed to Boston in 1630, the year John Winthrop's colony of English Puritans first settled here, coming from Charlestown.

Boston was frequently, at high tide, an island of about 635 acres, containing Beacon, Copps, and Fort Hills. The three peaks of Beacon Hill and Fort Hill have been cut down some sixty feet each. Some 1300 acres, mostly of marsh lands, filled in, about 680 acres being the Back Bay, then overflowed at high tide by the Charles River, and now known as the Back Bay district.

Charleston, East Boston, South Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury, West Roxbury and Brighton have been annexed, but there are twenty-seven other cities and towns within ten miles of the State House that are not a part of Boston, the city of Cambridge alone having 85,000 population.

Boston is rich in Puritan, Colonial and Revolutionary history. Captain John Smith explored Boston Harbor, Miles Standish visited the peninsula before 1622. Wm. Blaxton settled in Shawmut in 1625.

1628. Charlestown settled.
1629. Charlestown Navy Yard founded by Robert Moulton as a shipyard.
1630. John Winthrop's colony of English Puritans settled in Boston.
First General Court in America was held in Boston.
Ann Pollard, first white woman in Boston, lived to be 105.
John Wilson, first minister in Boston.
First Burial in King's Chapel Burying Ground.
1631. Clams and acorns the principal food in Boston.
Roger Williams came to Boston.

BRIDGE OVER THE POND IN PUBLIC GARDEN

Rev. John Eliot came to Boston.
First Chelsea ferry, now Winnissimet ferry.
Philip Ratcliffe's ears cut off for using profanity.

1632. First church built in Boston on King St., now State St. The present First Church is on Marlborough St.

1633. Rev. John Cotton arrived in Boston.

1634. William Blackstone (Blaxton) sold nearly all of Boston for £30.
Boston Common laid out for "trayning field and feeding cattle."
to 1789. Beacon (pole) on Beacon Hill, 60 feet high. Second Beacon there 1790 to 1811, and Beacon Hill was cut down 80 feet at that place.
First Free school in Boston.

1635. Boston Latin school for boys founded, and "Philemon Pormort was "entreated to become school-master."
Roger Williams banished from Massachusetts for heresy and went to Rhode Island.
Sir Henry Vane came, made governor 1836.

1636. Ann Hutchinson controversy and banished.
Stray Pig controversy finally led to dividing the General Court or Legislature in 1644 into two branches, magistrates and deputies, now senators and representatives.

1637. First lawyer came from England to Boston.

1638. East Boston ferry opened.
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company formed; the first military company in America; now 262 years old.

1639. First post office in Boston.
First pillory, and later the whipping post, set up on King St., and John Parker confined first.
Bay Psalm Book printed.

1643. Union of New England Colonies, the first American Union, John Winthrop president.

1645. North Battery erected on Copp's Hill.

1648. Mrs. Oliver publicly flogged "for reproaching the magistrates."
Margaret Jones hung on Boston Elm for witchcraft, June 15.

1649. North Church built in North Square, the second church in Boston, burned 1676; rebuilt on same site 1677, and 98 years later, in 1775, torn down by British and the wood used for fuel. The present Second Church is in Copley Square.

1652. Water first introduced and the first reservoir.

1654. Only 120 dwelling houses in Boston.

1656. Anne Hibbins hung for witchcraft on Boston Common.

1657. First Town House built, head of King St.; burned 1711, and in 1713 the Old State House built on same site.
Scots' Charitable Society formed.

1659. Copp's Hill Burying Ground.

1660. Granary Burying Ground.

1661. Judan Brown and Peter Pierson, Quakers, were tied to a cart's tail and whipped through the town.

1663. John Eliot's Indian Bible printed.

1665. First Baptist Church constituted by nine members; five men were disfranchised and all were committed to prison and three fined £4 each. In 1672 the General Court enacted "banishment to every person who should openly oppose or condemn the Baptizing of infants." Obadiah Holmes, a Baptist from Newport, R. I., for visiting Massachusetts and attending Baptist services in a private house, was arrested, imprisoned and terribly flogged, receiving 30 stripes unmercifully. President Henry Dunster of Harvard College was first lead to inquire into the sentiments of the Baptists by his indignation at this violent and brutal treatment of them. For years Baptists were prosecuted, fined, whipped or imprisoned and banished. In 1678 the first Baptist Church was built corner Salem and Stillman Sts. In 1680 this church was nailed up several times by order of the Gov-

ernor and council. May 21, 1718, Elisha Callendar was ordained pastor of this church, and Increase Mather, Cotton Mather and John Webb, all eminent Congregational clergymen of Boston, assisted at the services. The present First Baptist Church is on Commonwealth Ave.

1670. First Old South Church built.

1675. Long hair forbidden.

1678. First Almanac published by John Foster.

1686. First bank in Boston, being the first in U. S.

1687. Bears, wolves and rattlesnakes in great numbers in Boston.

Negro slaves in Boston cost $40 to $80 each.

1689. First King's Chapel built in King's Chapel burying ground. The present King's Chapel built in 1749. King's Chapel Church, founded 1686, was the first Protestant Episcopal church in New England, and 99 years later, in 1785, became the first Unitarian Church in America. This church was attended by the Royal Governors and represented the State Church of England.

1696. May 27, Province of Massachusetts offered "Fifty Pounds per head of every Indian Man, and Twenty-five Pounds per head for any Indian Woman or Child."

1699. Brattle St. Church built, the "Cannon-Ball" Church.

"For kissing a woman in public both shall be whipped and fined."

1700. Queen Ann proclaimed at Old Town House.

1704. The Boston News-Letter established.

1706. Benj. Franklin born on Milk St.

1712. Old Corner Book Store built; meeting-place of historians, poets, authors and scholars.

1713. Old State House built on sight of Old Town House, head of King Street, now State Street; burned in 1747, rebuilt in 1748 in old walls; has served as Town House, Court House, Province Court House, City Hall, general business offices and exhibition halls of the Bostonian Society. "Here Boston served the King."

1714. George I. proclaimed at Old State House.

1715. Province House established as official residence of Governors.

1716. New South Church built on Church Green and Summer St.

1721. New brick church built on Hanover St.

1722. Samuel Adams born in Boston. Died Oct. 2, 1803. Bonner's map of Boston published.

1723. Christ Church built on Salem St., an offshoot of King's Chapel.

1727. Present Old South Meeting House built corner Washington and Milk Sts., used by British officers as a riding school, is now a museum of historic relics, and the New Old South Church is at Copley Square, built 1775.

George II. proclaimed at Old State House.

1728. Duels fought on Boston Common.

1734. Trinity Church built on Summer St., an offshoot of King's Chapel. The present Trinity Church is in Copley Square, where Phillips Brooks preached.

1742. Faneuil Hallbuilt; burned 1761; rebuilt 1763; enlarged 1805; restored and made fireproof 1899.

1747. Riot caused by aggression of British naval officers.

1756. Boston Common enclosed.

1760. George III. proclaimed at Old State House.

1761. Arguments against the Writs of Assistance by James Otis and independence born.

1765. Stamp Act papers burned at Old State House and "Liberty, Property, No Stamps" was the cry.

1767. Non-Importation League was formed.

1768. British Red-Coats landed foot of Long Wharf.

1770. Boston Massacre near Old State House in King St., 3 killed, 6 wounded.

British evacuate Boston and go to Castle William, now Fort Independence.

1773. Boston Tea Party planned in Hancock Tavern; disguised as Indians on Tremont St.; met at Old South Church; 342 chests of tea thrown overboard at Griffin's Wharf, foot of Pearl St.

1774. Boston Port Bill and the Regulation Acts become law.

Blockade of Boston Harbor by the British.

13,800 British troops in Boston, March 17.

1775. Signal lights hung from Old North Church.

Wm. Dawes, Jr.'s ride to Lexington and Concord.

Paul Revere's ride to Lexington.

Battle of Bunker Hill in Charlestown, on Breed's Hill, in Breed's cow pasture, on Bunker Hill; British had 2000 men and Americans 1500. British loss 226 killed, and 729 wounded; American loss 140 killed, 271 wounded. Bunker Hill Monument marks sight of the American entrenchments. 1775-6, Siege of Boston by Americans.

1776. British evacuate Boston, April 17.

Washington entered Boston.

Declaration of American Independence proclaimed from balcony of Old State House.

1780. Noted "Dark Day" in Boston, May 19.

John Hancock first governor under new state constitution at Old State House.

1781. Count de Rochambeau and 6,000 French soldiers in Boston.

First Boston Directory.

1783. Treaty of Peace with England proclaimed from the Old State House.

1786. Charles River Bridge opened June 17.

1789. Washington's last visit to Boston.

Louis Philippe at Hancock Tavern during French Reign of Terror.

1790 to 1811. Second Beacon on Beacon Hill until the "Great Digging;" 12 years cutting down Beacon Hill and filling the Mill Pond.

1796. Nov. 23, West Boston Bridge opened.

John Hancock died.

West Boston Bridge opened Nov. 23.

1795 to 1798. Bulfinch State House on Beacon Hill built on John Hancock's cow pasture. This was called "The Hub of the Solar System" by O. W. Holmes and would require a book to describe.

1798. Mass. General Court (Legislature) moved from Old State House to Bulfinch State House on Beacon Hill.

1800. Charlestown Navy Yard oldest in America, "Birthplace ofAmerican Navy," established at Moulton's Point, where vessels have been built since 1629. The Argus and Chesapeake, were fitted out, and the Frolic, Indendence, Vermont, Cumberland, Merrimac, Hartford, (Admiral Faragut's flagship,) Monadnock, Nahant, Nantucket and Canonicus were all built here. Admiral Sampson is now (1900) the commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard and Station.

June 24, 1833 the dry dock was opened and the Constitution in command of Commodore Isaac Hull was floated into the dry dock first.

On School St. was organized the first Roman Catholic church.

LI HUNG CHANG

THE FLAME IN THE EAST

By Ernest Newton Bagg

Illustrations by courtesy of Mr. Colvin of the Canadian Pacific Railway

THE cloud, no bigger than a man's hand at the year's beginning, has now overcast the Eastern horizon; the lurid flame which is the cloud's source is burning more fiercely every moment in the vicinity of the spot from whence came the wise, beneficent teachings of the great Confucius in the seventy remarkable years preceding his death B. C. 483.

The situation in China is most serious. In 1899, according to Consul Fowler, at Chee Foo, there were 17,193 "foreign" residents in China, an increase over the previous year of 3,772. The total number of foreign firms was 933, or 160 more than the previous year. The highest number of foreigners is on the British list, 3,562, Japan coming next with 2,440 and Americans third, with 2,335. In connection with these figures it must be borne in mind that the "leased ports" are not included, and that, contrary to British law, American registration with the home consulate is optional, not obligatory. This really places both British and American statistics on the subject much too low. The cry of the "Boxers" (whom Li Hung Chang, China's greatest statesman earnestly declares to be a non-political "rabble, led away by fanaticism and anti-Christian feeling,") is "Death to the Foreigners!" From all reports now at hand, the work of destruction has already begun. Telegraph communication, after pitifully urgent appeals from missionaries and officials for help, has been destroyed, and public property, perhaps legations, blown into fragments or burned.

Li Hung Chang, the man of the hour, (as he has been for years) has the most difficult of all tasks before him,—that of pacificating the powers and of beheading the leading Boxers. Much will depend upon him. The English speaking world place more dependence in him than in all the rest of his countrymen put together.

It is doubtless too early to reach any decision concerning the causes. "What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others!" These are Confucius' own words,—a rule as purely golden as the proverbial metal of a later day.

There is excellent authority for saying that only the lower element of the Chinese population are embracing

SAMPAN AND FLOWER BOAT, CANTON

the religion of the missionaries. The strange pale-faced people of another tongue, deriding the quaint usages of the Chinese, some of them cheating the natives in business, others offering an outlandish (to them) and a much younger religion than theirs, are inevitably thorns in the flesh, engendering bad feeling, and adding no abatement to the general inflammation at such a time as this. How deep is the sea of blood to be crossed—how many bleeding hearts are crushed—how wide a territory is to be blackened by the fire, the one God of the Mongol and of the Anglo-Saxon only knows. The lowly Nazarene, and the gentle philosopher of Shantung, perhaps side by side, look down upon the growing turbulence in China with sorrowful eyes. It is inevitable that the iron heel of war must assert itself. What is the end? Again Confucius—"While you do not know Life—how can you know Death?"

STREET IN A CHINESE CITY

Mr. Henry L. Fobes of "The National Magazine" staff is now in China, and has cabled that he has forwarded an illustrated article on the situation up to date, for the August issue of "The National Magazine."

By Frank H. Sweet

CALLUM was coming up the broad avenue of the Coles plantation; not shuffling along in the middle of the road, but walking uprightly and self-consciously in the path; his eyes fixed at the high angle which the encircling stubborness of a broad collar demanded, and his steps mincing under the stricture of shoes that were more than one size too small.

It was Sunday afternoon, with the odor of apple blosomss and freshly ploughed fields in the air, and all the plantation was out. Snapping black eyes peered at him from hedges and between the lower rails of zigzag fences; more mature, comprehending eyes winked at him from grassy fence corners, top rails, and cabin openings; from below the more mature eyes came often the gleam of white teeth, and smothered guffaws.

Tobe's pickanniny had first seen the mincing apparation of glory as it turned into the avenue. Then he skurried beyond hedges; dodged across corners, and skulked through bushes in order to be first to spread the news; for Callum was well known as the thrifty, plodding blacksmith of an adjoining plantation.

Aunt Marthy More, the staid, old-time darkey, who always crowned her kinky hair with a gorgeous bandana turban, threw her arms akimo in her cabin doorway and snorted.

"'Fore de worl'!" she ejaculated, "dat shorely ain' Callum Johnsing, who's riz in meetin' an' been 'spectable an' hard wukin' fo' mos' thutty year! I 'low dat is somebody's peacock a-l'arnin' to strut on his laigs."

Uncle Mose sniggered from his position at the window.

"Hit shorely is Callum," he declared; ain' yo' see de way he swing dem arms now'n again, lak he gwine strike hot iron? Nobody ain' do dat way 'cept blacksmith. Yessum, hit's Callum sho' 'nough. But my, my! ain' he bloom out! I ain' nebber see no struttin' hotel nigger rig out dat fine. Say, Aun' Marthy," his voice becoming inquisitive, "yo' reckon he's gwine co'tin'? Is dar any ob dem house gals he lak fo' git, yo' t'ink?"

But Aunt Martha only sniffed at such frivolity, and after taking another look at the strangely disguised blacksmith, proceeded with her friendly criticisms:

"I declar' hit don' seem lak dat fool nigger can be Callum Johnsing. Callum's sech a senseful, strong-steppin'

pusson. I 'low he's mos' forty year ol', an' ain' nebber hab no gal yit, an' ain' nebber spang hisse'f out in fine clo'es. Fo'ks do say he's a-puttin' an'

"Snapping black eyes peered at him."

a-puttin' money in dem bank places, whar he's a-savin' hit fo' a frame house, an' a cow, an' horse an' waggin, an' dat he ain' aim to lib in a cabin lak common niggers. I's been a-knowin' ob him more'n twenty year, an' he

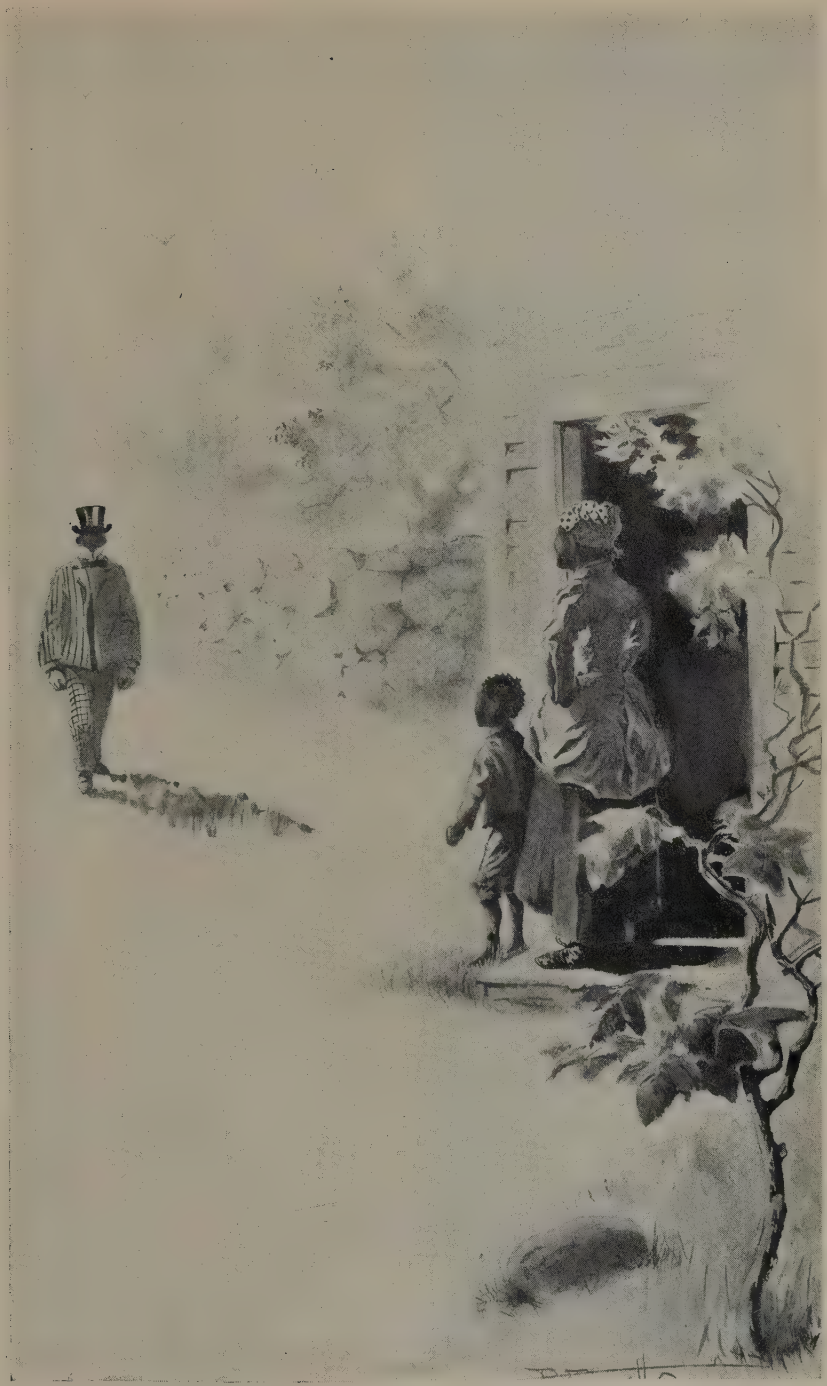
fully at the figure which was now well up the avenue; "Nobody ain' nebber tell what gwine happen. We all 'low Callum was as stiddy an' as pushin' up as dat big oak, an' now he's a-prancin' an' shinin' lak he gwine be a rainbow. Yah!" witheringly; "dat's jes' what he is, a nigger rainbow."

"Mebbe he done got a gal now," Mose suggested, leaning far out of the

"For several seconds Callum picked the banjo melodiously."

ain' stop wuk in all dat time; an' he ain' hab no monkey shines nor no gal to spen' money on. But lawsy!" she broke off suddenly and glanced scorn-

window. "Dat make heap ob dif'runce to white man or nigger man; an' if day ain' git one till day's mos' forty, den de dif'runce am apt to be truly



Drawn by R. Emmett Owen

"'*Fore de worl'! Dat shorely ain' Callum Johnsing, who's riz in meetin' an' been 'spectable an' hard wukin' fo' mos' thutty year!*"

'stonishin', lak as if de man kick his heels an' jump up in de air an' come down anudder posson. Dat Callum yonder look fo' all de worl' lak de Bob o' Linkum bird when he puts on his gol' jacket in corn plantin' time an' shows off fo' his gal."

But not all the curious observers saw Callum through these critically disapproving eyes. There were young darkies in that Carolinian neighborhood who had put their entire means into resplendent wardrobes, and whose pride in them had never been abashed and humbled until now. They assumed an air which they thought indifference, and sauntered back and forth, seeking for new points from this masculine glory which had eclipsed them. And there were black belles of many conquests who timed their lagging or hurrying footsteps to cross his path. All of them had passed the blacksmith's shop many times, without a thought of the stalwart smith within. But that man had been Callum the commonplace, in his working clothes; this was Callum transformed—a wonder to the eye.

But the object of so much varied interest was scarcely aware of their existence. He was thinking of that afternoon, only two days ago, when Ca'line came to his shop with a trinket for her mistress, waiting an hour or more while he fashioned tiny rivets and repaired it. She had even helped with her delicate, tapering fingers, blowing the bellows to force out the red glow of the forge fire, and afterwards adjusted the tiny parts which his big, clumsy fingers essayed unsuccessfully. He had known Ca'line at a distance to be a bright, comely girl, but he rarely attended dances or cake walks; therefore their acquaintance had not gone much beyond nods and an occasional courtesy of glances exchanged, and displayed teeth. But

this hour with her in the blacksmith shop had changed everything. He no longer thought of the comfortable frame house he was planning, the new shop he meant to build, the little farm he intended to own some day; they had already slipped off into a shadowy, inconsequential distance, and this merry-eyed, quick-stepping girl had tripped in between. Even now he could feel the thrill of her touch and glance. But most bewildering was the manner with which she held out her hand and said: "Why ain' yo' nebber come see we all, Callum? I hear Liza tell Jane dat yo's de bes' young man roun', an' dat yo' ain' go nowhar. She say hit's mons'rous shame."

He drew back impulsively at those last words.

"I's been ter'ble busy, Ca'line," he replied, "an' ain' hab no time fo' projectin' roun' wid gals. Liza and Jane am triflin' t'ings dat ain' car' fo' not'in' 'cep' somebody to co't dem. Sides, I's too ol' fo' sech foolishness."

"No, yo' ain' ol', Callum," she retorted. "I been 'quire 'bout dat, an' fo'ks say yo' ain' forty. Da's young. Boys who ain' dat ol' is boun' to be triflin' an' no 'count." Then with her gaze falling demurely to the figures which her shoe tip was marking in the sand, she added: "So yo' ain' nebber comin' see me, Callum?"

"I didn' say dat," he hastened to say, "I jes' 'low I ain' car' fo' dem triflin' gals, Liza an' Jane. But if yo' lak fo' me come co't yo', Ca'line, I's bleeged to come—jes' bleeged to," showing his teeth in a broad grin.

But Ca'line's head was in the air, and her back turned.

"I don' reckon yo'd better come, Mr. Johnsing," said she, loftily, "hit might git yo' to be triflin' an' no 'count; an' 'sides, I ain' car' fo' no co'tin'. I jes' 'lowed dat yo' was a pore lonesome t'ing dat ain' nowhar to go, an' dat mebbe Liza an' Jane an' me could he'p yo' chirk up a li'l. But I ain' reckon we could, now I t'ink it over yo's too ol'. Goodbye, Mr. Johnsing."

He had watched her trip away, with his mouth half open in amaze. What had he gone and done now, he wondered dully; and just when they had seemed to be getting along so nicely together.

But during the afternoon, as he hammered furiously at the shaping iron, and swung the long handle of the bellows, his mind grew clearer. Perhaps he had taken a little too much for granted; he did not pretend to understand these strange creatures whose tongues and eyes have a way of crossing each other, and of confounding any fool nigger who sought to fathom them. If only he had been one of the trifling, no account darkies who spent most of their time waiting on girls, he would have known what to say, and how to say it, and when to stop.

And yet there were the touches of her soft fingers, the glances half veiled by her lashes, the unmistakable invitation she had given him at first; and as the hours slipped away into dusk, it was these that grew stronger in his mind, driving away the remembrance of the later misunderstanding. By that time it occurred to him that he did not need a new house just for himself alone, nor a horse and wagon unless he might have someone to ride in it with him, and the profit from the commodious blacksmith shop he intended to build would be plenty for two—himself and Ca'line.

By morning these thoughts had shaped themselves into definite form, and instead of opening the shop to already waiting customers, he stole through the woods to the nearest railroad station and there purchased a ticket for Charlottsville, twenty-five miles away. None of the familiar vil-

lages nearby were equal to the exaltation of his lately conceived ideas. When folks went "co'tin" they must have "co'tin" raiment, and the trifling niggers who made a business of waiting on girls had made familiar the possibilities of the common towns around; consequently he now minced up the avenue with tortured feet, strained neck and a cramped body, unmindful of his sufferings in the pride of what Charlottsville had yielded, and the thought of what that yielding might ultimately bring. Near the corner of the big house he hesitated, looking toward the broad front piazza, where the gay young white folks and their friends were grouped, and toward the back entrance where the colored folk went. Of course he understood that he ought to go around the back way; the front was the peculiar privilege of the white folks; but C'aline was a front house girl, with the parlor and piazza to sweep and the potted plants to look after; moreover, this was a momentous occasion. So he strode forward as valiantly as his feet would allow until he reached the steps and the downward gaze of the white folks; then his courage began to ooze.

"Hi, there, what do you want?" a young man called, rather sharply; "Don't you know this is Sunday, and we can't have any show people round?" Then, "Why, hello, Callum, is that you? What do you mean in such a rig? This isn't the day for cake walks and masquerades."

"If you please, sah," Callum said with as much dignity as he could muster, "I ain' fo'git hit am Sunday. I's a callin' on Miss Ca'line."

"Oh!" The young man bent over one of the girls and whispered something which Callum could not hear. The girl rose and came forward to the head of the steps.

"Caroline is up stairs, Mr. Johnson," she said, courteously. "Won't you please come in? I will call her."

Callum shuffled up the steps as expeditiously as possible, and entered the parlor toward which she nodded.

"Caroline, oh, Caroline!" the young lady called from the foot of the stairs; and presently Callum heard the light tripping of feet somewhere above. When they arrived at the head of the stairs the young lady said, "Gentleman in the parlor to see you, Caroline," and returned to her companions on the piazza.

Callum made a furtive hitch at his trousers, and thrust out his feet that the delicately upturned points of his shoes might show to better advantage; then he stretched his neck a little, and composed his face in a becoming manner. And then—

"Lors a-mighty! dat shorely ain' yo', Callum Johnsing! Wha' yo' git all dat truck?" Ca'line stood in the doorway, her hands upraised, and her face expressive of mingled wonder, sarcasm and wrath, the last finding expression in, "Wha' fo' yo' come here, Mr. Johnsing?"

"I—I's a-callin' on you', Miss Ca'line," stammered poor Callum, rising as hastily as his trousers and shoes permitted, but finding it impossible to make the elaborate bow he intended. "I—I's a-callin' on yo', Ca'line," he repeated meekly, "ain' yo' car'?"

"Wha' yo' git all dat truck?" she again demanded, ignoring his question.

"Down to Charlottsville," humbly. "I scatter all frou de place an' 'low mebbe yo' lak dem. Yo's de fines' gal roun', an' yo' callers dey need to fix up dey fines'. Dat why I go to Charlottsville, Ca'line," eagerly; "I 'bleeged to go fo' de fines' gal 'roun'. Dar ain' no triflin nigger disaway dat hab clo's lak dese."

"T'ank de Lawd fo' dat!" ejaculated Ca'line, but in somewhat mollified

tones; "dey'd make all de posies ben' down an' hide. But I ain' see wha' yo' fin' de t'ings, Mr. Johnsing. I been to Charlottsville wid Missy, in de sto's, an' I ain' nebber see sech truck."

"'Twa'n' in no reg'lar sto," Callum explained; "I wen' all frou dem, an' dar wa'n' not'in only what eberybody knows 'bout. Den I s'arch 'roun' an' fin' dese in a li'l show sto', wha' dey sell circus t'ings fo' fo'ks to w'ar in plays. So I pick out piece here, and piece dar, an' piece ober yonder; but I tells yo', Ca'line," impressively, "hit cos' heap. Dar ain' no triflin' nigger 'roun' disaway who can 'ford sech clo's fo' co'tin'."

He remembered and tried to withdraw the last word, but too late. Her head was again in the air and her face scornful.

"Nobody ain' come co'tin' me," she blazed, "'specially w'en dey scan'alizes me wid sech clo's. How yo' come be sech fool nigger I ain' know. Dar, h'ar dat."

One of the young men outside was humming:

Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?
My honey, my love!
Tu'n lef, tu'n right, we'll—

when he was suddenly stopped by a warning "H'sh, they'll hear you," from one of the girls.

"Yo' h'ar," scornfully. "White fo'ks, dey all gwine poke fun now. What yo' come in frou de fron' do' fo, anyhow? Ain' yo' know niggers' way is 'roun' by de back do'? Now yo' come 'long o' me, Mr. Johnsing, an' I sho' yo' wha' is de back do'."

"But ain' we all gwine sot down, Ca'line?" pleaded Callum. "I's come a-co't—callin' on yo', an' I ain' know yo' feel dat way 'bout de fron' do'. Pore triflin' niggers lak Liza and Jane sot 'roun' on de back steps, an' I ain' feel lak callin' on yo' frou dem. When I git my big house made, yo's gwine set in de fron' do' all de durin' time—no, I ain' mean dat," contritely; "but yo' know yo'se'f de fron' do' suit yo' bes'. An' I done wen' cl'ar to Charlottsville 'spressly to git dem clo's fitten fo' yo' Ca'line, an' I hunt 'roun' fo' de very bes', an' ain' car' not'in' fo' what dey cos', an' yo' knows," abjectly, "dat I ain' hab no 'sperience in dis co'tin'—callin' business. I ain' nebber hab no gal, an' I ain' nebber car' fo' triflin' 'roun' ways. I t'ought co'tin'ers—callin'ers, I mean—allers puts on de fines' t'ings dey able to fo' dey gals. I ain' hab no 'sperience, Ca'line. Now—ain' yo' reckon we better sot down a l'il? I's a-callin' on yo', Ca'line."

"Is yo'?" looking over the top of his head; "den I reckon hit's a fash'nable call, an' 'bout over. S'pose yo' foller me, Mr. Johnson, an' I'll show yo' out frou de back do'."

His head sank lower as he shuffled after her, conscious now of every twinge in his feet and tightly compressed body; also acutely conscious, as he passed through the kitchen and down the back steps, of the curious glances and snickers of Liza and Jane and their half-dozen friends. Ca'line did not speak again until he had reached the foot of the steps, when she called after him curtly, "Nex' time yo' goes a-callin', Mr. Johnsing, yo' better jes' wear common clo's. Yo's a man den. In dese yo's a monkey." Then she slammed the door.

Callum did not go back by way of the avenue, but chose the less traveled by-paths of fields and woods. He was a placid and self-contained man, not often given to outbursts, but his first act after reaching the cabin was to remove the torturing shoes and hurl them into a far corner of the room, following them promptly with the other articles of his costume; then when the last one went vindictively

across the room to an ignominious lodgment on the heap, Callum uttered a heartfelt "T'ank de Lawd!" as if the separation were to be final. Ten minutes later he was a man again, in his own clothes, striding instead of shuffling across to his shop—not to work, for it was Sunday—but to look at the anvil and forge and bellows until he could convince himself that he was indeed Callum the blacksmith, and not some Jack-in-the-box whom even Liza and Jane found ridiculous.

During the next few weeks Callum added not a little to his reputation as a tireless workman. All through the day the strong, swinging strokes of his hammer rang out with a rhythmic clang; and far into the night the glowing red eye of his forge fire gleamed across the fields to windows more than one plantation away. At the Coles place, the parlor girl, Ca'line, saw it, and her teeth showed for a moment between her full, dusky lips; and before she turned away she nodded once, twice, thrice, as though things might be going well and to her liking. But it was another week before she thought it time to make a second errand to the blacksmith shop. Callum was in the act of dropping a half-circle of glowing iron into the water bucket when he saw her, standing just as she had stood before, looking up at him archly, as she said just as he knew she would say, "Why ain' yo' nebber come see we all, Callum?"

He remained crouching over the bucket, scarcely daring to breathe for fear the apparition might vanish. And it was only when she came toward him, holding out a piece of chain from which a link had been broken, saying, "Missy lak fo' dis be fix soon's yo's able, Callum," that he awoke from his trance, and realized that it was Ca'line herself, and no freak of his imagination.

"Yo' gwine to wait, Ca'line?" he asked, as soon as his mind had fully grasped this beatific fact.

"No, I's in mons'rous big hurry. We sen' down fo' hit dis afternoon," adding as she saw the disappointment on his face, "Why ain' yo' nebber come see we all, Callum?"

"Ain' I come," reproachfully, "an' ain' yo' done sen' me off? I nebber t'ink yo's dat kin' o' gal, Ca'line."

"No, yo' ain' nebber come," she declared positively. "Dar was a pore, triflin' rainbow dat come a limpin' an' a scrapin' one day, an' he call hisse'f by yo' name. I done sen' him packin'."

She held out her hand, and he took it awkwardly, longing for some pretty words to say. But he could only blurt out, "I—I—what'll I wear, Ca'line?"

She shot him a quick glance from under her long lashes, the meaning of which he could not fathom. But she only said, "Come lak yo'se'f, Callum. We ain' car' fo' secon' han' folks. Liza an' Jane be glad to see yo'."

Before he could protest against the last insinuation, she had slipped away, leaving him gazing blankly at the door through which she had flitted, his mind in a whirl and his head in a tumult of sudden ecstasy. Of course! it was plain enough now. He ought to have understood Ca'line better. She did not care for these flipperjays who strutted around in fine feathers. No wonder she hurried him out by the back door. She was a clear-minded, sensible girl, who realized the worth of a hard-working, prudent man who was not ashamed of the marks of his labor. He would go to her in his working clothes, with his head as high as the best of the spruced up darkies, and she would be proud of him. He would go right off, to-night, only that she might be displeased with such

evident hurry. But he would go to-morrow night anyway.

So he closed at dark next evening and started for the Coles plantation, with evidence of the day's labor still upon his face and strong, brawny arms. That should be his distinguishing mark from the triflers who worked only under protest, and who almost regarded it a disgrace to acknowledge what little they did do.

Again he went up the broad avenue, but this time his steps neither shuffled nor minced. He walked with long, strong, confident strides, his head well up, and his shoulders squared. But somehow, when he came to the corner of the great house, and heard the tum, tum, tum-a-tum of a banjo, and saw a dozen or fifteen young colored people in their best clothes, gathered under one of the large trees behind the kitchen, his heart misgave him. Girls liked pretty things and neat ways, and was Ca'line really so different as to prefer him in this rough condition?

He tried to reassure himself with what she had said: "Come lak yo'-se'f, Callum. We ain' car' fo' secon'-han' fo'ks." But for all that he paused under one of the deeper shadows of the trees, and rolled the sleeves down over his bare arms, and fastened the red flannel shirt two buttons higher over his chest.

Some of the young people were sprawled or sitting upon the grass; a few were in chairs, three or four swayed back and forth in hammocks. In their midst was the banjo player, his body and feet keeping time to the tunes he played. Callum saw Liza and Jane, and recognized a half-dozen or more young darkies of the neighborhood. Ca'line was not among them, but presently he saw her approaching the group. At the same moment they struck into a song:

Oh, de darkey ain' car' fo' a passel ob lan,'
So dey ain' hab de bodder o' de po' w'ite man.

Here one of them caught sight of the newcomer and called out, "'Clar' to goodness if dar ain' Callum Johnsing. Howdy, Callum. How yo' come git so fur?"

One man lose w'at n'er can gain,

sang Liza.

Callum gave no heed, but went forward with outstretched hand toward Ca'line, who advanced to meet him. But as she drew near, Callum noticed that she hesitated and looked at him with amused dissatisfaction.

"I's come callin' lak yo' say, Ca'line," he said simply.

"Yas, I see yo' has, an' we's mighty proud to hab yo con'scen' to we all, yo's dat bigoty." She tapped her foot upon the grass with short, impatient dabs, then burst out: "Yo' ain' no sense o' betweenness, Callum Johnsing! Yo' jes' projec' off one way till fo'ks t'ink yo' plumb crazy, den yo' drap back in yo' ol' rut lak yo' nebber been nowhar'. What yo' need is somebody to tell yo' how w'ar yo' clo's an' l'arn yo' heaps an' heaps o' t'ings dat yo' ain' nebber know by yo'se'f. I ain' wan' yo' to 'pear lak monkey, but I did 'low yo'd t'ink 'nough o' me to fix up in yo' Sunday clo's."

"S'pose I go home an' come anudder time, Ca'line," he suggested, humbly; "or if yo' t'ink bes', I go change my lco's an' come ag'in dis ebenin'."

She caught his arm.

"No, yo' ain' go back, Callum," she said shortly; "now yo's here, yo's gwine stay." Then she noticed the humility in his eyes, and her heart softened. "Yas, yo's gwine stay," she repeated; "yo's better in dese clo's den dey is fix up," modifying this, however, with, "But dat ain' coun' fo' yo', Callum; yo' lak a big oak dat grow 'longside o' weeds, an' t'ink de

weeds mus' show him how high an' how wide he mus' git, an' w'at sort of blossoms he mus' put on an' w'at sort he mus' strip off. He gwine be lak dem, or he aid' gwine be lak dem, one or t'er. Dar ain' no betweenness. He ain' 'low dey's made dif'runt, but has roots in de same dirt. But come along, Callum, dey's a-sniggerin' at we all right now." There was much laughing and whispering amid the group of colored boys and girls.

Oh, de sun he sont a somet'ing down,
Hol' up yo' han's an' holler!
Hit 'pear lak bit made fo' circus clown,
Kas hit fix so gay bit scar' de town,
Hol'—up—yo'—han's—an'—holler!

Ca'line's hand slipped from the blacksmith's arm at this impromptu, and she moved several feet away, where she stood erect and with flashing eyes.

"H'ar dat!" she cried, in a low, indignant voice, "yo' scan'lizes me befo', an' now yo' scan'lizes me ag'in. Ain' yo'—know—not'in'?"

Her head was high, her eyes clear and scornful, but something in her voice made him think of tears.

"Ca'line," he began, but already she had whisked back toward the kitchen. He looked after her wistfully, but dared not follow.

De shadders dey creep to de top ob de hill,
But night ain' 'stroy what de day done buil'.

Callum started, as though the lines had suggested a new idea. It did not make a particle of difference to him what the singers thought or said; but Ca'line cared, and it was right she should. He had scandalized her twice before them, and it would be only fair for him to try to remedy his mistake. He could do it, he believed. He had a fine voice, although he seldom used it, and he was the best banjo player in all the county, though the music was usually made for himself, alone in his cabin. But now he must change those gibes and sneers into open approval and commendation.

So he walked composedly into the midst of the group.

"Yo' all makin' heaps o' fun," he remarked, good-naturedly; "seems lak I ought to hab some 'long's I been 'casioned hit. Here, Gabe, gib me dat banjo an' let me show yo' how to play."

He took the banjo and chair which Gabe relinquished, bending his head caressingly toward the strings. Presently his rich, powerful voice broke out with,

Oh, please marster, don' ketch me,
Ketch dat nigger behin' dat tree!
He stole money and I stole none,
Put him in de calaboose des' fo' fun!
Oh, run, nigger, run! de patter-roller ketch yo';
Run, nigger, run! Hit's almos' day!

For several seconds after his voice died away, Callum picked the banjo melodiously. Finally the player looked up and broke the silence.

"Yo's got two E strings on dis, Gabe," he said, disapprovingly. "Good music can't be play dat away. I wish I had my ole banjo here, den I show yo' dif'runce."

"Go git hit, Callum," some one suggested, eagerly. "Hit ain' fur to yo' cabin. We all gwine stay here long time yit."

Callum hesitated; then another idea seemed to occur to him, for he rose quickly and handed the banjo to Gabe.

"Reckon I will," he said, briskly; "'tain' fur, lak yo' say, an' I'll be back torec'ly."

In twenty minutes he returned, with his banjo under his arm; but more than that, he had changed his working clothes for his Sunday suit, and from his face and hands had been removed all traces of the shop work.

Again he was given the place of honor in their midst, and again his head sank caressingly toward the

strings. After the third or fourth song he nodded to Gabe, and then the two banjos began to twang in unison.

Some time later Callum raised his head slightly, just enough to see Ca'line standing by herself under a tree, listening. But he did not appear to notice her until after another song, then he rose and handed his banjo to a man near him.

"Yo' pick it a few minutes, Rastus," he said, nonchalantly; "I's gwine out dar to speechify wid Ca'line 'bout somepin."

As he came striding toward her, she turned to slip away; but seemed to change her mind and came to meet him with saucy opposition in her eyes. But whatever her new line of attack, he forestalled it.

"Ain' yo' gwine forgib me, Ca'line?" he entreated humbly. "I been t'ink hit ober, an' 'low I's plumb fool all de way frou."

This changed the look in her eyes, and brought an odd little smile to her lips.

"No, yo' ain' quite all fool," she declared encouragingly: "dar's a li'l' spark o' sensefulness lef', dat might be fanned into—"

"An' will yo' fan 'hit, Ca'line, ' he interrupted eagerly. "I declar' hit's gwine be clean los' if I keep it to myse'f."

She tossed her head a little at this, but whatever the intended answer, it was lost in the sudden twanging of the two banjos, and the chorus of gay voices:

If de bellows ain' blow de fire git col',
Heat de iron red, nigger man.
Den de smith ain' gwine fo' to git de toll,
An' he wuk an' wuk till he mighty lame and ole',
Heat de iron red, nigger man;
Heat de iron red in de charcoal bed,
Red, red, red, nigger man!

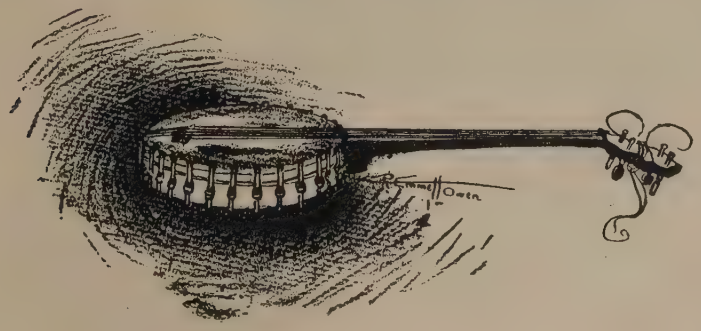
During the singing Ca'line had glanced covertly at Callum from time to time; now her gaze was fixed upon the ground, which her foot tapped meditatively. Something in her attitude made him draw closer.

"May I come see yo' ag'in, Ca'line," he asked softly; "so yo' know fo' cert'in if I hab dat li'l spark o' sense lef'. I lak mighty well fo' hit be fan'."

She looked at him through her long lashes.

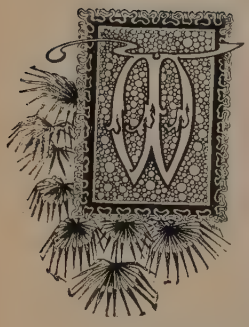
"Yo's de mos' uneasy nigger I eber h'ar tell on, Callum Johnsing," she declared; then her eyes fell before his gaze, and she slipped away to the house.

As an answer it was most unsatisfactory, but the way of it made Callum rejoin the group with a quick, springy step, and caused his fingers to fly over the banjo strings until every foot within hearing was lifting and falling with the swing of it; and when he went across the fields to his cabin, an hour later, his lips were breaking constantly into tender little airs, which more than once his fingers sought the strings to accompany.



STEVENSON AT THE GOLDEN GATE

By Will M. Clemens



HEN Robert Louis Stevenson first came to San Francisco, he was a slender, tired-faced, awkward youth of six and twenty. The older journalists, who refused to accept his stories and sketchs for the San Francisco newspapers, remember him well; they recall him as one of the class of unfortunate scribblers who make the Golden Gate a sort of half way house. Rudyard Kipling came thither too, another of the "uncalled" with sketches and tales, only to be denied admission into print.

Love undoubtedly brought Stevenson to the Pacific coast. A year before he had met Mrs. Osbourne and her daughter Isabel, at a little place near Brabazon, on the outskirts of Paris. Isabel was studying art, and this was a sort of summer rendezvous for the artists of the Latin quarter. A cousin of Stevenson's, named Louis Robert Stevenson, was fascinated with the beautiful daughter, and it was through him that Robert Louis met Mrs. Osbourne, one of the most wonderful women of her day and generation. On account of domestic matters, Mrs. Osbourne had then fully resolved to petition for a divorce from her husband, Samuel Osbourne. A significant letter from home determined the matter, and she left suddenly with her daughter for California, where she at once sought the aid of the law to secure her freedom.

Falling in love was such a new and enthusiastic experience, that Stevenson soon became disconsolate and he wrote almost daily letters from the continent to the woman who had returned to San Francisco. Finally he could stand the loneliness no longer; it seemed, as he said afterward, as if the light had gone out of his life. He was limited for money, because some time before he had resolved to depend upon his own efforts for a livelihood at literature, and the income from his pen was slight. However, taking what money he had, he started by the steerage for New York, and thence second class by railway for San Francisco. All this experience he afterward described delightfully in "Longman's Magazine" and his subsequent work.

I have stated that love brought him to San Francisco, yet that independent Scotch spirit had prompted him to refuse his father's financial aid, and to do or die in an attempt to win laurels by his pen, and urged him to travel in search of new things. He might have gone to Brazil or to China, but his infatuation with a woman undoubtedly brought him to the Pacific slope. When he arrived, this slender, sickly youth had less than twenty dollars in his pocket.

At this time he had written nothing to make him famous. His "Inland Voyage" had been favorably reviewed by some leading critics, and more than one essay had been well received. To the editors of some London papers he was known as a young man of promise. But in America he was unknown.

The San Francisco of Stevenson, the nooks and corners wherein he lived while there, represented almost every conceivable sort of home. He lived for a time in a little room on Rincon Hill, and afterward at "Mother" Hunt's of Montgomery Avenue—ever famous for its literary denizens; then at the Gailliard Hotel in Pine Street, and at the house of Mrs. Carson in Bush Street. Mrs. Carson had a little six-year-old son, who suffered from a two months' severe illness. Day and night Stevenson hung over this little child, nursing him as the mother would, and alternating with her at the bedside. While living thus, he was continually offering the local newspapers essays and stories which would to-day be priceless, but which were then promptly refused. But always at work, he wrote much which, given to the world, made him famous; and actually began "Treasure Island," which turned his coppers into pounds.

A friend of mine, who knew Stevenson intimately in San Francisco, gives this description of him: "Take a dummy at the door of a cheap clothing store on the water front on which a suit of second-hand clothes is hanging—limp, ungainly and silent. That is his figure. He looked like a man you could bend up and snap in two, and his clothes seemed to hate him. But when he spoke you forgot all that.

"His voice was like honey, and the slight Scotch accent only served to emphasize the kind things he used to think and say."

On pleasant afternoons when there was no fog hanging over the bay, and with no winds to tire his weakened lungs, he would stroll along the water front. The Italian fishermen interested him, and they grew to regard this quiet, gaunt man as a personal friend, and many a piscatorial offering was set aside for him.

His favorite haunts in the city proper were the studios of local artists, and among those whose company

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

he would seek were Tavernier, Rick and Virgil Williams. He would sit for hours watching the progress of a picture, smoking cigarette after cigarette, and saying not a word. Stevenson was not a hearty eater, and in San Francisco avoided the better known or high priced restaurants, and so usually patronized cheap French or Italian restaurants. He was partial to a "wee drappy mountain dew," and there still exists in Merchant street a popular Bohemian saloon with whose proprietor, a countryman of his, he delighted in swapping tales of the heather and the Highlands. One boon which Stevenson bestowed upon his San Francisco friends, was the secret of making "Athol Brose." It is a mixture of Scotch whiskey and liquid honey—the secret being in the mixing. Stevenson said that he always sighed for more smoke in the whiskey when he was not in the Highlands, but that, at all events, he had never found a better drink.

Shortly before his marriage to Mrs. Osbourne, Stevenson visited the watering place known as Monterey, in company with his fiancée, her son Lloyd and daughter Isabel. One day while seated in an old boat on the beach he was begged for a story by his prospective stepchildren, and in his usual way started to talk about the first character which cropped up in his mind. This time it was a knight, the scene of whose dramatic adventures lay in Paris. Just as smoothly as though he read from a book, the narrator went on with his improvised story, and when he concluded, Lloyd, who had followed him with open-mouthed delight, exclaimed:

"Why don't you write that all down for a book, Louis?"

"Perhaps I will, some day," replied Stevenson. As a result we have "A Lodging for a Night."

Stevenson was an ardent lover, and not long upon his arrival at the Golden Gate, urged upon Mrs. Osbourne a speedy marriage. She wished to delay the ceremony, which delay was presently agreed upon, until a sufficiently "society" period had elapsed after having obtained her divorce. It was Stevenson's severe illness that induced her to shorten that period. They were married at Dr. Scott's home and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Virgil Williams were witnesses. Stevenson presented Dr. Scott with a severely dogmatical Presbyterian essay, written years ago by his father, while Dr. Scott in return gave him a copy of his "Answer to Bishop Colenso." Stevenson took the exchange of orthodoxy in the most serious manner, though everybody else laughed about it afterward.

With his wife he was entirely happy.

"She has been the making and the saving of me," he often said.

They were in the most complete sympathy and perfect accord. His wife was the first woman that Stevenson could understand, and up to the time of his acquaintance with her, he had never written of a woman in his work. He once told a friend in San Francisco that the reason he had avoided putting women into his earlier work was because he did not understand them.

"My dear sir," he avowed; "I assure you solemnly that whenever I've tried to describe a woman for one of my tales, I have always found at the end that I had made her what we call in Scotland 'licht-minded,' and then I would blush and tear up the paper she was written on!"

It is not true that at the marriage of Robert Louis Stevenson the bride's former husband, from whom she separated, gave her away. He did, however, do all in his power to make

things pleasant for the happy pair. Robert Louis was in very straitened circumstances at the time; and telling Osbourne that he was desirous of finding a spot where he could spend his honeymoon in an economical manner, his accommodating predecessor gave him a letter of introduction to a hotel keeper at Calistoga, a small town in Napa County, California, situated at the terminal of a railroad line. It is a quiet, beautiful place, and when I spent a week there some years ago, I could easily imagine it quite the most delightful spot in California to spend one's honeymoon. It was while he sojourned at Calistoga, that Stevenson wrote "The Silverado Squatters." Even then he found difficulty in selling the story, and was able to dispose of it to the "Century" only by cutting it nearly in half.

Six months after his marriage Stevenson bade farewell to California, and became a wanderer, going first to the South Seas, thence to Australia, to the continent, and back to Scotland. His second visit to San Francisco was in June, 1888. He remained there several weeks fitting out the yacht "Casco," for his voyage to Samoa. He had won fame and fortune now, and the humble lodgings of nine years before gave way to luxurious quarters at the leading hotels and clubs. On the 26th of July, Stevenson and his party sailed out of the Golden Gate, and the great novelist saw from the deck of the "Casco" what proved to be his last glimpse of America.

SONG

Fame is but a phamtom fair,
Gold's but fit for buying;
Love abides without a care,
Coveting nor sighing.

Life's a year who's hours fly
Swiftly past recalling;
Soon beneath its wintry sky
Snows of age are falling.

Dearer then than fame or gold,
Cometh Love caressing;
Glorifies the humblest fold,
Life's divinest blessing.

Woe, that bides with each in turn,
Yields to Love's appealing;
Poor the souls that dumbly yearn,
Lacking Love's revealing.

He's the king who holds a heart
Close beside him beating,
Feeling Love the better part,
Fame nor gold entreating.

Frank Putnam

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR

SECOND EPISODE

ALICE came out of Acadia. We returned to Acadia together and saw many strange and beautiful sights. Of course I, being of the commonplace world, could not long endure the climate of Acadia, and when I came away, I came alone. I had been very sure that I should be happy in Acadia; but at that age we never know.

It was at that point in my career when, wrapped in melancholy exhaled by a saddening sense of the isolation to which my superiority over the rest of my kind condemned me, I wrote such lines as these that follow:

OUTLAWED

Each to his manner of living
—you to your power and pride,
Easily getting and giving
(fortune a willing bride);
I to a field where the only
yield is death for a law defied.

You, in a cool, clean fashion,
are ruled by a sunlit mind;
I by a hopeless passion with a
blood-mad world and blind,
For I was not given that
grace from heaven that
helps man serve his kind.

Alien am I in the city, alien in
wood and field;
Scorning your pride and pity,
hidden or half revealed,
I hold my way to the House
of Clay where the Reasons
lie concealed.

* * *

Alice had a sense of humor. More, she had a way, quite unusual among women that I have known, of disdaining to win by tact; she ruled by imperative mandate. There were times when I felt very sure I possessed the royal favor, but never any time when I could be sure I would possess it long. Customs are different in Acadia. She stripped my melancholy greatness from me as a garment, and soon the gloomy philosopher, the outlaw, was writing, with a painful semi-consciousness that invisibly he wore the cap and bells, verses the like of these:

WHEN WILFUL ALICE GREETS ME FAIR

When wilful Alice greets me fair,
Begone, O melancholy!
I fling aside the bonds of care
And would not if I could forbear
From love's delightful folly.

Such laughter lurks within her eyes—
Half tender, half disdaining—
I could not if I would be wise,
Since then and there discretion flies,
Fond love alone remaining.

* * *

Alice despised our proper poets, with their exact rules, and their cool, calculating laying of traps for the shy bird fame. 'Twas as much of her initiative as of my own that I wrote (hoping to win her approval after a temporary lapse into the old pose) this that follows:

I HAVE NO RULES OF PROPER ART

I have no rules of proper art—
I do not feel the need o' them;
A donkey in a pedlar's cart
Exemplifies the speed o' them.

When I have tried to teach my muse
The laws she will not hear o' them,
But bids me laws or lover choose,
So I must e'en be clear o' them.

She bids me sing of natural men,
The fighting, toiling mass o' them;
She swears she will inspire my pen
To make my page the glass o' them.

To win her smile is my delight,
Of all my joys 'tis chief o' them;
And sure the laws can *not* be right,
Since she has only grief o' them.

But, be the statutes right or wrong,
We do not feel the lack o' them;
Wherefore unto the choric throng
We gladly give the pack o' them.

The winds that wander where they will,
The hills that kiss the wings o' them,—
'Tis these alone suffice to fill
The heart that loves and sings o' them.

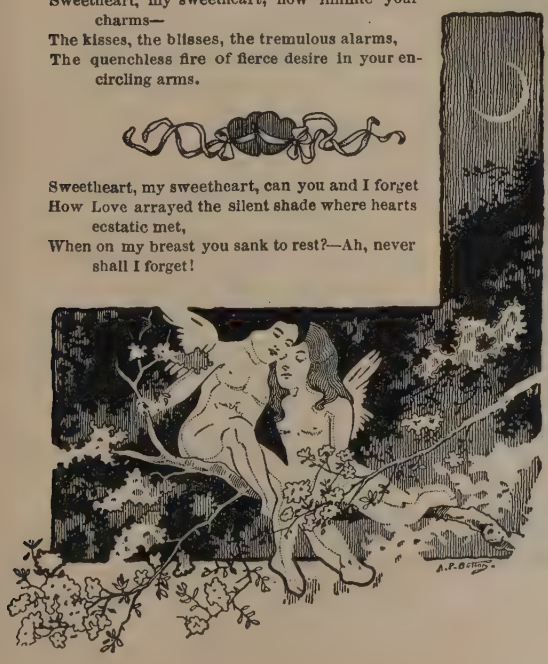
* * *

In the Kingdom of Acadia are many provinces. Alice came from the capital city of the Province of Song. There all the records of life are kept in rhythmic measure. In that city was written the little song:

Sweetheart, my sweetheart, thrice blessed was the night
When fondly, if blindly, by Love's immortal right,
In secret bower we sped the hour of passionate delight.

Sweetheart, my sweetheart, how infinite your charms—
The kisses, the blisses, the tremulous alarms,
The quenchless fire of fierce desire in your encircling arms.

Sweetheart, my sweetheart, can you and I forget
How Love arrayed the silent shade where hearts ecstatic met,
When on my breast you sank to rest?—Ah, never shall I forget!



You have guessed that Alice was proud, and pride breeds quarrels, even in Acadia. It might happen that I

said her newest sonnet lacked flexibility, or that she found my latest lyric more reminiscent of past joys than appreciative of present pleasures—whatever the cause, real or imaginary, there were quarrels. After one quarrel, penitence; after two, regret; after three, weariness; after that, indifference. The first quarrel was successfully closed when Alice deigned to receive and be pleased with the lines:

THE QUARREL

She passes, and darts from the tail of her eye
A glance that invites, and repels, a reply,
A glance that gives rise to a penitent sigh
For the quarrel of yesterday morning—
The reasonless quarrel, the passionate quarrel,
That parted us yesterday morning.

She passes, and pride is the spring in her feet,
A pride that can suffer but cannot retreat,—
A pride that for me spells a certain defeat
In the quarrel of yesterday morning—
The quick little pitiful cloud shadow quarrel
That parted us yesterday morning.

She passes—ah, what if she passed for all days!
How dark at the thought all our dream-haunted ways,—
How barren the books and how empty the plays,
Since we quarreled on yesterday morning;
Since for something, or nothing, *I* cannot recall,
We parted on yesterday morning.

She passes, but I—I shall follow and sue
For peace and a bounty far more than my due;
Then she, with the laurel, and I, with the rue,
Will banish grim yesterday morning,
With the nebulous quarrel, the true-lovers'
quarrel
That parted us yesterday morning.

* * *

Acadia differs from other countries in this important particular: that, once you become aware of the necessity of making a treaty to preserve the peace, the possibility of a lasting peace has passed. So it proved. I was told that there were well authenticated instances wherein, when both the parties to an alliance were natives of Acadia, they had happiness to the end of the chapter. But, though mixed alliances were of not infrequent occurrence, nearly all terminated disastrously.

As I have previously stated, I came back from Acadia alone. It was a country possessing many charms; but, when one is born to the commonplace, with its prosaic comforts, its steady plenty, its (comparatively) smooth course of events, even infinite variety fails as a substitute.

* * *

Fumbling in a drawer of old papers lately—it is now twenty odd years since Alice bade me farewell with a fluttering of her scarf—I came on the last of the verses that I addressed to her:

TO A WOOD NYMPH

Ho, Alice of the winsome ways,
How fare you in this rueful weather?
Do you, as I, with backward gaze,
Recall vexed hours we strove together?
Does some face in the passing throng
For you, as me, renew old fancies?—
Some note in else unheeded song
Rebuild the hall of our romances?

Sometimes, at eve, when on the wings
Of lightning Time's tale flies before me,
A word blots out material things,
And old, undying dreams sweep o'er me,
Then for a space I do forget
The yoke of toil, the burden-bearing,
And live again the day I met
A light heart from Acadia faring.

And she was so, so very fair—
No woman, but a wood nymph dancing;
And I a dull wight bowed with care,
Bewildered by a sight entrancing.
Came visions then born out of time,
Foredoomed to dwell in faded letters;—
Faint resolutions spent in rhyme;—
Desire that dared not break its fetters.

So be it: too late the wood nymph finds
The clod, and, laughing, bids attend her;
Then, passing, leaves him midst the hinds
To muse upon his hour of splendor.
Too late! But O, so subtly sweet
The memory of the wood nymph's laughter,
As she drew near on dancing feet
With all the graces tripping after.

The clod toils on; the wood nymph strays
With great Pan by the winding river;
And, half in wonder, half in praise,
The toiling clod thanks Fate, the giver.
For still some gladness night reveals,
And grey day grants a meed of pleasure,
Since through his dreams her laughter peals,
Wild music in a wanton measure.

Twenty years is a very far journey in Acadia; beauty blooms and fades many times in so long a space. Of the Alice that is—if indeed she has so long survived—I have no knowledge; but for me, in certain meditative moods, she is still the wood nymph. I trust she is not grey, like me; nor lonely, like me; nor grown into a habit of analyzing life too closely, which is worst of all. Life was given us to enjoy.

IN "LOVER'S LANE"

From out a cloudless sky, to-night,
The artist moon looks kindly down,
And with her gleaming pencils, bright,
She tips with shining, frosty white,
The chimneys of the little town;
And, where the arching willows throw
Their shadows in a tangled chain,
The light, like wreaths of drifted snow,
Dapples our path as, to and fro
We walk in dreamy "Lover's Lane."

Above us, in the leafy gloom,
The warm, wet breezes softly stir,
Bearing, 'mid breath of clover-bloom,
Some rare old garden's sweet perfume
Of rich moss-rose and lavender.
The cricket bands in chorus play
Their drowsy, somnolent refrain,
And, where the hill-top slopes away,
We see the silver-shimmered bay
Framed by the boughs of "Lover's Lane."

Ah, dearest, think; through all the years
What vows this shaded path hath heard,
How many eager, anxious ears
Listened, in breathless hopes and fears,
To catch one little whispered word.
Perchance, that murmur in the breeze
Is but the voice of some old swain,
Some ghostly suitor's ardent pleas,
As with his love, beneath the trees,
He strolls once more through "Lover's Lane."

We'll hope no rougher road they knew,
Those lingering feet that here have trod,
That every dream of bliss came true,
For, surely then, these drops of dew
Are tears of joy that gem the sod.
And, sweet, I pray, for your dear sake,
That all our paths be smooth and plain,
But whatsoe'er the course they take.
Please God, our hearts shall ever make
Our way through life a "Lover's Lane."

Joe Lincoln

THE LITTLE DOG

IN his tiny house at the fence corner the little motherless dog was moaning. A baby and alone. Alone in the dark night and sick. He looked with yearning eyes through the open door and saw the dim shapes on the ground loom large. Perhaps he was too ill to be afraid of them. He had dragged himself feebly out of the snug nest in the corner of his house. The fever was burning in his throat, he was so thirsty, and the air was cool. He cried for his mother, but she was very far away and could not hear him. She may even have forgotten him, having other four babies still at her breast. So the hours passed, and the little dog's head sank lower on his extended paws. The pain-dimmed eyes closed and the moaning ceased. The round moon shone down after a time and robbed the grim shapes on the ground of their terrifying mystery, but the little dog took no heed of this. The chickens wakened and stretched their wings and saluted the dawn, but the little dog did not hear them.

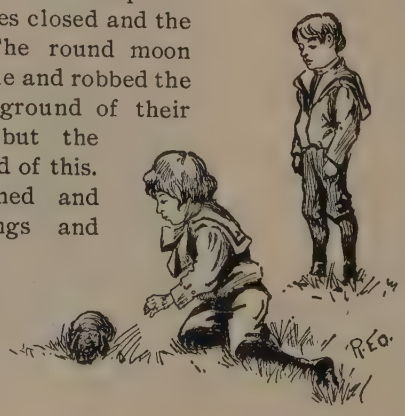
Then the boys ran out to him—six-year-old Paul, and Thad the toddler. They found him lying as he lay when the late moon smiled down into his heedless eyes. The little dog's pain was quieted. The wee body was rigid. The chill of the dusk between the suns and the icier chill of a long, long night had entered into his veins.

"Come Jimmie," Paul called to him.

"Tum, Dimmy," echoed Thad.

They stroked the body of their playmate and tried gently to awaken him. All the rest of their world had arisen, why not Jimmy?

Then Arthur, from the next house, came over. He was seven, and once upon a time had passed, clinging closely to his mother's hand the while, up the aisle of a church, pausing a moment, lifted in his mother's arms, to gaze down curiously into the still white face of a lady who slept in a beautiful white box. He knew that the little dog would not wake up again. It was some time before he could make this clear to Paul. Thad felt the solemnity of it all



1900
My business it is to explode;
I'm bigger and bigger each year;
I once was a mere episode
And now I'm an object of fear.
I used to be little; oh my!
But now, when I try, I can blow things so high,
Some day I MAY blow up
the Fourth of July!

without caring to ask why. He sat down on the ground, took the little dog into his lap, and patted its head, while the older boys brought their spades and dug a grave in the shadow of the fence. They wrapped Jimmy warmly in his red blanket and laid him in the earth. Paul, with his hands, replaced the clods lightly, so as not to hurt Jimmy. Arthur went out on the prairie and returned with an armful of goldenrod.

Thad was a silent watcher. He could not understand what the new play meant, but doubtless the older boys would tell him after a while. Arthur broke a twig into two parts and with string Paul drew from his pocket he fashioned a cross and planted it at Jimmy's head. A moment they stood, looking at Jimmy's grave. Paul stooped to lift up a spray of golden-rod that had fallen out of order. Thad turned away to look at an impertinent chick that was pecking at the fragments of Jimmy's last supper. The first drops of a sudden shower spattered down on the dry soil, and Arthur ran home.

The storm increased. Paul and Thad stood on the back porch and gazed out at the small mound in the fence corner.

"Mamma," said Paul, his lips quivering, "I'm glad my little dog won't get rained on." *Frank Putnam*

AN ETCHING IN THE SAND

A WOMAN walked alone over a dusty way. Before her stretched a hot, sandy plain; behind her were the black rocks over which she had toiled.

Love came and walked beside her. He looked into her eyes with a tender smile; he lifted her hand to help her; he spoke words that were music in the lonely ears; that were food and drink to the hungry, thirsty heart. He showed her another way where she could walk, where there was shade and rest and beauty. But she would not.

Day after day he walked beside her; night after night he hovered near in the darkness, with his arms outstretched to her, when in loneliness and weariness she lay down and tried to forget in sleep.

The end came. For the last time Love stood before her. Words had all been spent. He pleaded dumbly that she put her hand in his.

She would not; but turned and walked on over the dreary way—the way called duty.

For Love belonged to another.

L. McCrae

WISE FOLLY

Hearts pay the price for what they get:
For so much love, so much regret;
For joy—so many fears.
For hours that were—the days to be
And for the dreams—a memory
To hold to through the years.

But shall that fright us, Happy Eyes?
Love's folly is a thing too wise;
Lean close and have no fear.
For such a meeting—such a kiss,
For one such perfect hour as this
Is any price too dear?

Arthur Ketchum

DEXTERITY IN WOLF-CATCHING

"THERE'S altogether too much force used in this world," remarked Judge Crabtree. "What's needed is more tact and ingenuity. This applies to everthing, from getting a pig to go back into the pen by way of the hole through which he emerged, to inducing the court to remit a fine for contempt. I remember when I was living up at Syracuse of a little experience I had in connection with a wolf. The animal—"

"Was he on your doorstep?" inquired Major Dodge, solicitously.

"No; this was another wolf. Of course, there was one at the door pretty constantly in those days. He used occasionally to go off and visit other able young counsellors during the daytime, but he was always sure to be back on my step by six o'clock at night. He was a very interesting creature, and used to howl through the keyhole rather musically than

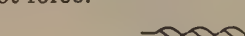
otherwise. No; this was a genuine flesh-and-blood wolf—a big, gray fellow from Montana. Some one gave him to the Zoo at Audubon Park, and he was the biggest wolf ever in captivity. He measured some eight feet from tip to tip, and he was gaunt and hungry. They put him in a strong iron cage, and the first thing he did that night was to gnaw off one of the bars and escape. I believe that the bar was about an inch in diameter, and—"

"Now, that statement is stiffer than the bar;" said the Major. "Also it probably takes the wind out of your sails for the rest of the story, because with your wolf's teeth all worn off on a one-inch iron bar, he becomes innoxious, and capable of getting his living only as a fur store sign."

"I presume it was gas-pipe, and therefore hollow," replied the Judge. "It's not much of a trick to gnaw off gas-pipe. And just as a guarantee of good faith, I'll knock a foot or two off the length of that wolf, though you didn't ask me to do so. But he was a long wolf, and he got out. Then he began ranging around the park, to the consternation of everybody. Sergeant O'Toole and a squad of able police officers started on his trail. Subsequently the saints were vigorously appealed to for protection as the Sergeant ran somewhat hastily out of the park, his uniform streaming in homeward-bound pennants. The house surgeon found eighteen bites, thirty-six scratches, and two bullets in his legs, these last being the faultily-aimed offerings of his brother officers. They didn't get the wolf. For two days that ravening beast infested the park, to the exclusion of nurse-maids, children and other visitors. The city was greatly excited. At this juncture I determined to take the matter in hand, and apply finesse where force had been unsuccessful. I went home, and with the aid of my wife prepared for the venture. Then I strolled up to the park and began looking for the wolf. I met him in a secluded path near the northern end. Five minutes later that savage, eight-foot wolf came panting into the menagerie superintendent's office and they locked him up. Now, ask me how I did it—that's the proper climax for this kind of a story."

"Just consider the question propounded," returned the Major.

"Disguised myself as Little Red Riding Hood. It would have done you good to see that wolf go streaking off along the shortest path to what he thought was my grandma's cottage, while I trotted down the longer path with my cake and little pot of butter. Diplomacy is the word in this world—not force." *Hayden Carruth*



THE EYES OF LOVE

IT was night. The City of Ten Thousand Wonders lay in the quiet of repose. Upon the flat roof of his dwelling, Ahmed Ben-Lemoth crouched among the soft cushions of his divan and gazed appealingly at the stars.

"Verily, Lotella the Circassian is beautiful as a fawn," he said to himself, "with eyes so melting in their tenderness that they call aloud for love. Why should I hesitate? True, the price demanded for her by the rascally slave merchant will take the bulk of my inheritance; but then, no other turban merchant in the City of Ten Thousand Wonders will have such a beautiful wife. Beautiful! Ah, if Lotella only possessed the intelligence and sweet disposition of Felicia, the charcoal burner's daughter! I fear me much that the divinely featured Circassian is but a poor-witted,

quick-tempered fool, in spite of her glorious outer gilding of loveliness. This Felicia I could purchase for a moderate sum of money, and I love her bright sayings and quick thoughts. But, pshaw! The girl's looks are commonplace. Perhaps not thoroughly ugly, but nevertheless, plain—very plain. I will none of her. I have de cided. I will purchase the elegantly formed, the luscious lipped, the surpassingly beautiful Lotella."

Then Ahmed Ben-Lemoth fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

It seemed to him that he was in his stall at the grand bazaar, when an aged

"The Sergeant ran somewhat hastily out of the park"

man, with bare head exposed to the sun and winds, drew near and cried:

"I wish to obtain a turban."

And Ahmed dreamed that he reached down the commonest turban cloth in his stock and offered it to the patriarch, saying:

" 'Tis the finest web that ever was wove. Take the lovely piece of goods for a beggarly ten piastres. By the beard of the Prophet, it cost me double the price I ask."

"If you paid more than one piastre for the thing you deserve to be carried before the cadi and adjudged a fool," retorted the old man severely. "I have no money, but will give you that which is worth a thousand times its value for the rag."

And Ahmed dreamed that he replied:

"Let your servant's eyes see this thing you propose for barter."

" 'Tis something that cannot be really seen, smelt, tasted, nor yet handled," went on the other. " 'Tis knowledge. By reason of my long life of study and experience, I can tell you how to accomplish anything. Speak! What do you wish for most at the present time?"

And Ahmed dreamed that he pondered deeply for a few moments, and then replied:

"I desire that Felicia, the charcoal burner's daughter, might become beautiful in form and feature, in keeping with her amiable disposition and well stored mind."

"Good!" ejaculated the ancient, receiving the turban cloth from the reluctant hands of the merchant and winding the fabric about his gray-haired head as he continued speaking. "Obtain thou a handful of grass from the plains of the Northland, a small lump of rock from the mountains of the Eastland, a pinch of sand from the deserts of the Southland, and a gourd full of water from the lakes of the Westland. Mix all these together most thoroughly, and let the maid

take a swallow of it once a day, until she arrives at the desired point of loveliness."

And so saying, the wise man departed the way he had come, with the new turban upon his head. All this did Ahmed Ben-Lemoth dream, while sleeping upon the house-top of his house, in the City of the Ten Thousand Wonders.

Now, it so chanced, that upon the following morning, when Ahmed counted over his stock of goods, he could not find the particular piece of turban cloth about which he had dreamed the dream. It had been stolen by a shrewd customer upon the preceding day, but Ahmed did not know this and quickly came to the conclusion that his dream was more than a dream. Accordingly, he arranged his affairs and journeyed many days until he came to the plains of the Northland, where he gathered but a single handful of grass and returned home. And so he made an expedition to each of the other distant countries of which the old man had spoken: to Eastland, and to Southland, and to Westland, did he journey, with much danger and suffering. And from the first of these last three brought he back a lump of rock. From the second a pinch of sand, and from the third a gourd full of water. And after he had thus secured these four ingredients and finally returned home, he did mix them all four together according to the words of the wise man, and put the decoction in an earthen jug.

And, forthwith, Ahmed Ben-Lemoth purchased the maid Felicia, the plain-looking daughter of the charcoal burner, and brought her to his home. And he did give to his young wife the earthen jug of medicine and bade her take of it, even a swallow once a day, according to all that the old sage had directed.

And it came to pass that Ahmed Ben-Lemoth was filled with joy to see how Felicia's form and features became more and more beautiful, day by

"The wise man departed the way he had come"

day, and at length he could not restrain himself, but cried aloud:

"Oh, thou wife of my bosom! Adored one of brightest mind and most amiable actions! Beside whose radiant beauty the poor looks of Lotella, the Circassian, are as a sered and withered leaf! Thou needest to take no more of the mixture which I compounded for thee after the prescription of the old man, in the dream which I did dream. Thou art as perfect to gaze upon as need be."

"Husband mine," replied Felicia, "forgive thine own wife this once. The mixture was so vile to taste that I could not being myself to even swallow the first dose, and so emptied the whole in the gutter." *Percie W. Hart*

THE SINGER AT FLAT ROCK

By Elmore Elliott Peake

TOM BENTLEY started the story. He was riding home at midnight from his sweetheart's, over at Aberdeen. He was just about to ford Flat Rock river when his ears were startled by a song, in a woman's voice. Apparently the sound came from the wooded bluff on the other side; yet the nearest house was two miles away, and what a woman was doing in that lonely spot at midnight, was a mystery. It was a peculiar song, too, and young Bentley's hair began to rise; but knowing he had to get home that night, he pushed his mare into the stream. When he was about half across, the mysterious song broke off as suddenly as it had begun.

Nobody in Chester believed the story at first, for it was pretty generally known that Marcia Whipple's father always kept a barrel of hard cider in his cellar. But when Professor Anderson of the State Geological Society told the same story a week later, people began to talk; and when the Reverend Homer Thulstrup of the First M. E. church passed through the same experience, one Sunday night, riding his circuit, the reign of terror began in Chester. Boys were afraid to go as far as the wood-pile after dark; children were afraid to go to bed alone; housewives began to take in their washings at night; people locked their doors and bolted their windows for the first time in the history of Chester; moonlight rides fell into disfavor. Strange things happened. The town-hall bell tapped in the dead of night; strange animals were seen lurking under porches; queer noises were heard in the graveyard on the hill; black cats that nobody owned skulked across back-yards; and an owl hooted in the sycamore in front of Squire Henneberry's house, a week before little Mary Henneberry died.

One night, about a month after the beginning of the excitement, a horseman rode quietly out of Chester by way of the Flat Rock road. Two pistols were stuck in his belt. He forced his horse briskly along until he reached the river, forded it, and cantered on down the lonely road, as he had done many a time before when bound for Marcia Whipple's. But after going a quarter of a mile, this time he turned his mare about and walked her noiselessly back on the roadside grass, as far as the ford again. There horse and rider remained motionless for several minutes.

Suddenly, a wild, wierd song burst forth from the dark bluff above—a rush of melody, note piled on note, bird-like and wordless, yet unmistakably human. After a moment he lifted the reins, and the mare stepped into the water. With the first hoof-splash the music ceased.

On reaching the other bank, Bentley tied his horse to a sapling, and began the ascent of the bluff. He reached the top without much difficulty, though his heart was thumping with the combined exertion and excitement. The wooded summit was as dark as a tomb, and he could scarcely make out

the dark boles of the trees. Nothing daunted, though, he felt his way along until he had traversed the whole bluff.

No trace of a human being could he find. Then for an hour he sat silent and motionless on the root of a tree waiting and listening; but nothing except the gurgling of the river and the restless pawing of Molly below, came to his ears.

The next night he came again, a little earlier. This time he carried, in addition to his pistols, a pair of climbing-spurs. Tying Molly a quarter of a mile up the road, he crossed the ridge, and approached the bluff from the side opposite that taken the night before. With noiseless steps he picked his way toward an old oak that stood in the center of the bluff's flat top—a tree which he had once climbed for a screech-owl's nest. He strapped on his spurs and climbed as far as the fork. Here, in the hollow in which he had found the nest—now half-filled with dead leaves and the litter of squirrels and birds—he took up his watch, invisible from below.

The place was as silent as death, except for the moaning of the river. One, two, three dreary hours dragged by. His legs began to cramp him painfully, but he sat there as stoically as an Indian watching a deer-lick. The moon came up, a great red balloon heavily lifting itself above the murky horizon. Soon it began to gleam upon the surface of the river, and then mounting still higher it flecked the forest floor beneath him with faint, blue-gray patches.

Eleven o'clock! A screech-owl began its mournful piping somewhere near, and made him think of Mary Henneberry. Twelve! Half-past twelve! He began to fear that his presence had been detected by the mysterious singer.

At that instant the echoing gulch was set ringing with the grewsome music for which he had waited so long. For a moment he sat petrified, his flesh tingling, and the chills rippling up and down his back like electric shocks. This feeling quickly passed, yet it was with a new thrill that he became convinced the music was issuing from the foot of the very tree in which he sat. He peeped over the edge. At the sight below he nearly cried out.

A single ray of the moon lighted, with a spectral glare, the face of a woman—a beautiful, ethereal face, with great shining eyes, turned heavenward. That was all. The rest of her figure, if figure she had, was lost in the gloom. Her soul seemed to pour from her lips in the song that now mounted star-spaces above, now sank to a lullaby in her throat—a wonderful, pleading, touching song, not one word of which her entranced listener could understand. Then it ceased, and the face vanished—went out.

A little later—Bentley never knew just how much later—the song arose again, twenty yards away, he judged. Yet he had not heard her move. Shaking off the spell binding him, he began to climb down, hanging motionless to the trunk when the music paused lest he be heard. Reaching the ground, he picked his way toward the singer, avoiding every noise which might betray him, and screening himself in the black shadows. When within five yards of the edge of the bluff, he stopped. There she stood—tall and graceful, her long black hair streaming down her back, her white hands clasped before her. He could distinctly see her slender frame shake, her throat palpitate, her bosom rise and fall.

A twig snapped under his foot. She stopped in the middle of a note, as it were, as suddenly as though her vocal chords had parted.

"Madam, who are you?" he called, in a voice he could hardly believe his own.

She stood as still and unresponsive as the dark trees around her, her eyes glistening like a frighted fawn's. Tom scarcely breathed. Then he became aware that she was slipping away from him, before his very eyes, as noiselessly as a shadow. He moved forward slowly, one, two, three times. The bluff was behind her: in a moment she must surrender, or make a dash to right or left.

She did neither, and his hair began to rise as she apparently floated out on the air above the river. Then the explanation came to him. He had forgotten a narrow formation of rock which stuck out from the bluff here like a spur. She had unwittingly retreated upon this, and was trapped!

"Madam, if you go further you will fall!" he called out, warningly. "I don't want to hurt you. I simply want to know your name and who you are."

She stood upright on the tip of the spur, silent and rigid, statuesque in the flood of moonlight. Then, to his dismay, she gathered herself for a spring, and cast herself off. She struck the river, thirty feet below, with a loud, quick splash. The water closed over her and all was still. But only for an instant. The next moment he saw her swimming for the opposite shore, as graceful as an otter.

Bentley had taken that leap himself when a boy, and after a momentary hesitation he decided to take it again. He struck the water feet first, without injury, and then with powerful strokes bore down upon his prey. She landed first, however, and without an instant's pause began to climb the wild-grape vines on the face of the cliff, going up hand over hand, like a sailor.

She had climbed scarcely twenty feet when the vines gave way under her weight, and precipitated her to the bottom again with stunning force. But quickly up, she sped down the shingly shore like a hare, Bentley panting close beside her. A rift in the wall, half-choked with broken rock and scrub-oaks, offered escape, and she turned in. With wonderful fleetness and sureness of foot, she scaled the rough obstructions, until her way was barred by a great sheet of slate that lifted above her like a wall. She turned upon her pursuer with wild eyes. His blood was up, and he fearlessly closed in upon her. She cleverly dodged him, passed him, and sped back down the rift.

For a rod or two after emerging from the gap, she kept to the bank: but her pursuer gaining rapidly upon her, and her strength apparently beginning to fail, she took to the water again. But Bentley was something of a swimmer himself, and when the strange creature mounted the opposite bank, her long hair dripping and sparkling in the moonlight, her pursuer was scarcely ten feet behind; and before she had covered twenty paces more his arms inclosed her.

She submitted without a struggle. Gasping pitifully, she fell to her knees and raised her hands imploringly, her beautiful features quivering in an agony of fear. Then her dumb lips were unsealed, and she poured forth a torrent of incoherent, unintelligible words.

All superstitious fear gone, Bentley looked down upon the wretched woman with profound pity. A great bruise, received in her fall no doubt, stood out upon her forehead; the nails of her delicate fingers were cruelly broken, and the fingers themselves torn and bleeding. The silk gown which she wore was rent in a score of places, and her slippers were literally slit to pieces and dyed crimson with the blood of her lacerated feet.

After a little, she allowed him to lead her along by the hand. To save her feet, he almost carried her up the steep ascent to the road. Their way was barred, near the top, by a shelf of rock five feet high or more. Bending over, he signed to her to use his back as a step, which she did, without hesitation. He then climbed up himself. To his amazement she was gone.

She had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed her. Bentley called, and looked behind every tree and bush. It was all in vain, and weary and depressed, he rode home.

The following Sunday Rev. Thulstrup gravely announced from the pulpit that the mysterious singer at Flat Rock, whose presence has threatened to demoralize Chester had been proved by a reputable citizen to be only a harmless, demented woman. Who the reputable citizen was, he did not make public; but about a week later a stranger called at the Bentleys', and asked Tom to tell him his story.

"It is just as I thought," observed the stranger, upon Tom's conclusion. "I have been searching for this woman for five weeks. She was an inmate of the insane asylum at Hamilton, but made her escape. She was an Italian prima donna. About a year ago her husband and her babe were burned to death in a hotel fire at Cincinnati, while she was singing in the opera-house. The misfortune drove her mad. The silk gown you saw was one of her stage costumes, which we sometimes allowed her to wear, to humor her. It is undoubtedly the only thread of clothing the poor woman has. You must help me find her."

They tried, he and Tom. They lay in wait two nights in succession, but apparently the timid songster had taken flight. The stranger, however, was resolute, and on the third day he organized a regular hunt by daylight. Twenty men and boys, under his direction, scoured every foot of ground in the Holbrook tract. They looked into every cave and fissure of the canon-like gorge of the river; peered into bushes that would not have sheltered a rabbit; kicked brush-piles; scrutinized the tree-tops; thrust canes and sticks into hollow logs. But the poor hunted creature eluded them all.

A small group centering around the stranger and his lieutenant, young Bentley, gathered at the edge of the river, about five o'clock.

"I guess we'll have to give it up for to-day, boys," said the stranger. "We'll drag the river in the morning."

Just then a halloo came from a near hill-top. Everybody swung about. Some one was beckoning excitedly.

"I guess they've got her," said the stranger, cheerfully, promptly moving off. The others followed.

On the top of the hill six or seven men were bunched in a group before a clump of hazel-bushes. The stranger, with Tom at his side, pushed through. In the center of the clump, on her side, her hair clustering over her temple, lay the beautiful mad singer—cold and dead. One thin, blue-veined hand pillowed her cheek; the other clutched a wisp of dead grass, and seemed in the act of bringing it to her mouth.

"Starved, my boy!" said the stranger, sadly, to Tom.

It was so. The emaciated arm was not strong enough to tear the coveted mouthful from its roots. Those lips which had ministered divine melody to thousands, were denied a handful of withered grass in return.

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH"

THIS flamboyant title has a firm foundation in the very hearts of the American people; and that being so, is it not our duty as citizens to prick this wind bag of flamboyancy in its rotten places before our patriotic day becomes inglorious? The moment liberty in pleasure touches the point of license it becomes rank dissipation; which is about the condition of Fourth of July celebrations in the large cities of the United States to-day. Law and order are without authority over the brutal tendencies of the small boy on that particular day. He cares nothing for the higher patriotic animus of the occasion; it is the time when he is allowed full gratification of his often fiendish desires, and, owing to modern inventions, he can riot in noise and juvenile anarchy unmolested by the law, unrestrained by his parents. To all invalids and nervous people the Fourth is a day of torture: in truth, for some years past, I have heard no grown person speak of our national holiday with anything but dreadful anticipation. What conception of government will a young mind have after he realizes that our celebration of Liberty means license given to his love of torment? He can throw burning firecrackers in the eyes of passers-by without reprimand; he can take revenge on any one he dislikes by letting off cannon torpedoes under his window all day. This gratification of revenge is probably the most disastrous of all the bad effects of our national holiday as it now exists.

It was my misfortune last year to witness a fiendish display such as no one could forget. Not being able to get out of the city until ten o'clock of the morning, I was awakened at four a. m. by a steady noise of cannon crackers set off in a court behind the houses on our block. Looking out I saw a boy of probably twelve years deliberately inflicting what appeared to be revenge upon some one in that block. Like a solitary fiend he worked there alone the entire day until eight at night without rest or food, as far as could be seen. He took no visible pleasure in the sport, he was a stranger to the neighborhood; his demeanor was such that those compelled to endure the infliction decided that he must be a mercenary paid to annoy some one out of revenge.

Nothing but public opinion can readjust these matters and give them the fair balance they showed fifteen years ago. There is no good reason why children should not be permitted to enjoy the Fourth in decent modera-

tion; something to be effected only by the formation of some law prohibiting the sale of such explosives as can easily be proved a nuisance: dangerous in the hands of children.

Foreigners happening in America on the Fourth, return to their homes ominously shaking their heads at our idea of liberty.

A little more celebration of the Great Idea; a little less worship of noise, would turn our present day of horrors into a Glorious Fourth at which history could never point the finger of contempt.

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THE UNCONSCIOUS LIAR

THE dictionary says "Every lie is an untruth, but not every truth is a lie," hence we draw the conclusion that the title used above, though a common enough expression, is improperly applied and an unconscious liar cannot exist. Granting this, we have, remaining open to consideration, those who are popularly, if mistakenly, conceded to be unconscious liars; those who have allowed the habit of exaggeration to grow upon them so firmly that the difference between truth and falsehood is no longer apparent to themselves; accordingly, they bring about misapprehension and infinite trouble through the medium of loose, unbridled tongues. In one respect, however, the dictionary definition fails to cover the facts. There are people who would affirm vehemently to their own conscience that lying is impossible to them; but at the first opportunity these same people extol their own virtues and achievments, with the purpose of furthering certain worldly ambitions, to an immoderate and false degree. Are they not unconscious liars? They deceive themselves, and they deceive everybody else within reach—if possible.

At any rate, we have, both right and left of us in our daily path, the unconscious falsifier, whose class is swelling in America day by day among women, until there arises some apprehension lest no American woman a hundred years hence, will be able to utter an unvarnished fact. Slangy exaggeration is largely responsible for this grave condition verging upon unconscious immorality. Along with so-called higher education women have every reason to cultivate some appreciation of the value of facts. Truth unadorned is more valuable than ornamental falsehood. Impetuous thinking and talking are both native to the female mind, but counting this a weakness, why do not mental development and breadth of comprehension tend towards elimination of a fault evidently growing in our country? A woman says to her husband: "I saw in the paper that fifty people were killed by strikers to-day." He hurries to read of this shocking labor condition and finds that five men were wounded, then carelessly reflects: "That's about as near as Mary ever comes to anything." The woman has done no harm by her statement beyond fixing a bad habit upon herself and undermining her husband's confidence in her intelligence and veracity—but is not that enough?

Exaggeration makes the girl scatterbrained; she talks without thinking; slang comes easier than pure English, therefore she adulterates her language without conscience, until it is with difficulty she speaks a smooth, cultivated sentence; and what is worse for her standard, considers those who do talk sense and grammer "beastly prigs." College education will not cure this lingual disease for girls any more than it does for boys; in fact, it seems likely that the modern imitation of masculine attributes prevalent among girls

is, in a way, responsibile for their skim-milk language.

A renaissance of ladyisims moderately applied would do more to restore refinement to feminine conversation than will facts learned out of books—judging from the results of the last fifteen years. Girls no longer aspire to be called a "lady"; "woman" is good enough for them. But much is to be said for the old-fashioned lady, the Grand Dame, so rare and charming a creature at any time.

❁

THE PLEASURE INSTINCT

THE fine edge of joy is sharpened by sorrow; we would not know that sugar was sweet, were not vinegar provided by way of instructive contrast; if all months were summertime our longing for that enjoyable season would cease. Owing to this perfect reasonableness of Nature where her laws are concerned, our appetites for the woods and all other places directly out in the smile of God are nicely whetted for summer pleasures when they are made possible to us.

A school for the education of a capacity for legitimate pleasure might be made a distinctly moral institution; in that pleasure, well-directed, tends to man's health and wisdom even if his wealth profiteth not at all under joy. A perfect pleasure must, first of all, be simple, dressed in the easy spontaniety of childhood. 'Tis not difficult to say to a man "Be happy," but no one can teach him the way of happiness without first preparing his nature to receive it, as the farmer makes ready soil for the seed. Many people enjoy what they carry along to eat out of doors infinitely more than they do the wonders of sea, sky or trees; but if these blind ones were once led to know the true vintage of joy in higher beauties, they might aspire to diplomas in any college of Pleasure. There is a champagne in the air of sea or hills leading to wholesale dissipation—that natural intemperance at whose instigation colts kick up their heels in the pasture and lambs grow skittish.

If during the course of every summer all men kicked up their heels because they wanted to—not because it is proper to feebly imitate such native procedings—healthful longevity would be soon in a fair way to become the rule. But how is a man to kick up his heels when his legs are stiff like walking sticks? Go out into the pastures where lessons can be had gratis; play with a child five minutes daily at its mental level, by so doing you will have read through the first reader devoted to the education of the pleasure instincts.

❁

FICTION

GOOD fiction is divided into two distinct classes—stories that arouse an excited, ephemeral interest parallel to the delight with which children watch a sky rocket ascend and burst gloriously; and stories of importance, so-called because of the author's firm grasp upon some radical phase of existence, or his perfect exposition of fundamental human emotions. Each style of fiction serves a purpose, but only stories of the second class can be relied upon as Fame earners. The important novel holds the lasting interest of the thinking people, who return to art as they perpetually seek out the secrets of eternity in all nature. Sky-rocket fiction contains no reserve power between the lines. It is to important fiction what milk is to cream; what an electric light is to a star—but much can be said for both milk and electric lights properly valued.

SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATION OF THE SYNDICATE

By Hayden Carruth

HE newspaper syndicate business is a development of the mercantile side of literature which it would have puzzled the hardy Grub Street worker of 100 years ago to understand—though it cannot be doubted that he would have hastened to avail himself of its advantages, had it been at hand. I dare say there are many honest folk among the "general public" who don't know what a newspaper syndicate is, and for the benefit of these let me say that it is a person, firm, company, corporation, or what not, which furnishes literary matter to newspapers throughout the country, usually duplicating the matter in a number of papers published at more or less widely separated points. Thus you may, if you will take the trouble to get copies of the publications, read Mr. Junius Beetlingbrow's short story in the "Chicago Hue-and-Cry," the "New Orleans Bayou," the "San Francisco Fog" and the "Plunkville Armored Cruiser," all under the same date. The syndicate buys the story from the author at a certain figure for cash, and sells it to the several publications, the price to each being much below the sum paid the author, but these various sales making in the aggregate something more than the amount paid; wherein lieth the profit for the syndicate. In fact, the price charged a given paper is founded more on its ability to pay than on the worth or cost of the story; thus, the Chicago sheet probably paid much more for Mr. B.'s idyl than did the Plunkville periodical.

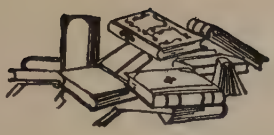
The newspaper syndicate is a comparatively new institution, having originated only some score of years ago. Perhaps it was the inevitable outcome of the "patent inside," long the sheet-anchor of the country weekly. The patent inside, be it said for the benefit of the uninformed, is a sheet of paper with printed matter upon one side, made up in two or four pages. This is supplied to the publisher in the small town by a large concern in some central city; and on the other side the circumscribed editor prints his local news and editorials, folds it up, and, behold! a newspaper. The patent inside is an invention or discovery of much older date than the syndicate; but at present standing between the two is the institution known as "plate"—by the irreverent (that is, those who do not use it)—"boiler plate." Plate is simply stereotyped plates, ready to be inserted in the forms with or without neighboring columns of type. The publisher who has risen above patent insides may thus make up and print his own interior pages; and often the smaller dailies and the more ambitious country weeklies use it here and there on any page in pleasing contrast to type-set matter. Some plate houses even send out a full news service every night, with a touch of the later happenings by wire, to the nearby dailies, who use it with great eclat, except when the express train carrying it chances to be late, or a sleepy messen-

ger puts it off at the wrong station, when considerable explanation is generally due the reader, with dark hints of prostrate telegraph wires and broken presses; indeed, it is sometimes necessary to conjure up a severe electric storm "down the line," cutting off "our special telegraphic service."

Scientifically then, or to classify it still more closely, geologically, we find the patent inside to be the oldest stratum. Superimposed upon this is the boiler plate. On this rests the syndicate. And above this the geologist finds the most recent formation, the literary agent. The investigator in many instances finds these strata irregular and merged into one another —a state of affairs perhaps produced by the volcanic upheavals of good times or the glacial pressure and attrition of more stringent seasons. The two lower strata are outside the province of our studies; the topmost requires a chapter to itself; let us confine ourselves to the syndicate formation.

It was rumored some time ago that the syndicate business, especially in its fiction branch, was losing ground. The manager of one important concern was heard to say that "fiction won't sell any more." One large New York syndicate gradually went out of existence; but new ones have sprung up, and other old ones seem to continue prosperous. Perhaps a leaning toward specialization is noted in the newer ones. Thus one just started proposes to furnish one daily story of fifteen hundred words. Authors who have formerly worked at three thousand words are requested to go ahead at half speed. Others who have shown an indicated pen-power of one thousand words are admonished to use forced draught and get up the required speed. Procrustes may, so they say, thank his stars that he is dead and off the stage; he was but a bungler. If this tendency toward specialization is real and continues, it will spoil the plan of one man who has dreamed of forming a great syndicate trust, to combine everything of the sort, and to be called the National Thought Supply and Newspaper Feeding Company.

Whether or not the syndicate has been a benefit to the author is, we believe, still an open question. It has, no doubt, increased his market, but there are other things to be taken into consideration. If he has sometimes done slovenly work and stilled his artistic conscience by the thought that it was for a syndicate, it has not been a good thing for him. But, on the other hand, perhaps an artistic conscience thus easily stilled is not worth worrying about. It has been thought by some undignified for an author of standing to do syndicate work, and have his efforts appear in that beforementioned sheet with the line, "written for the 'Plunkville Armored Cruiser' " above it. The suggestion has been made that it would give a shock to the admirer of the author, especially if he were to run across a paper published in a neighboring state, and find that the same story or poem was "written for the 'Podunk Palladium.' " Others have suggested that only the highest and the lowest—the really great writer and the penny-a-liner—can with safety to themselves contribute to the syndicate—as it is sometimes said that only the proprietor and the porter in a big mercantile establishment can afford to wear a shabby overcoat. But this count against syndicate writing can scarcely hold; if the work is good 'tis enough; "honor and shame from no condition rise." Certainly many of the best and most conscientious authors have done work for the syndicates, and probably will continue to do so.

A GLANCE  AT BOOKS

The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War

The most interesting, and by all means the most comprehensive account of our great War of the Rebellion recently published, is to be found in Prof. Fiske's attractive volume.

Beginning with the capture of Camp Jackson in Missouri, early in May, '61, by General Lyon, the history of each battle down to the annihilation of Hood's army by General Thomas at Nashville, at the close of the war, is succinctly and clearly described. Prof. Fiske's delightful style and his direct method of writing is a boon to the lover of history, who too often finds facts befogged or distorted. None the less grateful is his perfectly clear explanation of cause, process and result. Not many writers have recognized, or expressed their recognition of the importance of those early battles in Missouri: Pea Ridge, for example—which by striking directly at the heart of the rebellion, paved the way for Shiloh and Vicksburg.

Scarcely less exact is his judgment of men. The noble character of General Lyon, the inexcusable errors and incapacity of Fremont as a general, the remarkable ability of Thomas, and the injustice done Fitz-John Porter are touched upon with brief but marvellous comprehension; and he is equally unerring in discovering salient characteristics of the Confederate officers.

Possibly over-severe in his estimate of General Benj. F. Butler, Professor Fiske pays a high tribute to the mettle of American soldiers; and the efficiency of our industrial, peace-loving nation in warfare. He notes the novel part played by our navy in the Rebellion, rendering it a deserved and glowing homage.

Equally true are his pungent strictures on those critical stay-at-homes, whose chief delight is to blame and find fault with soldiers for not accomplishing the inexpedient or impossible.

In addition to its value as history, the book teems with those interesting facts of interest to the general reader, and, alas, so often omitted. For example: How many persons realize that of all the battles of the Civil war, only Chattanooga enlisted the services of our four most famous Union generals: Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas? Certainly no one interested in that most remarkable conflict of modern days can afford to miss reading this valuable addition to our country's histories. (By John Fiske. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price $2.00.)

The Prelude and the Play

By Rufus Mann, is a tale of illusion —disillusion—and final reunion of two young lovers. The scene is laid at first in a college town, unmistakably Cambridge; and then shifts to Europe, where the disenchanted wife recovers her true poise and is reconciled to her husband. There is a little crudeness of style and plot, and the reader's attention is jerked rather than guided from one phase of the story to another, but the book contains many fine thoughts well expressed. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

General Albert Pike's Poems

General Albert Pike, eminent lawyer, soldier, editor, author and Mason, who was at the time of his death in 1891, and had been for many years, grand commander of the supreme council of the 33d degree, Scottish Rite Masons, for the southern jurisdiction of the United States, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., wrote beautiful poetry for a pastime. A privately printed edition of 100 copies was issued for his friends years ago, but strange to say, although stray verses from his pen had been copied in almost every newspaper in the country, his poems have never been published for general circulation until this time. No little interest has been aroused by an edition which has just been brought out by the Book Exchange (Allsopp & Chapple, proprietors) Little Rock, Ark., Octavo, 530 pp., bound in half morocco, price $2.50.

EVERY YEAR

Life is a count of loses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year;
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of Death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
"Every year."

The shores of life are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its Morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

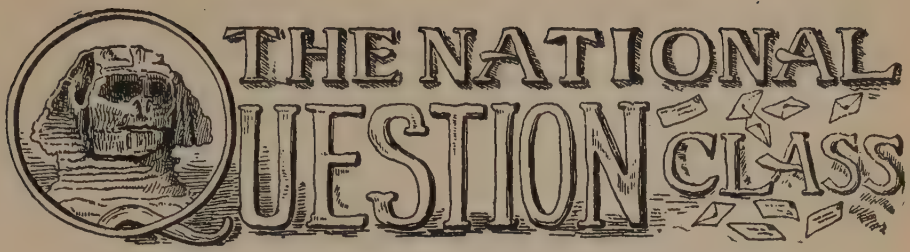
The volume contains about 150 poems, most of which are poetic gems, including "Hymns to the Gods," which Christopher North, as editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," said entitled Pike to "take his rank in the highest order of his country's poets;" "Every Year," beautiful but pathetic, and others which will delight any lover of good poetry. General Pike was a native of Boston.

Beacon Biographies

Three good men and great, and one great with considerable unexpected goodness in him, are those just "biographed" in the neat, useful "Beacon Biographies." John Brown of Ossawatamie is eloquently eulogized by Edgar Chamberlain; Frederick Douglass, foremost of his down-trodden race, is sketched skilfully by Charles W. Chesnutt; Nathaniel Hawthorne of the Salem Custom House is outlined by the reverent hand of Mrs. Annie Fields of Boston, and poor, ill-starred Aaron Burr is generously, frankly, convincingly treated by Henry Childs Merwin. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

When Grandmamma Was New

By Marion Harland, is as likely to appeal to what she quaintly calls "grownuppers," as to the younger audiences for whom it is primarily intended. It is a fresh and wholesome account of childhood in by-gone days. (Lothrop & Co., Boston.)



Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY

First Prize: Miss Emeline Howard Mann, 1603 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize: Miss Alice M. Freeman, Gibbins St., Somerville, Mass.

Third Prize: Miss Lila Hurlbut, Glenwood, Iowa.

Fourth Prize: Mrs. Fanny S. Curtis, Colchester, Conn.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN MAY

Literature

1. After Hallam's death Tennyson remained in retirement for several years, breaking his seclusion only by an occasional visit to London. The first fruits of this retirement were made public in 1842. In two volumes issued at that date the world first made acquaintance with "The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "Locksley Hall," etc. These poems took the reading world by storm. "Dora" has been compared to Goethe's "Herman and Dorathea" as an almost perfect idyl. "Locksley Hall," said to have been based upon personal experience, sang itself into the hearts of the English nation.

2. The "Deserted Village" was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who afterwards painted a fine picture of "Resignation," and to the print taken from it he appended some lines quoted from the "Deserted Village." This print was dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith as a complimentary return.

3. In the December "Contemporary Review," Robert Buchanan published an article entitled "The Voice of the Hooligans." This article expressed the opinion that Rudyard Kipling is par excellence "The Voice of the Hooligans," meaning that he stands for and expresses all that is obstreperous, vulgar and barbarous in 'our present day civilization.' Walter Besant, taking up the cudgels in defence of Mr. Kipling, denies in toto this assertion, and the spirited discussion between him and Robert Buchanan is still going on.

4. Mr. John Hay was graduated from Brown University at twenty. He studied law under Abraham Lincoln, went to Washington with him as assistant secretary, acting also as his adjutant and aid-de-camp. Editorial writer on the New York "Tribune" for five years, he was, during seven months of that time, the editor-in-chief. He served as assistant secretary of state from November 1, 1879, to May 3, 1884, and acted as president of the Industrial Sanitary Congress. Ambassador to Great Britain in the early part of the present administration, he returned in 1898 to accept the office of secretary of state. His "Life of Lincoln" secured a great circulation and the approval of the best critics. Appointed one of the Peace Commissioners to Paris, from observing the attitude of the great powers towards China, he was instrumental in demanding and obtaining

written guarantee of the "open door" in China. He was successful in the settlement of the Alaskan boundary question. The American success at the Hague and the treaty resulting from it and the treaties of reciprocity with France, Argentine and the British West Indies are more evidences of his quiet, effective work.

5. Blue roses expresses the unattainable of the very highest ideal. As Wordsworth calls it, "The light that never was seen on sea or land."

Art

1. Dante Gabriel Rosetti married Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman and a London milliner's assistant. She is described as very attractive in appearance, with hair of a deep coppery red, pale, luminous complexion, and delicate features. She posed as the model for Millais' famous painting of "Ophelia."

2. Paul Potter showed from youth the germs of early death. Many writers have attributed his premature death to his excessive overwork, for he toiled early and late, and took no rest. Though he burned the candle at both ends, yet owing to his early death, (before he had completed his twenty-ninth year) this patient, faithful admirer of animals and landscapes, leaving but few works, has yet left behind him a reputation which has been steadily increasing as a conscientious, truth-loving artist.

3. Upon the second visit to England of Hans Holbein the younger, through the influence, it is supposed, of Thomas Cromwell, he became attached to the court. At the request of Henry VIII. he made a family picture of the king, his father and family which obtained the post of honor at Whitehall. He became the favorite painter of Henry VIII., and it was while painting a portrait of that monarch that he died of the plague in 1543.

4. The long-continued wars and civil troubles had affected the trade of Holland. Amsterdam especially felt the depression. Rembrandt, under the terms of his wife's will, inherited her money until his remarriage or the marriage of their son. This money, with his own, was tied up in his house and in his large collection of valuable pictures. He, to keep things going, was compelled to borrow considerable money on his house. But his financial affairs becoming more involved, nothing could avert his ruin, and he was declared a bankrupt, an inventory of all his property being ordered by the Insolvency Chamber. The sale that took place realized but a fraction of the value of the collection, and after the sale of the house, he retired to an obscure quarter at the west end of the city.

5. St. Cecilia was painted to ornament the chapel of St. Giovanni in Monte at Bologna. Raphael sent it to his old friend, Francisco Francia, asking him to superintend the unpacking of it, to repair the accidents which the removal might have caused, and even to make any correction he might think proper. Yasari says, "That Francia in his old age, had been ardently desiring to see a work by Raphael, with whom he had formerly been intimately connected, but whose marvellous works had been for a long time known to him only by reputation, and that, upon opening the cases, the Bolognese painter was seized with such a stupor of admiration, that he sickened and soon after died."

General

1 When Tromp, the Dutch admiral, appeared off the coast of England, he hoisted a broom on his ship, to signify his intention of sweeping the ships of England from the sea. In retaliation the English admiral hoisted a horse-

whip, to indicate his intention of drubbing the Dutch. According to this legend, the pennant symbolizes a horsewhip, and it is not unfrequently called "The Whip."

2. One morning at Rachrin, while lying on his wretched bed, Bruce deliberated with himself whether it would not be better to resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and spend the rest of his life fighting against the Saracens. While thus reflecting and doubtful of what he should do, his eye was attracted by a spider endeavoring to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. Bruce counted six times the insect had tried to carry its point, and failed. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies. "Now," thought Bruce, "if the insect makes another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortunes in Scotland, but if the spider fail I will go to the wars in Palestine." Scarcely had this resolution been formed when the spider, with all the force it could master, succeeded in fastening the thread to the beam. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved once more to try his fortune against his enemies.

3. In 1765, a man named Boulanger established in the rue des Poulé, Paris, a restaurant. He placed over the door these words: "Venite ad me, omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurbo." Boulanger sold soups or consommés, cooked fowls, and fresh eggs, and the guests were served at little marble tables.

4. The "Woolsack" is a large square bag of wool, without back or arms, covered with a red or a green cloth. In the reign of Elizabeth an act of Parliament prohibited the exportation of wool, and the woolsack was afterward placed in the House of Lords in commemoration of this.

5. Virginia, the "Old Dominion," is so called because it was the oldest successful British colony founded in America.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JULY

Literature

1. Who was Owen Meredith?
2. How did Lord Byron lose his life?
3. What was Mark Twain's first great literary success, and how was the work published?
4. Who was "Sam Slick," and where was his home before he went to London to reside?
5. What woman wrote, perhaps, the grandest battle hymn ever read?

Art

1. What special collection of antiquities makes the Metropolitan Museum of New York singularly rich?
2. What splendid collection of pictures does Baltimore possess?
3. What family in Omaha, Nebraska, enjoys the possession of a rare collection of paintings and other art treasures?
4. What picture of Count Michael Munkacsy, who has just died, made him famous; who bought it, and where does it hang? What two great pictures of his does the Hon. John Wanamaker own?
5. Who is the architect of the United States Building at the Paris Exposition, and what other notable work has he done?

General

1. Who was Robert Fulton, and where is he buried?
2. In what country are more books published each year than in England, France and the United States combined?
3. How came "Mt. Vernon" to be so named?
4. What were the "Cinque Ports," and why were they so important?
5. What was the "Pulaski Banner," and where is it now?

PRIZES FOR JULY

First Prize: An original drawing by a prominent American artist.

Second Prize: Bound Volume X., "The National Magazine."

Third Prize: "The Adviser," an indispensable guidebook to the Paris Exposition.

Fourth Prize: "Dreams and Omens."

Apropos Miss Johnston's Great Novel

Two old ladies of Washington were given a copy of "To Have and To Hold," on a certain Sunday by a friend. They were eager to begin the story at once, but had conscientious scruples against novel reading on Sunday. It is related that in order to effect a proper compromise between their desires and the sanctity of the Sabbath, they retired at sunset, and rose soon after midnight. They stopped only a few minutes for breakfast and had finished the volume Monday before the family washing was dry! It is said that a child entered the Providence public library the other day and said her mother wanted "that new book of Mary Johnston's, "To Get and To Keep." Here is another tribute to contemporaneous literature from the west: At the Delivery Desk — Small Girl—"Will you give me the book my sister wants?" Librarian—"But what book is it?" Small Girl—"Oh, I don't know. But she wants it very much." Librarian (at a venture)—"Is it 'To Have and To Hold?'" Small Girl—"Yes; that's it—all I could think of was 'If you get it, freeze to it!'"

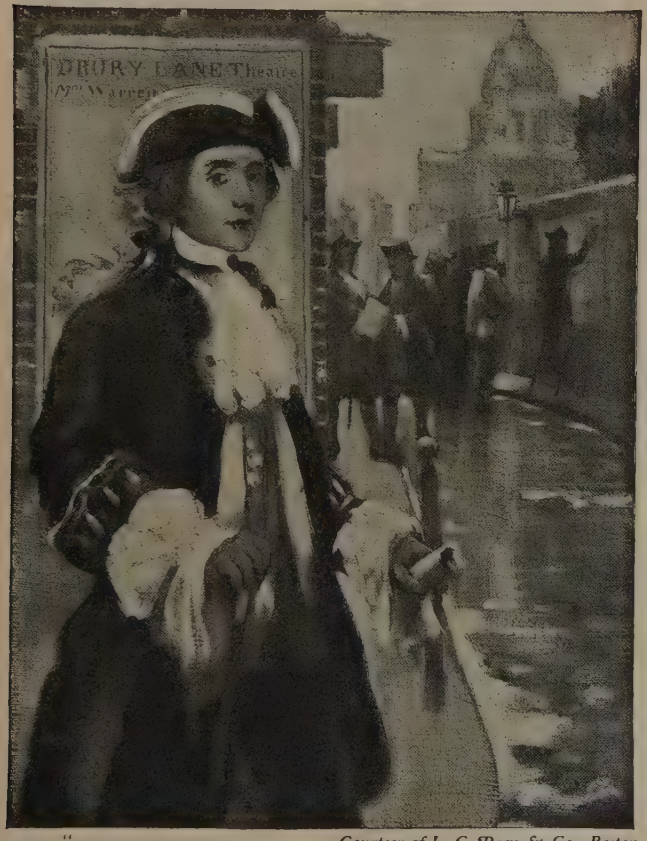
MISS MARY JOHNSTON, AUTHOR OF "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"

Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston

Hic Jacet Shag Rock,— and a Homily

Many thousand voyagers westward bound through the "Golden Gate," have shuddered in passing the ugly, jagged menace to navigation

known as "Shag Rock," in 'Frisco Bay. A keen engineering brain, nine tons of nitro-glycerine, and an opportune touch of an electric button, threw 3800 tons of this excrescence on the surface of civilization into fragments, killing thousands of fish in the vicinity. "Tough on the fish!" exclaims the humanitarian of anti-imperialistic proclivities. Quite true: just as it's bad for belligerent Filipino folly, flying in the face of an irresistible Providence on the firing line. But what endless hundred thousand blessings—hope to millions who had none, stronger and better bone, brain and controllable brawn. Discretion, the better part of true valor, is equally lacking in the natives of Luzon and the fish of San Francisco bay. Neither knows enough to keep out of the way of progress. Shag Rock was eternally unfit for its own independence. It's gone—forever gone and good riddance. Go to the fish, Aguinaldo! Consider their ways, and be wise!



FROM "PHILIP WINWOOD" *Courtesy of L. C. Page & Co., Boston*

gain, in both cases, to this and to coming generations. Watch and see lasting good rising from the ashes of obstinate and useless resistance in the Philippines. Where civilization brings ten evils, like the saloon, it brings a

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A New Novel And its Author Robert Neilson Stephens, author and dramatist, came into literary work by the natural pathway leading through newspaper work.

Mr. Stephens was born in Pennsylvania, July 22, 1867, his father being principal of an academy in Bloomfield. He entered business life as a printer's devil in the office of a country newspaper; later, he became clerk to a bookseller and stationer; then learned shorthand, and eventually became secretary to the managing editor of the Philadelphia "Press" in December, 1886. He was soon promoted to a staff position, taking charge of the theatrical department, and doing reporting and correspondence. During this period several short stories from his pen were published in various maga-

zines. In 1893 he made his debut as a theatrical agent and dramatist. At the suggestion of L. C. Page & C o., the Boston publishers, he wrote a novel based on the play, "An Enemy to the King." "The Continental Dragoon" was brought out by the same house in April, 1898, and "The Road to Paris" in October of the same year. His fourth book, "A Gentleman Player: His Adventures on a Secret Mission for Queen Elizabeth," was brought out in May, 1899, and has been very successful. A new novel, dealing with the adventures of an American officer during the war of the revolution, has just been published under the title of "Philip Winwood," and has the remarkable record of having sold thirty thousand copies before publication, and is well started on its way to be the most popular book of the season. Mr. Stephens was married in 1889.

NIXON WATERMAN

Courtesy Forbes & Co., Chicago

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens went abroad last spring and are traveling leisurely through England and the Continent. They will probably return to the United States next summer.

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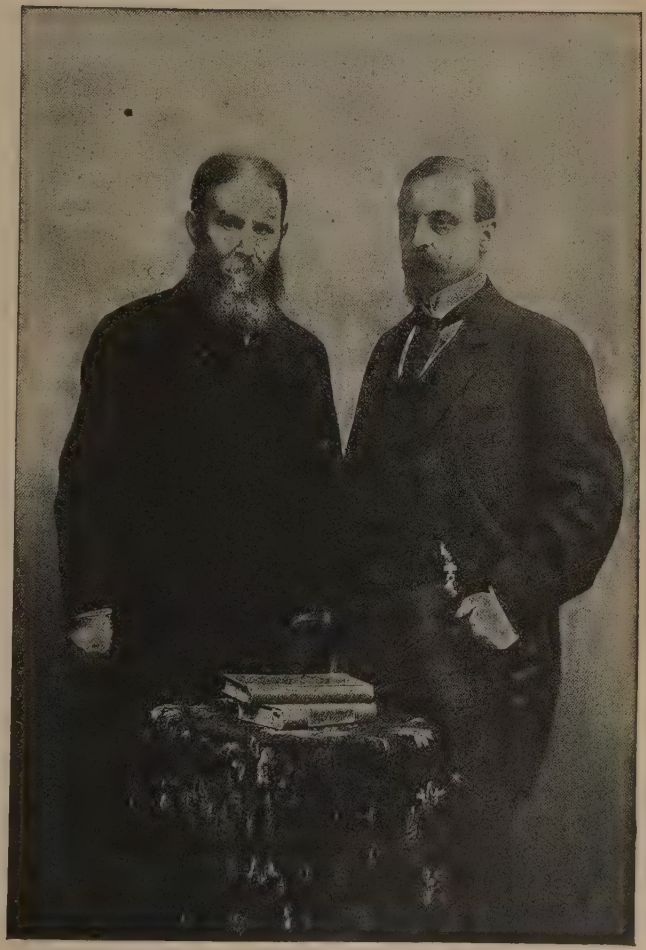
Nixon Waterman, Poet

Somehow the words written in the measures of Nixon Waterman have a trick of recurring at intervals to any soul appreciating true music. Go with him on "A Walk Through the Woods," —into the "Garden of Genius,"—or "Toward Sunset,"—or over to "Easyville," or even unto "The Jumpin-Off Place,"—the message of appeal to heart and to the highest rings clearly, sweetly, unmistakably through it all. His new "Book of Verses" (would there were more such!) is all but perfect as a gift—it only lacks the portrait which his publishers, Forbes and Company, of Chicago, present in this issue of "The National." After the most case-hardened pessimist reads that scathing "Open Letter," let him take a bite of "Aunt Lucinda's Cookies," and read "Just Common Folks," and he's bound to have a more wholesome respect for life and people and things. And then who could resist the logic of this:

> Find the soul's high place of beauty,
> Not in a man-made work of creeds;
> But where desire ennobles duty
> And life is full of your kindly deeds.
> The bliss is yours. Would you fain begin it?
> Pave with love each golden mile,
> And thus Heaven here this minute,
> And not far off in the Afterwhile.

Jeremiah Curtin, the Translator

A portrait in which the literary world will be intensely interested, taken in Warsaw, Poland, but a few weeks ago, is presented herewith through the courtesy of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, the Polish novelist's only authorized American publishers. Much interest is naturally manifested in seeing the portrait of the man through whom the great genius of Sienkiewicz has become known to the English-speaking world. The difficulties to be overcome by a translation from the Polish of such works as "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," "Hania," "Pan Michael," and "Knights of the Cross" are little short of prodigious. How well Jeremiah Curtin accomplishes this monumental task may be determined from the following extract from a letter he has, written in Sienkiewicz' characterful hand. "I understand the difficulties, . . . especially in the translation of historical novels, the language of which is somewhat archaic in character. I admire not only the sincere conscientiousness and accuracy, but also the skill with which you did the work. Your countrymen will establish your merit better than I; as to me, I can only desire that you, and no one else should translate all that I write." The second volume of the only authorized edition of the "Knights of the Cross" is just published by Little, Brown & Co. Any other editions in English are incomplete, inaccurate, unwarrantable and literally unenjoyable.



JEREMIAH CURTIN HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ (WARSAW, 1900)

* * *

Bravo! Justine Ingersoll!

A wholly charming, artistically constructed and wholesome short story—more penetrating than most sermons, has been published by Justine Ingersoll in a recent issue of that splendid illustrated monthly, "Truth."

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

THERE is a notable national significance in the visit of 1500 school teachers from Cuba to attend a summer school in Boston at Harvard. It is also appropriate that this visit should be made during the month that commemorates our own national independence. If this generous and noble undertaking on the part of the government, and the citizens of Boston in throwing open their houses and entertaining these guests, contemplated aught else, but the ultimate absolute independence of Cuba, we should be open to the charge of deep-dyed hypocrisy. But the motive that has inspired Superintendent A. E. Frye and his coadjutors is above suspicion. It is one of helpfulness to the race, and even at this time, Cuba is given all the privileges—aye, more than that—the advantages of a century's experience in building up our own republic and educational institutions. This opportunity to study the fundamental principles, in the very atmosphere that gave birth to freedom, is indeed a privilege which no country heretofore has ever bestowed upon another. Despite the aspersions of skeptics and cynics, the generous and totally unselfish attitude of the United States towards Cuba is without a parallel in history. In fact it has been so much a departure from the usages of the dark middle ages, that it is misunderstood and beyond the conception of those who can see no motive in international courtesy beyond that actuated by supreme selfishness.

* * *

The guests are welcomed to Boston in the name of the nation and of freedom. We offer them freely all that we can do to assist in planting the true seeds of liberty and prosperity through the medium of schools. This is the only avenue open to attain the desired results. Conquering armies never have completed the civilization of a people. Their love, admiration and absolute confidence must first be won. Who can measure the results of this visit? Under 1500 school teachers imbued with the magic influences of a country blessed with liberty, ten years from now their scholars will go forth with a truer conception of the best ideals, as well as those amiable traits of which there are many things

for Americans to learn in the chivalry and traditions of Spanish life in the western world.

* * *

The influence of a school teacher is a more potential factor in national life than is often realized. I know of a dozen boys inspired with high ideals, a thirst for knowledge and uncompromising ambition at the most impressionable age, by a teacher whose memory is revered. How well I recall when she told us of her visit to Boston, and going to the places where the very birth of national history and literature occurred. These incidental "talks" made the class recitations fascinating instead of an irksome task. So it will be with these 1500 teachers, when they return to Cuba and tell their scholars of America and of what an education means. Then there will be the incentive to learn and take advantage of all that Cuban liberty means. Such environments furnish infinitely greater influences for permanent instruction than can be obtained from books. Our Spanish greeting elsewhere indicates the sincere interest we take in our Cuban guests. May every moment be an inspiration for their consecration to a noble life-work in the interest of Cuba Libre and the best ideals of manhood and womanhood.

WE take pleasure in announcing a decision reached by an advertising expert as to the best answers sent us in reference to the fifteen questions proposed in a recent issue of "The National Magazine." The answers indicate a most wholesome and enthusiastic interest in the advertising pages. What we, as well as the advertisers, desire to know, is what kind of an advertisement appeals to and convinces readers to the extent of a purchase. The advertisers desire specefic results. The prize is awarded to Mr. E. N. Bagg, of Boston, whose answers contain good suggestions for advertisers.

THE prize for the best photograph for the July magazine is awarded for the picture taken at Senator Depew's garden party, in which a group of the leading ambassadors are shown. The picture has certainly a unique interest at this time. In these photographs we prefer subjects that have a national and timely interest. Mr. Clinedinst is the name of the winner of the first prize in this contest.

THE first of a series of art articles, by E. Valisé, a conscientious critic on original lines relating to pictures reproductions of which connoiseurs will be glad to preserve, will pear in "The National Magazine" for August. Many of the pictures which appear in this series have never before been reproduced in any magazine. Such as are more familiar are plates which cannot be too often repeated. Something interesting about every artist represented will be developed in every instance.

THERE is no other question at this time of more national importance than the Chinese problem. The dispatches at this writing point to a serious and grave situation as a result of the "Boxer" outbreak. Henry L. Fobes, staff correspondent of "The National Magazine," who left Boston in January, is now at Shanghai and has forwarded an illustrated article to be published in our next issue. Observations made by Mr. Fobes at this time will give a clear indication as to what extent American interests are involved in the perplexing problem.

CONSCIENCE IN CLOTHES

THE dawn of a new prosperity throughout the country is evidenced by many significant facts. Business and professional men, relieved of the weight of care caused by the commercial depression of the past months, are lightening the strain by giving an increased share of their attention to other matters. Outdoor sports, a week in the Maine woods, a day at the race track—all are elements making for the rejuvenation of the jaded slave of finance or the too intent watcher of the fluctuations of the tide of business.

Another specially significant fact is the increased amount of attention paid to their personal appearance by all men. With the Wall street thermometer hovering around zero and their favorite stock dropping out of sight, the shade of a necktie or the set of a coat was too slight a matter to claim consideration. All this, however, is now changed, and the business man, professional man, broker and merchant, in fact all classes, are seen in daily increasing numbers coming out of Macullar, Parker Company's salesrooms with the satisfied expression of men who are conscious that they have secured the proper thing in clothes at the most reasonable price consistent with the well-known superiority of the product of this firm.

What mother of a healthy son has not met the preplexities of keeping the boy well clothed at the least possible outlay? This is a question which the Macullar, Parker Company has successfully solved. They have first of all studied the boys, and the portions of the clothing where extra strength is required. The suits are

made by expert tailors and so made as to obtain the greatest possible service from the cloth. Any mother who has ever purchased clothing for her boys at Macullar, Parker Company's need not be told where to go, because the confidence established in the initial purchase is permanent, and the boy grows into a man, and this fact explains in part the phenomenal growth and strength of this establishment. Once they begin with the boys, securing the mother's or parents' endorsement, the boy himself later on studies and derives the same results in purchase of clothing, because of the necessity of being well dressed.

The entrance to the custom department is 398 Washington street, a location quite familiar to Boston and New England people. Here is where is always found a large stock of foreign and domestic goods—the goods that are always proper and serviceable. The garments are made to measure with all that it is possible to secure in tailorcraft. The best cutting talent to be obtained is employed, and the manufacturing is done in special rooms by thoroughly skilled men tailors.

There is no need in the clothing line that has not been thoroughly studied by this firm, down to the veriest detail. And from a hygenic standpoint, the purchase of clothing from Macullar, Parker Company is an important consideration. It is the one firm that is absolutely proof against the product of the "sweat shop" and the attendant dire consequences of this distribution of sweat-shop products. Look into the matter personally, and visit the establishment of Macullar, Parker Company, and you will be grateful for the suggestion which led to the purchase of thoroughly reliable, healthful and properly made clothing. There is a decided feeling of satisfaction attendant upon purchasing so important an adjunct to one's personal appearance where one has every confidence in the quality of the goods and the honesty, skill and good taste of the makers.

There's pretty good precedent, also, for patronizing the Macullar, Parker Company. When we state that such men as Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Beecher, Longfellow, and a host of their contemporaries were regular customers of this famous establishment, it gives the reader some idea of what a high standard of excellence must have been maintained through all the long years of its business existence.

There is a vast difference between the "cheap clothing" of the sweat shop or tenement make and the "clothing that is cheap" by reason of the style, comfort and durability obtained for the money expended. The Macullar, Parker Company's product is "cheap" because the customer invariably obtains the very best in the essentials of first-class materials, skilled workmanship, and faultless style and fit.

The establishment at 398 and 400 Washington street, Boston, (in the same location for nearly forty years) is a striking example of up-to-date methods in the making of clothing. About five acres of floor space is occupied in the five story and basement building, which is a model for the purpose.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is the abundance of light. The second is the scrupulous cleanliness. The eye searches the floor, the corners, everywhere in vain for a sign of carelessness in this particular. The third is the contented faces of the workers. There is none of the tired, hopeless class here. The little army is composed, happy, with a cheerful side glance for the stranger, as he threads his way about under the courteous guidance of his mentor. There are sewing machines—rows of them—bu

a tiny wire, connecting with a hidden dynamo, furnishes the power, and the operator simply guides the work with skillful hands. The sanitary arrangements are the same as those of a modern hotel. It is a workshop where everybody is busy, but where there is not the remotest hint that dirt and despair are the natural accompani-

ments of toil. In this sense the atmosphere is distinctly uplifting.

As an instance of special care in detail, the white vests and shirts are made in a carpeted room. This room is suggestive in every detail of the neatness required in the putting together of these delicate garments. It is like the others, a perfect workroom for its purpose.

Let us descend to the main basement, which has also an entrance on Hawley street. Here the main stock of piece goods is kept. The firm are heavy importers, and a select trade is done with custom tailors all over the country. A large number of traveling men are constantly employed, and there are branch offices located in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, with a foreign purchasing agency in London, at 30 Golden square—known to readers of Dickens as the place of residence of Ralph Nickleby. All power, light and heat are made on the premises in the sub-basement, where there is about one-hundred horse power housed in the latest machinery.

The Macullar, Parker Company employs the largest force of any house in the world that makes or sells ready-to-wear clothing only at retail. It is especially noteworthy in this age of disagreement between employer and employee, to observe the pleasant re-

lations existing between this firm and its workmen.

Decidedly, the establishment of the Macullar, Parker Company stands as a high example of integrity and worth in its especial field, and fully deserves the exalted place it has attained in the regard of its customers.

The main office of the firm and the director's room adjoining, on the second floor, are a veritable storehouse of historical reminiscence. Everywhere are tributes to old New England. A series of photographs of old Boston churches and other notable buildings ornament the walls of the counting-room, and are a record of the growth of the metropolis. In the director's room, which has the dignity and atmosphere of the old-fashioned bank parlor, Mr. Parker takes the visitor to a book-case stored with rare and valuable old books relating to Boston, including directories of different dates as far back as 1820. In the directory of 1840 is found the name of "Daniel Webster, Counsellor, Court street, corner Tremont street."

Memories of the best and wisest period of New England life cluster all about the establishment, are interwoven with its traditions, are a part of its history. There is a notable tradition that the Prince of Wales, during his visit to the United States, while staying at the Revere House in Boston, in October, 1860, purchased of this house an "Inverness" traveling cape, when about leaving for Portland to take the steamship for England on the 19th of that month. This is probably the only purchase of ready-made clothing His Highness ever made in his life.

To praise the output of Macullar, Parker Company is a work of superogation. A firm whose senior member welcomes the grandchildren of his first patrons needs little other recommendation to the large number who have still to learn the pleasure and satisfaction of dealing at this establishment.

A WONDERFUL MINING CITY REVIVIFIED

THERE'S a fascination about a gold mine for most people that is totally lacking in any other industry, and a glamour of romance connected with gold mining. One thinks of Indians and the picturesque figures of the forty-niners; of lonely prospectors setting forth into the mountains with blankets and grub-stake on a burro, in search of signs; and of rich strikes. But in these materialistic days gold mining, like all other branches of business, has been reduced to a science. Romance has given place to cold, hard facts. To be sure, there still remains the ever present possibility of making an unexpected strike that will send the stock a hundred times above par and produce fabulous dividends for the investors, but otherwise gold mining is much like railroading. One buys a block of stock of such a company as the Home Exten ion Co., of Leadville, and feels assured of steady and remunerative dividends. It only remains tochoose a perfectly reliable company, having a mine of proved productiveness, and the investor may be quite easy in his mind regarding forthcoming dividends.

A notable example of successful gold mining operations during the past year in the famous Leadville district is that of the Home Mining Co. The history of this company's progress in public esteem to its present high standard is easily told. In August of 1899 the stock of the company could hardly find a purchaser at thirty cents a share, but in October huge deposits of rich ores were uncovered and the value of shares appreciated by leaps and bounds. On October 21, speculators bid as high as $11.50 per share, four days later it was quoted at $20; in November it was estimated that the ore in sight would produce $6,000,000 within the next four years; and in April, 1900, the company declared a 100 per cent dividend; and in May a 50 per cent dividend, carrying a large amount to surplus besides announcing at the same time the probability of continuing at this rate throughout the year, and an extra at the end of the year. But little stock could now be had at $25 per share. Of course the success of this company greatly stimuiated the operations of such companies as were still working their mines, and of others who had taken up properties like those of the Home Mining Company, such as the Rialto, Moyer, Resurrection, Greenback, Small Hopes, Mab and other companies.

A new company, the Home Extension Mining Company, has secured territory adjacent to, and westward of that of the Home Mining Company, underlying eighteen city lots in close proximity to Harrison Avenue, the business part of the city, and themselves of great value. The Penrose, Starr and Bohn shafts of the Home Mining Company range exactly in line with the areas held by the Home Extension Mining Company. This enormously rich shute of the Home Mining Company has been worked up to the line of the Home Extension Mining Company's property which, according to the maps of the United States Geological Survey, made by S. E. Emmons in 1882 and 1893, and admitted by all mining experts to be universally accurate—offer even more favorable conditions for economical working and ultimate development than those of the Home Mining Co.

The "Denver Republican" of May 16 showed that the Leadville mines thus far reclaimed and developed were

LAFAYETTE ODE: PARIS, JULY 4, 1900

I

TO France as to the sister of her soul
Columbia sends this wreath of immortelle,
Green for the grave of her immortal son:
Columbia rears this love-engirdled shaft,
The tribute of her children and a prayer
That never in all the changing after years
Shall night o'ertake the fame of Lafayette.

II

Our fathers' fathers knew him face to face;
They grasped his hand in gladness when he came;
They heard him wise at council in the hall;
They saw him like a lion in the field:
A light heart that was stranger to despair;
A brave heart that was buoyant in the fight;
A true heart that in triumph or defeat
Was steadfast to its purpose as the stars.

III

He did not ask for honors or for gold;
He volunteered to follow, not to lead.
But chivalry was conscious of its kind,
So our great Captain took him to his arms.
And Love has twined the chaplet for his brow.
Where History, cowled and solemn, pens his tale,
Be this the legend writ across the page:
WHEN FREEDOM'S FEET WERE WEARY IN THE WILDS,
HE THRUST HIS SWORD BETWEEN HER AND HER FOES.

IV

Republic to Republic! Yonder sea,
That bore your standards to us in our need,
Shall rise in mist and wander 'mid the worlds
Ere ever the debt we owe you be forgot—
Ere ever the debt Man owes you be repaid.
Yea, on this day to Freedom consecrate,
We pledge anew beside the Hero's bier
Unfaltering faith to that eternal Truth
In whose behalf he made our cause his own,
Beneath whose flag he led our ragged hosts
With Washington from darkness to the day.

V

Come Britain, elder brother of our blood:
Prophetic Slav and German patriot come:
Italia, Hellas, peaks in Time's long range:
Swiss from the heights where Freedom's holy fires,
Through ages of oppression on the plain,
Blazed beacon-like above a struggling world:
Come brown men from th' emancipated isles,
Our kinsmen and co-partners that shall be:
Lovers of men in all the round earth's lands,
Columbia bids you kneel with her this day,
And now, above the dust of Lafayette,
In his white name beseech Almighty God
To quicken in us the spirit that was his—
The son of France and brother of all mankind.

Frank Putnam

This ode was read at the unveiling of the Lafayette statue in Paris, July 4, 1900, and the original was presented to "The National Magazine" at the time it was submitted to the authorities January last, and here published for the first time in any American magazine.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LAFAYETTE: AMERICA'S GIFT TO FRANCE

At the Exposition at Paris, on July 4, the anniversary of American liberty, to which cause Marquis Jean Paul Lafayette freely tendered his noble devotion and service, occurred the unveiling of a monument erected by the voluntary contributions of American school children, and tendered t the French nation in token of gratitude and loving remembrance of that illustrious patriot. The idea originated with Robert J. Thompson, Secretary of the Lafayette Commission, who carried the project to a successful conclusion with the generous support of America's school children.

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LAWRENCE, MASS.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XII. AUGUST, 1900 No. 5

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE midsummer exodus had largely removed from Washington the great personalities whose actions and sayings are of national interest; but the condition of affairs in China now parallels closely the official and popular attitude after the destruction of the "Maine." Wu Ting Fang realized that a failure on his part to meet the desires and interests of the ruling powers at Pekin would almost inevitably lead to the utter ruin of himself and of his relations. Death, slavery, at the best unending banishment, today menace the courtly, suave, polished gentleman in flowing silk shirts, whose automobile so frequently bears him from his handsome residence on Q street to the state department—the only peaceful link between an ancient race, despising all other races and modes of thought, and a republic, whose people, most of all, believe themselves to be an irresistible exponent of the gospel of things as they ought to be.

* * *

Wu's task must soon be ended, for the result of the terrible atrocities, of the complete and utter inability of the Chinese government to keep inviolate the lives of ambassadors and the horror excited by the atrocious massacre of Chinese converts and their devoted priests, pastors and teachers has evoked an universal popular disbelief in the good faith of the Chinese government and a distrust of the ability of its minister to be more than the mouthpiece of a dominating class which knows practically nothing of humanity, good faith or plain speaking, as we understand them.

* * *

While outwardly placid and serene, it is evident to any one who has seen and talked with Wu Ting Fang that he has realized that a great crisis in the history of the Celestial Empire covers all Asia with impending war.

With it must come famine and pestilence; the breaking of bonds, and distrusts of ancient allies and signatories; the paralysis of commercial ties unbroken for centuries, and the inevitable losses which must come when former enemies meet as allies to essay the conquest of over four hundred millions of people. It is a crisis in civilization not known in a century.

The certainty of an inhuman tragedy at Pekin is fanning a terrible flame—smouldering it is true—but one can almost feel the nervous tension of the American people throbbing the auto-

mobile wheels with the heat-softened asphalt of Washington. Of course, Wu Ting Fang claims that the crimes

SPOT AT FORT STEVENS WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN STOOD

perpetrated, were in no sense the act of his government, but were the unexpected and irrepressible disorders of its fanatical and rebellious subjects. Some one is responsible, and justice demands reparation. The departments are preparing for the worst, and cool heads are needed on hot days in these critical times.

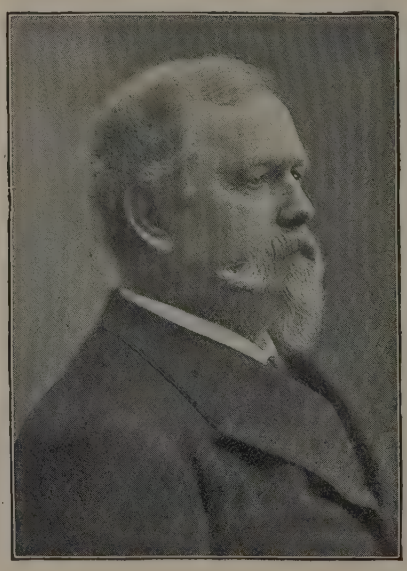
* * *

The national party conventions are over. "No other gatherings are so unique and distinctly American as political conventions," said a well-known diplomatic attache to me recently. "They appear to be largely occasions when serious-minded senators and dignified statesmen take their fill of recreation, and become boys again. What strikes us foreigners as especially funny is the numerous carefully engineered but often unsuccessful attempts to work up 'a boom' or 'popular demand' for some candidate, and the inability of even the most powerful boss to manipulate and control that great force—public opinion—which one can feel, but never quite analyze."

* * *

The first days of a convention when state headquarters are opened, and delegations are arriving with flying banners amid fervid applause, present a strange contrast to its close when the great edifice is deserted, except for disconsolate groups of delegates, whose candidate is stranded on the beach; wildly buzzing swarms of nobodies in the thronged corridors, and

SENATOR HAWLEY OF CONNECTICUT



there a weary-eyed old-time politician who says he had to work all night, to fix this one and that one, and "bring 'em into line."

* * *

About two or three suites of rooms, the headquarters of certain candidates and political managers in the saddle, lies the storm center, and these become

THE INTERPRETER OF THE CHINESE LEGATION AND HIS AMERICAN WIFE

congresses of gossip and intrigue. What this and that one says is carried lip to lip and through walls and doors quicker than any electric wire could transmit it. Old political ledgers are brought out to settle the scores. Coteries of men closeted in this or that room are supposed to have things fixed and settled, but they are watching and feeling that subtle and powerful force of public opinion, which comes and goes like the mysterious wind. The man who is the cynosure of all eyes and ears to-day may to-morrow be like that lonesome-looking old fellow on the lounge in the corner, who has been a power in his day, but the page has been turned to another political epoch.

The most promising utterances which leaders have been planning for months, fall flat failing to evoke that spontaneous outburst of deep and abiding sentiment in popular thought which has a way of crystalizing itself. Apprenticeship at national conventions has been served by nearly all prominent statesmen. In a few days of this centralized emotion, alliances are formed that have an important bearing on the future of statesmen; for strange as it may seem, political honor and pledges are more sacred with many of these men than a business obligation.

* * *

The new Turkish minister has established his harem and now Washing-

MRS. JONES, THE ONLY WOMAN ALTERNATE TO THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

ton is more than ever distinctly cosmopolitan. He is in touch with current affairs, is an admirer of American ways and has fallen a victim to the fascinations of baseball and golf. His son, born July 4th, he says will remain an American citizen.

* * *

Hon. Frank H. Jones of New Hampshire, one of the most prominent New England Democrats, is among those who have been won to the Republican standard largely through personal admiration of the record made by President McKinley. He was a prominent figure at the Philadelphia convention, and when he said to me in the lobby of Hotel Walton, "I would walk all the way to Washington on my hands and knees to vote for William McKinley," there was an air of sincere enthusiasm in his words.

* * *

The numerous state delegations en route conventionward the past month, reminds me of one occasion when those who followed the fortune and flag of Tammany were on a western trip. When the trains, all gayly bedecked, arrived at Union City, Ind., on the Ohio line, a short stop was made. Swung over the track, in letters two feet long, was a huge banner, with the inscription, "Give us Gray, and We'll Give You the State." Judge Diffendoffer, well known for having secured divorces for a score of actresses, stepped to one of the platforms, thinking to have fun with the proverbial small boy who puts in an appearance on the arrival of every train. So he shouted, "Hi there, Johnny, who's Gray?" The kid eyed him a second and responded, "Why Gray; he's an old duffer just like you." Diffendoffer dipped.

* * *

When Senator-elect Blackburn was

REPRESENTATIVE GEO. B. MC CLELLAN, 10TH DIST., NEW YORK CITY

transferred from the House of Representatives to another field of usefulness in the Senate chamber, his credentials testified that J. C. S. Blackburn had been elected a senator, and were signed by Luke W. Blackburn as governor and attested by James Blackburn as secretary of state. "Joe," as he is familiarly known, is reported to have remarked that it was pretty hard to beat a combination like that. At this writing numerous sets of credentials for that eminent gentleman repose in the pigeon holes of the Senate, each in a more or less unfinished state, owing to the gubernatorial chaos in Kentucky the past winter.

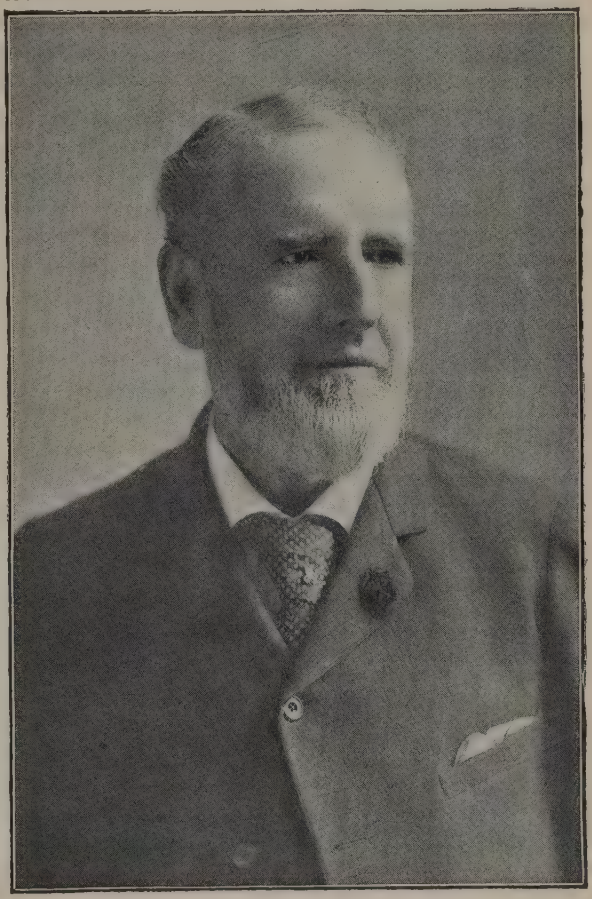
* * *

Speaking of Kentuckians, the distinguished young congressman, Evan E. Settle, is an orator of no mean ability. I do not know whether that speech nominating Senator Beck —a gem, by the way— ever appeared in print. The historic state house was crowded to overflowing, for giants had locked horns in the contest, when young Settle moved down the center aisle with "When the eagle soars aloft the owls and bats do seek their hiding places." This was throwing down the gauntlet with a vengeance. Then he continued, "When James B. Beck shall have declined to serve his state and nation, it will be time to cast about for a fitting substitute, but Ulysses hath not gone upon his wanderings; Ulysses yet remains to us, and will again draw in person his own matchless bow." The flower of old-time southern oratory still blooms.

* * *

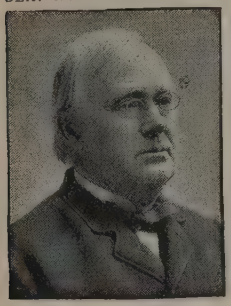
It is interesting to know how the various prominent senators and public men are spending the summer at the one time that they hope to escape the glare of publicity, and follow the inclinations of their natures, for it is difficult to discover one of them without a summer hobby. To witness a senator pulling parsley in a garden, and a congressman experimenting in kite-flying is an interesting spectacle, and an article next month on how public men spend their summer holi-

HON. FRANK H. JONES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



days will be of interest, for it is on these fallowing days of recreation that the strength and resources of the statesman is clearest apparent, for no matter what he may be doing or where he may be, the apparently idle days of summer are fruitful in incubating great purposes and policies.

SEN. HOAR, MASS.



* * *

The elections this fall will have an effect upon the personnel of the census rolls and social activities in Washington for the next four years. The daughters and wives of those in power at Washington are more vital and potential factors in national affairs than is often realized. Momentous changes in party policy have been influenced more strongly through the domestic and home life of the American statesman than is ever known to the public. And the prediction was given confidentially by one of the official society leaders recently that Washington would have the brightest, handsomest and gayest social set the coming winter ever known, and he did not tell me his politics, either.

SEN. ALLISON, IOWA

* * *

Speaking of the veterans who have been in Congress, Galusha Grow is perhaps one of the most picturesque figures who has enlisted in the coming campaign. Approaching four score years, he is a man of intense vigor and push. The Connecticut lad who went to Pennsylvania has served in the ranks of the Republican party since its birth and was speaker of the House during the dark days from '61-'63. His speech fifty years ago, when the youngest member of Congress, on the homestead bill has been re-printed in the "Congressional Record."

* * *

The sons of prominent Americans seem to be determined on proving their metal. The son of General Geo. B. McClellan is one of the young, active and energetic members of Congress, who is now engrossed in a campaign for re-election from the tenth district in New York. He was born in Dresden, Germany, and his political career has well sustained the noble name he bears. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Phil Sheridan, Jr. and John A. Logan, Jr. promise that the names of the leaders of the Civil War will be handed down to future generations.

SEN. DAVIS, MINN.

* * *

An elderly gentleman who sat beside me in one of the parks, as the avenue asphalt pavements sizzled and baked, asked me if I knew Ex-Senator Bradbury of Maine. "Do you know he is the oldest living ex-senator, and there were some mighty interesting times when he was here. Let me see! He only lacks two summers of being 100 years old, and his memory and political activity extend well

SEN. TILLMAN, S. C.

back to the time of Andrew Jackson. Yes, he was an active man, a forerunner of the great strong men in Congress which the pine tree state has furnished. I understand he is now living at Augusta, Maine, and still takes a keen interest in current political affairs." Later, I secured a photograph of Ex-Senator Bradbury from Maine, and it shows him a wonderfully preserved man, 98 years of age.

* * *

North of Washington, where the beautiful Fourteenth street road intersects Brightwood avenue, or the old South street pike, is what remains of Fort Stevens. The only battle of the Civil War fought in the District of Columbia occurred in this charming sylvan retreat, and a disk marks the spot where President Lincoln stood under the fire of Confederate bullets.

In June, 1864, General Jubal A. Early, of the Confederate army, then at Cold Harbor, was directed by Gen Lee to move to the Shenandoah Valley and from there to Washington. General Early arrived from the north on the 11th of July, 1864, and expected to get into the city of Washington by the Seventh street Pike, and it is said he would have succeeded if he had come right on and had not been frightened at the array of earthworks north of the city. He expected to march into Washington with his army of 8,000 before these fortifications could be manned, and was preparing an attack on Fort Stevens, when the vanguard of General Wright's Sixth Corps arrived. Washington was all in a flurry. Department clerks and printers from the Government Printing Office shouldered muskets and rushed to the front. Then came the Sixth Corps of the Army, and General Early retreated and the nation's capital was saved. If General Early had known on his arrival that the works were garrisoned by only 9,600 raw recruits, he might have marched into the city with banners flying, but he had later explained: "I had, therefore, reluctantly to give up all hopes of capturing Washington after I had arrived in sight of the dome of the Capitol and given the Federal authorities a terrible fright."

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA

During the engagement at Fort Stevens, President Lincoln stood upon a parapet of the fort under direct fire from Early's troops and viewed in person one of the most critical battles of the Civil War.

* * *

There was a sparkle of humor that tempered the farewells said to Mrs. Lieut. Peary at the Washington railway stations this month. The day

FORT STEVENS IN 1864

was exceedingly warm, and with luggage including wraps for a trip to join her husband at Etah, Greenland, she facetiously remarked: "I am speeding

FORT STEVENS IN 1900

north for a real summer outing." Her seven year old daughter Marie, who was born in Greenland, will make her first return trip to her native land. Lieut. Peary expects to meet them, but nothing has been heard from him for some time, as to the success of his last expedition. Mrs. Peary sails from Sydney, Cape Breton, and the Peary family will summer in the Arctic circle, and continue the fearless and intrepid exploration of the North Pole resorts.

* * *

The White House is again the centre of activity since the President returned, and one is reminded of the scenes and incidents of the Spanish War during the summer of '98. The war room is the thermometer of events, and is usually entered by the President just before retiring.

JAMES WARE BRADBURY, AGED 98, THE OLDEST LIVING EX-SENATOR

WEST PORT, ST. ANDREW'S. THROUGH HERE THE DARING SPIRITS RODE TO TAKE THE CITY, AFTER THE KILLING OF ARCHBISHOP SHAIRP ON MAGUS MOOR

AT ST. ANDREWS: THE CAPITAL OF GOLFLAND

By David Duncan Fletcher

THAT the prosperity of one of the most beautiful little cities in the world should rest on the popularity of an out-of-door sport is, indeed, one of the surprising developments of this wonderful century. For when one writes of golf and St. Andrews, one couples two terms which are almost, it might be said, absolutely inseparable. If St. Andrews would still be St. Andrews without golf, certainly it would not be the same St. Andrews. It would have its university, which long ago sent its fame to the ends of the earth, but who can tell whether or not that noted rendezvous for the young seeker after all that is best in solid learning could have kept its place at the front in these times when money magnates are making themselves records by endowing great seats of education which are able to throw so many inducements to the modern student—who can tell whether or not "graund auld St. Andrews," as Carlyle loved to call the ancient city, could have kept up its envied academic prosperity and reputation, but for the financial support mainly drawn towards itself by the magic of its name as that of the Mecca of the golfer—the capital of Golfland?

Under the sway of the snake-head and the bulger, the brassey, the cleek, the mashie, the niblick and the putter, great men, to whom the sway of the Frenchman's sword or the ultimatum of a czar were but passing jokes, have come and cowered, and slunk away undone. The eye of a caddie has shattered the nerves and paralyzed the arms of gentlemen who could with perfect complacency dig a king, or something of that kind, once in a while, in the ribs. But when the great statesman or the victorious general wends his way St. Andrewsward, he prims himself for good behavior, and once in his life makes up his mind to obey a product of common humanity.

To chronicle the names of famous men who have come from far and near to play the "royal and ancient game" on its native heath, would be an endless task. It has been said that John Knox took his clubs "in hand" ever and anon, and matched himself against such stalwarts as the Balfours of Burleigh and the young and sturdy scions of the house of Leslie, but the traditions do not say whether or not the old reformer succeeded as well in "putting" on the green, as when he "putt" his oratorical shots against her most gracious majesty Queen Mary and her Franco-Scottish court.

You will find a caddie, now and again, who goes in for a little history in his noon hour, who will claim that King Robert the Bruce played "gouf." Better not contradict him, if you go to St. Andrews, for when the caddie makes a statement, no more ought to be said by the wise.

But there is no doubt that the late Prince Leopold played on the St. Andrew course, and that Palmerston and Aberdeen and Panmure and Dalhousie, and in later days, the talented and beloved Mount-Melville, Sir Lyon Playfair (who married a Boston lady, and spent many of his summers at the Hub), the Marquis of Salisbury (when he was Lord Cecil) and his nephew and lieutenant in affairs of the state, the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour have gone the five miles or so between the old club-house hard by the Witches' lake and the Martyrs' monument out to the river Eden and return, which is the distance to be traversed in doing the eighteen holes at St. Andrews.

A St. Andrews caddie once had the Marquis of Salisbury under his watch-

"A BUNKER AS IS A BUNKER." THE BEAUTIES OF "THE AULD TOON" SEEN FROM THIS SPOT DO NOT SOOTHE THE FEELINGS OF "THE GOUFER" WHOSE BALL GETS INTO "HELL"

RUINS OF ST. ANDREWS CASTLE, WHENCE KNOX WENT TO THE GALLEYS, AND WHERE CARDINAL BEATON WAS SLAIN

ful care. The veteran statesman braced himself to "the address," swung his club backwards over his right shoulder, tried to "keep his eye on the ball," and then making a vigorous drive, brought his club-head against something, a cloud of dust meantime flying in the air, nearly choking and blinding the chief of the foreign office, as well as his club-carrier.

"What have I struck?" asked the Marquis, leaning over his driver with a timid, apologetic expression on his face.

"Scotland, my lord," said the caddie, with a countenance the immobility of which would have paralyzed a Boer, and with a gaze so stony, that the head of the great Cecil family fairly quailed. It was then that the Earl of Beaconfield's lieutenant found out the difference between penning a remonstrance to the "Porte" and coming under the stern vision of a "gouf caddie frae St. Andrews." The Marquis did a little better in his playing later, when the caddie generously ventured a compliment, "Ye're daein' gie weel, but ye maun begin playin' gouf when ye're a laddie."

Numerous stories could be told of the caddie, his doings and sayings on the links of the ancient and royal city, but one more must suffice. An auld minister who was a "duffer" at the game did the course one day, and the caddie returned without him. Halfway home on the inward turn there is a deep gully, "a hazard as is a hazard," or rather which makes a series of the same, and which in the fraternity goes under the name of "hell." "Where is the minister?" the parson's friends asked, as the caddie solemnly sauntered on to the last green. "I left him doon in hell, swearing maist awfu'," was the answer.

So much for the caddie, who is a genuine product of "gouf" and St. Andrews.

It is not stretching the point to say that a holiday spent on and by the links at St. Andrews is worth making a huge effort to experience. When you go to St. Andrews you need have no fear of a time-limit, so far as "working hours" are concerned. Well

up in the northern latitude, the light will be with you in this gray city by the sea very early in the morning. In the summer mornings at 3 o'clock you can stand on the club-house terrace and see the red and white flags which mark the course, away out toward the Eden, and you will be able to watch the balls flying till the clock on the old tower strikes the hour of 10 p. m. Perhaps you will not find the veteran king of golfers, old Tom Morris, who is now in his 79th year, at his post just as early as the first named hour, but for all that you will have divers de-

THE FINISH. PUTTING FOR THE LAST HOLE

votees of the game for company, and if, with your first drive you land a ball in the waters of the Swilcan burn, five-eighths of the way down to the first hole, you will perhaps be abler to keep cool in the attempt to get it again on to terra firma.

And you will find it different playing golf on the links there from going over a home-made course in America. If you drive too low you will hear the sharp long swish of your ball going through the tall "bent-grass," which grows in the sandy soil around the formidable bunker. It will be etiquette for you to replace the turf you raise when you miss the ball and hit the soil; and if you "sole" your club you must count one to the bad. You must always do these things on the St. Andrews links.

But you will breathe the spirit of the game from the sharp, clear northern air, and the scenic beauties of your environment. Stretching out before you a gleaming sheet of golden sand lies sparkling in the dazzling light of the morning sun, save where the shadow of the hilly sand banks rests on the higher margin of the shore. Westward, the hills of Fifeshire stand out, a series of slopes of verdant green with dark woody crests here and there interspersed with barren rocky crags, frowning above the villages on the hillsides and in the valleys. The sun glinting on an inland loch, throws a glorious beam of light from the rippling water, and the spire of a country church rises from among the brown tiled-covered roofs of an inland village.

Far as the eye can reach away across the deep blue bay the tall white column

of the Bell Rock light rises high in the air. The wild sea-gul s are on the wing, here and there a flock of sheep are feeding in the sea girt pastures, the salmon fishers are already at their nets, and yonder in the distance, just beyond the margin of the water, lies the last timbers of some ill-fated vessel embedded in the sand.

As it is the oldest, so also is the golf course at St. Andrews the finest in the world. This does not mean that it is the easiest. If the reader will look at the real enjoyment and correct playing of golf. "It is a cushioned turf," he said, "of which you can take a yard away with your club, and not know you've touched it." The moment you lift the turf on the St. Andrews links you have sand. The course is one which is a delight to players like J. H. Taylor, who has just won the championship, Harry and Tom Vardon, Willie Auchterlonie, Willie Campbell, Tom Simpson, Leslie Balfour-Melville, Bernard Nicholls, Willie Fernie, Willie

THE KING OF GOLFLAND. TOM MORRIS AT THE FIRST GREEN

the bunker in the illustration he will have some idea of what it means to deserve "punishment" when playing on the old links. On his left again, he has as bad a pitfall in the railroad track; but if he plays "good gouf," and keeps within a reasonably straight line, he has ideal ground in which to indulge in the "greatest game on earth." Talking with the writer about the St. Andrews course, Bernard Nicholls, the only man who defeated Harry Vardon in America, said the turf on the old links was the very best he knew for Park, Harry McCormick, Alex. Gourlay, Willie Fletcher and others who know just what a good golf course should be to insure a fair game with the proper proportion of hazard for zest and the demonstration of skill.

On the St. Andrews links, Mr. F. G. Tait once drove a ball 280 yards of "clear carry," that is, leaving the distance the ball rolled after lighting on the ground out of the count. The length of the entire course on the royal and ancient links is some yards over 6300, and when one has

zig-zagged, more or less, over that distance, a good morning's work may be put to one's credit.

Golf is played now-a-days more for records than for show, and the plain tweed suit consisting of Oxford jacket, loose at the shoulders, knickerbockers, with home-knit woolen stockings, is most in evidence, but ten years ago and back none of the *bon ton* ever thought of going on the links without the gay red coat made from the richest flannel. The old St. Andrews golf club was a body to inspire awe and command admiration.

It was made up of men who had won fame in all the walks of life. Great captains who had led Britain's armies against Napoleon, and through the Crimea, and the mutiny, thought it a fitting finish to a brilliant career to spend their last days in and around the famous old ecclesiastical capital of their loved native land, and to tickle their fancy by making a record score on the links, or to keep trying it. Poor boys, who, half a century or so before, had left the humble cottage of a ploughman-sire to seek name and wealth in London town, and had found both in commerce, art, science, medicine, and in all the other professions, have come back to Scotland, and never thought of a happier or more peaceful finish to their days than that of wielding the driver, the cleek, and the other members of the club family on pleasant days, and on others of going down to the house of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to talk the game first, and the other doings of the world afterwards. Of course, we are talking now of the glorious summer time, and glorious it truly is, for, speaking as a rule, the pleasant days from April to September in the University city are many and delightful.

No prettier sight can be seen than the St. Andrews links on a gala golf day. These fine old gentlemen in their dashing scarlet going in again for the game they played with skill when laddies, long, long ago, drinking in again the healthful air of the Fifeshire coast, the strong summer wind putting back the color on their cheeks, the waving grass bending under the breeze by the crests of the bunker ranges over yonder by the shore, a white sail here and there dancing across the broad blue bay, the gaily dressed ladies and the hosts of merry children dotting the immense stretch of beautiful sands. Heigh-ho! there is life in the wind, there's music in the sea-song, there's freedom o'er the big expanse of green on which we go driving the white balls before us!

ST. ANDREWS. FIRST STRETCH OF THE OLD LINKS. MANY OF THE GREATEST MEN OF THE CENTURY HAVE PLAYED "GOUF" FIRST OVER THIS BIT OF TURF

AT THREE THOUSAND YARDS

By Charles Tenney Jackson

"HELLO, there, sweetness! What town's this? Give us a flower, won't you? Hi there, Purdy, get it!"

The car windows were full of brown faces, dusty hats and gesticulating arms in an endeavor to reach the coveted blossom that the girl with a laugh held out. But the bit of color fell short and the volunteers set up a renewed clamor.

"Come and get it yourselves," she said.

A scuffle at the door and then a man in wrinkled khaki, gun in hand, leaped down and secured the flower. There was a look of genuine pleasure on his dirty face as he fastened it to his hat and looked at the girl on the platform.

"Say, ain't you great, though? First decent looking girl we've seen since we struck the Presidio. Now give me a kiss, won't you?"

But when he advanced, Kittie, the dining-room girl at Cowan's, fled around the station and the volunteer followed in hot pursuit.

There was an approving roar of derision from the rear coaches, and the long train started slowly from the platform. Purdy from his triumphant chase raced laughingly back and made a dash for the last platform.

"Yer gun, yer gun, ye idjit!" roared a burly sergeant from the door, and the luckless soldier darted back to where Kitty was waving it in gleeful malice. Then Purdy seized the weapon and ran for the flying train, but his foot caught a tie spike and he went headfirst into the dry sagebush by the track and arose to gaze in discomfiture at the rolling dust that hid the retreating coaches, and then at Kitty, the girl from Cowan's.

"You've done it," he began ruefully, "they won't stop. How'll I ever catch up with 'em again?"

"I don't know," she replied blankly, and then laughed. "It wasn't my fault. What'd you chase me for?"

The man in dusty khaki grinned. "I don't know. What'd you run for? I was foolin', I wouldn't hurt you."

They walked back to the platform. At Cowan's there is the station and dining-room attached, two saloons, four houses and the sheep corral. The brown-faced man felt a bit disconsolate; the girl from Cowan's rather pleased.

"You can't get away until 9.40 tomorrow," she said with frank amusement, "but you can put up over there at the hotel."

"Yes, and catch it from all of 'em from the captain down," he prognosticated dismally. "All night in this God-forsaken place! How'd you ever stand it?" he added, gazing down upon her. The girl from Cowan's was fair to look upon. He was puzzled to place her among such surroundings.

"Oh, it ain't bad," she assured him. "More people 'round here than you think, and—coyotes. We're pretty civilized."

Then the girl from Cowan's and the brown-faced man from Luzon fell to talking of many things as they sat outside of the dining hall—of the campaigning in the far-off East; of life at Cowan's; of days in roaring 'Frisco and of his home among the green

Pennsylvania hills and the welcome there.

"They'll be glad to see you, won't they, the folks and all," she said, "and there's a girl waiting for you of course?"

The man from the war smiled and touched the stock of his rifle. "No, not exactly, but I guess"—his fingers were on a little silver locket tied in the trigger guard, "I guess—well, yes, she gave me this and—I guess."

The girl had opened the locket with simple curiosity. "Ain't she pretty and sweet! Now tell me all about her."

"Well, she gave me this and—well, she's about like you." Then they both laughed and looked at the smiling face in the locket.

* * *

There was a tall yonng rancher in sombero and faded denims loitering at the other end of the platform, who cast curious glances at the two, and at length seemed uneasily conscious of their apparent intimacy. Once the girl ran past him to the dining-room in response to a call, where preparations were on for supper. When she returned she carried the soldier's silver locket on her wrist. The rancher caught her arm.

"Look here, Kitty, who's that feller? What's that on y'r arm?"

"Oh he's an old beau of mine, Hank. I'm just going to give him this for keeps," she teased, "I haven't time for you now."

"I never saw that locket afore," he said, and there was miserable, uncertain jealousy in the voice. "Look here, Kitty, I come all the way down from Sweetwater to see ye to-night, but if—"

Kitty laughed him short. It was fun to see Hank in this mood—a novelty for the girl at Cowan's.

"Well, he's going to be my fellow to-night. He's a soldier."

"A soldier? Kitty, ye didn't make him stay here a-purpose?" he queried, but she laughed and slipped around the fountain. Then in the soul of Hank Getts of Sweetwater county there arose a rage of pride and passion. Hank's rivals had been few and his courting in other fields limited. So now he faded into the dusk of the poplars unseen but seeing.

The girl from Cowan's was tying the locket once more to the blue guard of the gun. "See! I tied it with a new ribbon! I hope," she added softly, "you'll always love her and be good to her. You look like you would be. Now goodbye, I'm going to work."

But Purdy, the volunteer, caught her hand. "Sure!" he said, "but what have you got for me; a flower, perhaps, or—a kiss? To give to her?"

Kitty, the girl from Cowan's, tried to break away. Then with a laugh she tiptoed up and kissed his lips. "Alright, for her!" and then she darted into the hall, for the Pacific express with its trainful of dusty, west-bound passengers, who nightly filled the place with mirth and laughter would be in shortly—a twenty minute glimpse of the great outside world beyond the everlasting hills, vouchsafed to Cowan's.

* * *

"Thirty-thirty's too little. What good's it at that range, anyhow?" said Hank Getts of Sweetwater county.

"She's big enough to kill at two miles—she'll carry up to 3000 yards, and you nor no other man wants to face her at less," responded the volunteer in wrinkled khaki, while his fingers played lightly with a bit of ribbon and a locket on the trigger guard of his rifle.

"A girl, I reckon," said Hank Getts

with easy unconcern, to keep the conversation up. "Back East?"

"Yes, in Pennsylvany. Gave me this last year in camp; picture inside, y'see." And Purdy laughed, happily foolish in his content.

"Got folks there myself—somewheres. Ain't I, Jim?" said Hank Getts with unsteady gravity to Burke & Allen's man, and the shirt-sleeved bar-keeper nodded. "Home outfit there, somewheres. How far'll she carry?"

"Who? The gun? Oh, she's good at three thousand—ain't a better. Why, there near Morong we waded the rice swamps and chased the niggers—and they had as pretty a skirmish line as ever you see—whackin' it to 'em bad, and it wasn't a yard less than two thousand! Talk about your Colt or Winchester—"

"Thirty-thirty's too little," said Hank Getts. "Stranger, older men'n you'v handled wors'n better guns'n these parts. Thirty-thirty's too little."

"Well, you talk's though you knew it all, but as a matter of shootin' the Krag's a better gun'n any cow puncher ever put shoulder to. High power, smokeless an' steel jacket ball—why your gun can't—"

"Too slow, stranger, yer gove'ment gun's too slow for general purp'ses, leastways in Nevada. I c'n handle th' Winchester, magazine'n all, while ye were throwin' one shell with that side bolt machine o' yourn."

"And shoot half as far," cried Purdy angrily. "Your little .73 model with .45-70—why you're talkin' nonsense—"

"Ye seem to be mighty sure o' th' gove'ment gun, stranger; who learned ye to shoot anyhow; the West Point dudes?"

"We didn't get instructors from this sand and alkali section to teach us," retorted the soldier.

"Well, he's going to be my fellow to-night. He's a soldier"

"Look, here, boys," said Burke & Allen's man, "now, no racket in here; now, for God's sake hush! What yer drinkin'?"

The volunteer shook off the restraining arm. "What'd I care? Who started this here argument? I don't see any man here c'n show me how to use a gun. You ain't done nothin' but talk's far's I can see."

Hank Getts was leaning heavily over the bar and nonchalently flipped a fingerful of liquor into the face of the man from Luzon. Quick as a panther the soldier struck him above the ear and he reeled back over a table while the occupants of the room instinctively scattered. But Burke & Allen's man had his right arm around the cattleman's waist while he shoved the soldier away with the other.

"Now quit, boys," he gasped. "Let up, both of you, or go outside."

The cattleman was attempting to rise. "Oh, I ain't hurt, he said with a foolish laugh. "You fellers drinkin',

I 'spose? All of you—sure! That's right!"

The half dozen glasses were put down in silence, the soldier's first of all, and he turned away. Hank Getts stared through the windows at the dining room lights at Cowan's. Then he sauntered up to the Pennsylvanian.

"As a matter o' guns, stranger," he said quietly, "layin' other matters aside, there ain't a better way than to let 'em decide—.30 agin the .45, any range an' no rest barred; target what ye please. How'd ye say out there west o' King's range to-morrow mornin'?"

"Just's you say," replied the soldier coolly. "Any range and target—I'm not carin'."

Hank Getts laughed. "Oh well, we'll fix that up I guess on the grounds! All right. At five o'clock, what'd ye say? The valley west o' King's. You'll find it down the track a half mile an' turn to yer left. So long, stranger."

* * *

The round outlines of the dirt hills to the east were rimmed with the pale blush of dawn; the shadows lay long across the gray plain of sagebush and low cactus with the dark clumps of greasewood, that spread away to the low canon wall to the west. There was a deep hollow silence over all; the eternal changeless silence of a savage land. By a ledge of yellow rock on the hill slope the man in wrinkled khaki watched a dust-cloud rise below him and a horseman ride from it and climb the rough ascent until he drew rein before him on the level ground. The cattleman nodded a brief greeting, and the soldier barely returned the civility. He was tired, red-eyed and cold with the chill of the desert, and listened to the horseman with savage moroseness.

"Between us, stranger," said the latter, with irritating calmness and deliberation, "it's a matter o' eye and trigger; between guns a matter o' metal and powder, and we both know our own ability enough to call the deal square. Ye struck me last night an' I might, afore God, killed ye for it, but there was somethin' I remembered. The locket on yer gun; where'd ye git it?"

"Locket on my gun?" said the Pennsylvanian with wonder. "Why that's my business, I reckon."

"Let's see whose picture's in it; yer sweetheart's maybe?"

"Well, suppose it is; what's that to you?"

"Nothin', just nothin'—as I was sayin', a matter o' guns I reckon. We came up here ter shoot, didn't we?"

"Yes, that was your proposition; and I'll give you range and mark as I've got the longest shootin' gun."

"Yer good at 3,000, ye say. Well then, 3,000 across to the mesa, there; a good two miles anyway. F'r target y'r to shoot at me an' choose y'r distance after we fix th' first range."

The soldier stared at him and slowly his face showed the drift of his thoughts. "You mean to fight, then? Out here in this God-forsaken place—and now? Is that what you were planning?"

"Ye've called th' turn, pard, that's it. Gove'ment gun agin th' Winchester; man agin man; yer own time an' manner—3000 yards across open field; all th' shots ye' want an' advance under cover—reg'ler skirmish run, so's ye'll feel perfectly to home."

The man from Pennsylvania stood erect and looked over the dull plain to the grim foothills with the gray carpet of sagebush intervening; here and there a boulder or an alkali rimmed sink hole, baked and arid; then above at the half world apink with the glory

of the morning, and at a rosy peak dim against the south. He looked at the other man—young and slender, with a dark, earnest face as unreadable as the Nevada hills.

"Look here," he said slowly, "can't we fix this up some way? I don't hold no hard feelin's, and if a word of mine will square things, why—" Then Purdy stopped, for there was growing a smile in the other's face that men do not question twice.

"Stranger," said the rancher, "Yer gun's good at 3000—mine isn't. I'll ride over there, and we'll face each other for one shot; then, if ye want to slip back to town, why—there's nothing to prevent ye."

The smile was still on Hank Getts' face, and for an instant the eyes of the two men met squarely and each understood.

"Well, Hell!" said Purdy, the volunteer, "It's all in the game! The man on this side'll have the sun behind him; you can stay here."

"Keep it y'rself; I'll ride to th' mesa. Stranger, watch y'r sights. Yer in Nevada, an' th' air an' distance'll fool ye at any range. Raise yer sights, an' remember each man to shoot an' advance to suit himself, an' use all the cover he wants; each man takin' all the chansts at 3000 an' up 'til we meet somewheres in th' bush—no fault ner favor. Remember, keeps y'r sights raised."

"Thanks!"

"No kindness; just a square deal," said Hank Getts, and he turned the horse's head away. "Stranger, th' cayuse'll be tied close to that red butte across there—ther'll be only one man to go back to town, an' he c'n just as well ride!"

And as he cantered down the slope the rancher turned in the saddle, "Yer sights; keep 'em raised, stranger, if ye love that girl—in Pennsylvany!"

The soldier pulled his campaign hat down over his eyes and watched the semicircle of dust rise below him which marked the route of his foe across the battlefield until it was lost against the opposite hills. Then he saw the figure of a man suddenly defined against the sky with magical clearness; it seems barely a quarter of a mile away through the high, dry

". . . And still another that swept his hat from his head"

air that brought every feature of the landscape out in sharp relief. The sky behind the soldier was aflame with pink and yellow. The silence oppressed him, and he watched the distant figure stupidly until he saw a white puff of smoke flying from the hill—the signal that the time for action had come.

"He's done it!" muttered the soldier, and he hurried down from the rocks and knelt behind the greasewood bushes, opening the breech of the rifle to see that the six slim cartridges were in place. He raised the sights to 2000 yards and tested them against the rosy east.

"I'll start with that," he though, "it can't be further—much!"

A strange fever of fighting was surging in his brain. Until now he had not regarded the man seeking his life across the valley with any deep hostility. But now the fire of the fighting line arose in his blood, the ardor of the old campaigns—of days in the hot trenches in sweat and discomfort—the danger that youth seeks out and revels in. He forgot the shivering, breakfastless discomfort of waiting for Hank Getts upon the rocks. Hank Getts—alertly earnest, relentless and keen-eyed, was crawling among the greasewood out yonder, stalking him like an antelope, and Hank Getts was legitimate prey! He was thinking buoyantly of the blue barrelled rifle across his knee; of the surprise in store for Hank Getts in those steel-capped little bullets, good at 3000 yards—that would crash through a half inch of solid iron—against the cattleman's heavy .45 bullets of soft lead. "Don't look right, but Hell! He got up the scrap, I didn't!" he was saying. The silence became uncomfortable. The man in dusty khaki crawled slowly on through the scrub and arose in the shelter of a thicker bush to glance ahead. The colorless plain was as silent as the grave, and his sharpest scrutiny could detect nothing but dry, low bush and cracked ground. He crawled on a hundred yards or more at an angle from his former place.

"It's him that needs to close up, and not me," he muttered, and stopped to survey the field again. Off to the right he could see an object that did not look like a boulder, darkly outlined against the sand and all but hidden by the cactus. He became alertly conscious of something like buck fever, and lowering the range to 1000 yards he pushed cautiously ahead until he could draw steadily upon the spot, and fired. The thin smoke faded instantly over him, and a spurt of dust arose many hundred feet this side of the mark.

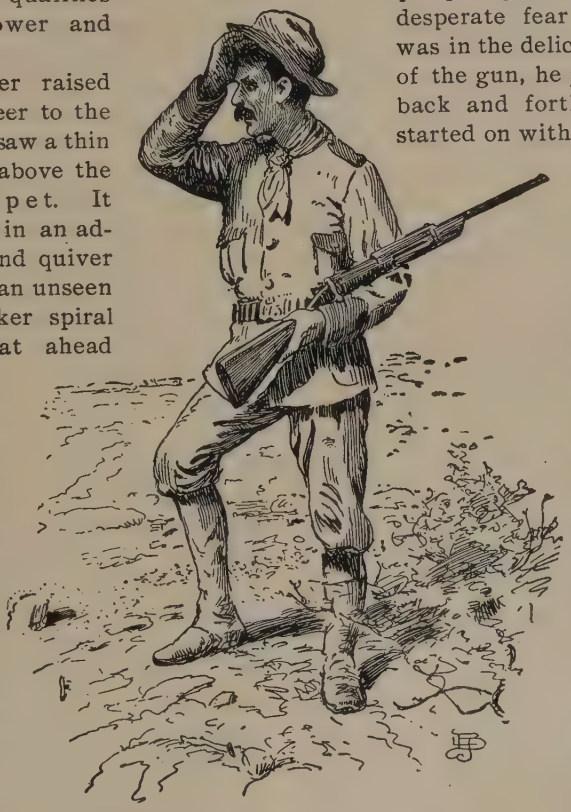
"The rancher's right," he said, with a curious sense of gratitude; "the air and elevation fooled me!" He watched the object keenly for a sign of life, and then there came pitilessly crashing through the greasewood a swift-voiced bullet above his head. As he half rose to throw himself to one side he saw the drifting smoke off to his left and another sharp explosion. The second ball was singing far behind him as Purdy scrambled on from cover to cover, to lay panting before a low thicket and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Holy smoke, its gettin' close! He's found the range dead with that noisy little gun!" he said, after peering through the bushes to mark the place where his concealed foe lay. "How'd he spot me so quick?"

The soldier crawled on slowly, warily keeping an eye on every opening between the clumps of greasewood and over the cactus; stopping to still his breathing and bring his gun up to his arm. The sun was coming down stingingly hot on his back and he noted with surprise how high it had arisen. The sandflies danced irritatingly before his eyes and struck the dry bushes so that little spirals of dust arose from them with the sunbeams glinting through. A little yellow rock adder trailed over the greasewood stems by his head and looked at him with cool, beady, inquiring eyes. He once more crawled onward, noting with pleasure how his canvas dress blended with the desert soil. There was something uncannily different in this from a battle. His vision met a small circle of brown brush around him with the shadow-flecked sunlight falling through. The sun itself, in the coppery sky, seemed to search him out with scorching malovolence; he was

wishing all that brightness would not discover him. His surroundings were alive with vantage for the enemy, it appeared. Above the greasewood the hot hills seemed to beckon him on to death; striving to fix his attention with a fatal fascination. He pictured the cattleman creeping towards him with his eyes relentlessly fixed upon him; coolly calculating when and where he would end the game, and fiendishly gloating over his breathless, unstrung victim. Hank Getts became invested with demoniac qualities of vision, power and cruelty.

The volunteer raised his head to peer to the westward, and saw a thin vapor of dust above the sagebush carpet. It seemed to rise in an advancing line and quiver as if stirred by an unseen hand. A thicker spiral seemed to float ahead and grow into fearful looking shapes, and he caught his rifle with a gasp, with the blind feeling to kill strong upon him. He noiselessly pushed the barrel through the thicket and lowered the sights to 500 yards, gripping the weapon with a nerve like its tested steel. The sights wavered once—grew clear, and then he pulled the trigger and watched the bullet sweep the dry bushes swiftly over the objective point. The smokeless powder left no sign and the soldier crawled away to the right and lay close against the friendly ground. Then there came a startlingly fierce explosion directly ahead and a blinding shower of dry mud hotly stung his face and hands. He plunged forward, cursing his wild stupidity in revealing his position by the shot, and in a panic crawled hastily on, regardless of the noise or dust, his eyes and mouth smarting intolerably from the alkali. He tried to wipe the dust from his perspiring face, and then in desperate fear that the dirt was in the delicate mechanism of the gun, he jerked the bolt back and forth to test it and started on with a wild thought that danger was close. He crashed heavily into a thorny thicket and there came another snarling bullet that tore up the sand all about him, and still another that swept his hat from his head and dulled his ears with the shock. The dim reports came instantly, but from where he could not tell. He saw a light haze of smoke or dust, he knew not which, as he was preparing to scramble on in a furious panic, and turning, fired wildly into the gray cactus. He hurried on recklessly; crawling far to the left and then dodging



"His eyes fixed in fury on the soles of the man's shoes"

to the south, kept on and on, until he emerged again on the alkali-whitened space, ignorant that he had made a semicircle that had brought him full around facing his position. He slunk into the brush once more and crept up the side of the sink until he halted in the fruitless shade of the greasewood, hoarsely trying to breathe in the choking atmospere he had created. He started at the thick dust rolling above his head, and cursing himself and the fate that had ever sent him there, dived under the shrubs and on and on until he could go no further, and lay quite still, blinded, choked, trying to shield the red heat from his bare head, and lifting his limbs from the intolerable sand.

The fugitive raised his head after a while, glaring at the hot sky, and saw the far-away hills and the yellow canon walls burning through the haze. The land was aglitter with the yellow heat.

Down a faint path between the brush, not fifty yards from where he lay, something caught his eyes and he stared with a breathless fascination until it slowly took form—a pair of shoes with the bottoms turned toward him and the uncertain outlines of a man's body beyond! He was sure of it! The glinting dust floated between, but those upturned soles, the leather glistening—worn smooth as glass by sand and brush—could not be an illusion. It was a man lying stretched prone with his head over his arm, rifle extended, and watching intently ahead. The soldier noiselessly drew up his own gun until with his chin quite down in the warm sand he held a steady aim on the soles of the shoes.

"God! I can kill him; rip him from feet up and he'll never know what struck him!" he muttered with the hot lust for revenge rising with the throbs of his beating heart and quickening breath. The chase had been fast and humiliatingly pressed upon him. "By God! I'll—No, wait 'till he moves and then I'll let him have it—wait 'till he sees me and then I won't give him a chance—not one as he—wouldn't me!"

Purdy steadied the rifle over his arm and felt himself growing calmer; the terror of the unseen enemy was dying out. He could have arisen and faced his man resolutely enough at any time; it was the cat and mouse game that had shaken his courage. He cleared his eyes and waited, grimly telling himself that for life or death, he held the winning card; he could kill his foe instantly or command him to surrender. But that last was debarred by their agreement. "The man that's left c'n take the cayuse an' ride back to town; there'll only be one," Hank Getts had declared. There was to be no tame capitulation. The cattleman would laugh at that, and only sell his life as desperately as he could. So Purdy, the volunteer, lay with eye along the blue barrel awaiting the last play; watching, watching until the dirty brush around his prey quivered and jumped; the intervening sand flowed between in yellowish eddies, and he had to turn his strained vision away to the distant rim of hills and the dull sky line. But these two seemed funnily featured; a solitary butte off in the burning south leered and gibbered at him and crouched for a leap over the heaving desert, and he caught echoes of high mocking laughter from the cannon walls. He closed his tired eyes and with a start opened them on the shining soles of the man lying stealthily behind the greasewood. The ground between in places lay bubbled and cracked in fantastic shapes, traced in sparkling alkali, and Purdy fell to admiring the strange

regularity of these forms—squares and angles and octagons, that dryly crackled into something that, as in a dream, he seemed to have known before. The octagons he giddily likened to some dear, faint memory that familiarly comforted him. Octagons? They trooped out of the cool shadowy past, but from where? Oh yes, in books, books and in school! He smiled reassuringly at the alkali octagons; they seemed interestingly relevant—vast with important problems of 4ax—y—couldn't he ever get it right? Then he erased the irritating figures; swept them from the blackboard so that the pungent chalk dust crept into his nostrils and he sneezed.

Then they laughed—the little boys at the whittled desks and the girls of class B at the recitation bench! He started to draw more octagons, but the chalk-dust choked him, and then there was a little girl in blue, oh, how cool and smiling-eyed she was! who put her hand in his and took the chalk away. Then they drew octagons together, and angles and squares and paralellograms, and everything was fair and good until the dusk fell and they walked home side by side by green hill orchards that scattered pink and white blossoms in her hair. And after that day the octagons stared in on his dreams; always changing, rolling forms, but forever framing her face through long spaces of time and distance, until, one day, she gave him one of silver from which she smiled out on him through all the days they were apart—days of toil and doubt and danger on the western ocean and in hot, shallow trenches in strange, far lands. And now he was taking it back to her—to her, among the white-blossomed apple trees of long ago!

His hand lovingly sought the locket on his rifle, but God! Where was it? He was frantically grasping the empty air and glaring at the burnished sky, the cracked earth and off at the lowering hills. Gone! With a hoarse cry he arose and groped back along his track, digging in the sand and dirt with trembling fingers, turning sticks and stones in mad haste and then in despair staggering forward to renew the search. His eyes fixed in fury on the soles of the man's shoes. "He did it! He knows! He knows!" The soldier seized his rifle and leveled it at the crouching form. But the locket was forever between him and the sights; he again tore up the earth in a maniacal search for it. Why didn't the man ahead stir to aid him—to find it—to wear his heart out in the desert in quest of it?

Ah, he would kill him for this—kill him for this dogged indifference! Shoot him where he lay! He brought the rifle to his shoulder and softly tiptoed around the greasewood to bring the man's head to clearer view. He kicked the dust—he rattled the twisted cactus to start his quarry out, but the other only gazed calmly before him at something in his left hand. The soldier stole nearer, stealthily awaiting a movement. But even as he noted the darkly-caked earth beneath the man's left side and the dizzy sandflies quivering over it, he saw the silver octagon locket open in his hand. The dark, set eyes of Hank Getts stared down at it in stern, high astonishment and joy, for the smiling face in the locket was not that of Kitty, the dining-room girl at Cowan's.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

By Annie T. Colcock

PART I—A FAIR TOLEDANA*

THE noontide hush had fallen over Toledo on a day in the springtime of 1896. The once imperial city—forever day-dreaming of its past glories—seemed now to be sunk into still deeper slumber, as though drunken with the April sunshine. Overhead arched a cloudless sky, blue as the robes of *la Purissima;* the sunlight glistened on the gray tiled roofs and the narrow, ill-paved street was bathed in a flood of golden light which the creamy walls of the low, irregular buildings reflected glaringly. It was with a sense of refreshment that the glance rested on the cool spots of shadow in the curve of a wall or beneath an overhanging balcony; and one dark green door, heavily studded with great nails, and half concealed beneath the brow of a Moorish archway, seemed like a little oasis to the dazzled eye. The fragrance of geranium, heliotrope and sweet basil was wafted from every window balcony.

Not a sound broke the stillness save the musical trickling of the little stream of water gushing into the stone basin of the fountain at the corner—a cool sound, very tempting to the thirsty palate of the solitary occupant of this silent little street.

Don Jacinto slipped his notebook into his pocket and crossed over to the fountain. Beside the stone spout hung a tarnished, broken chain, but no drinking-cup was visible, so he stooped his head for a mouthful of the plashing stream. After one or two ineffectual efforts to quench his thirst, he felt a light touch on his arm, and a soft voice said:

"Pardon me, senor, but here is a cup at your service."

The young man turned eagerly, and the glitter of a bright brass cup met his gaze, but he looked beyond into the dark eyes of the fair young Toledana who offered it.

Straight and slim as a young palm tree, she might have posed for Rebecca at the well. Her dress consisted of a dark stuff petticoat, a bodice of flowered print, and a blue and red kerchief folded crosswise over her shoulders. On her left hip was poised the earthern water jar—or *botijo* which, from one end of Spain to the other, is the most important article of household furniture—and in her right hand she held forth the shining cup to the young stranger.

"Will you not drink?" she asked with gentle dignity.

"To your health," he replied, baring his head as he lifted the brimming cup to his lips.

The girl acknowledged the compliment with the merest inclination of her dark head, and setting the water jar on the ledge under the stream of the fountain, waited for it to fill.

With another respectful salute, and a glance of admiration in his eyes, Don Jacinto tendered, at the same time, the empty cup and his grateful thanks to its owner. He was a good

*The remainder of this charming story of modern Spain will appear in two instalments in the forthcoming numbers of "The National Magazine."

looking youth of the best Castilian type—tall, graceful, with well-cut features, black eyes, and a clear red and brown complexion. His dark beard was trimmed to a point, the ends of his mustache curled upward, and he wore his light gray sombrero with a jaunty air. The young girl scanned him approvingly through her long lashes, then, warned by the gurgling overflow of her jar, she turned away. However, before she could stoop to raise it, the stranger, with a quick movement, forestalled her, and holding it on his arm, exclaimed gaily:

"Whither?"

"It is needless, senor, I have but a step, to yonder doorway," and she pointed to the green door in the shadow of the Moorish arch.

"Alas, that my aid must be so brief!" replied Don Jacinto, regretfully, as he accompanied her the few paces across the narrow street to her destination, where she received the jar again into her keeping, with a single word of thanks, and pushed open the heavy, creaking door. It was already swinging back upon its hinges when the young man put out a detaining hand, saying:

"Pardon me, but I have letters to Senor de Cabrera in this *barrio.** Can you direct me to his dwelling in this labyrinth of streets?"

An expression of surprise and suspicion crossed the girl's face; she hesitated.

"It is here, caballero," she said at length, yet without opening the door further. "At this hour he is not at home; but if you will return in the evening you will be welcome," she added.

Don Jacinto lifted his sombrero once more, with a slight increase of dignity. "I will return, senorita, when I can pay to him, in person, my respectful greetings. Until then, farewell."

"A very good day to you," was the gentle response, and the green door swung back into its place.

For a moment Don Jacinto stared dumbly at the great nail heads that studded its surface.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed, with a short laugh, as he turned on his heel, "for a serving wench she gives herself airs. And if her beauty is her title, she has a right—as the sun shines, I will swear it!" He walked on for some time in silence, then paused with uplifted hand and cried aloud: "*Por Dios*, I had forgotten—it was in Toledo that Cervantes wrote '*La ilustre fregona*'; for I passed this morning, a *posada*† proclaiming the fact by an inscription on a brass plate upon the door. By San Antonio of Padua, there are still kitchen wenches as fair! I will wager a *cigarro* that my lady of the water jar would put 'the illustrious kitchen maid' of Cervantes very much in the shade. Mother of my soul, but what eyes!"

He laughed again as he spoke, kissed the tips of his fingers delicately and spread them with an airy gesture, as though wafting a salute to the object of his admiration. Then, as the smile faded from his face, he drew out his note book, studied it gravely for a moment, consulted his watch, and deciding that he could not do better than spend the afternoon in visiting the world-famous cutlery of Toledo, and purchasing some interesting souvenir of his visit, he continued on his way with an occasional twirl of his dark moustaches and a deft swinging of his silver-headed cane.

This young caballero was a fair specimen of the well-to-do Castilian. A native of Madrid, and the only son of wealthy parents; fresh from college life; with a light heart, a heavy

*District of a city.
†Inn.

purse, a love of literature and a taste for the beautiful—especially in women, he was now in the holiday hour of his existence and finding it very good. At the same time he was comparatively free from the vices of his class, and untouched as yet, by the taint of political intrigue—of which Madrid is the hot-bed.

We will leave him pursuing his nonchalant way, and forestall him at the cutlery, which is on the outskirts of Toledo and the chief source of employment to its people—for the "Toledo blade" still retains some of the ancient prestige which the city, crumbling away to ruin, has long since lost.

One of the show rooms of the factory is that where the finer work of ornamentation is done; the delicate engraving, the inlaid work of gold and silver, the graceful arabesques and highly finished medallions that go to the enrichment of some superfine weapon of defence—or offence, as the case may be.

Sebastiano, the hunchback artist of the workshop, was engaged upon a masterpiece. His little ill-formed body, perched upon a high stool, was quivering with excitement; the claw like fingers grasped the tools with nervous energy, and in the sallow, eager face bent over his work shone the fire of an artist's enthusiasm.

"Almost finished," he murmured from time to time. "A touch here and there—" and again sounded the soft tap of his mallet. At last he held it up to the light with a little inarticulate cry of pleasure. It was a tiny golden head in semi-relief—the head of a young girl, most exquisitely modelled. He gloated over it in silence a moment, then murmured:

"Mercedes—Mercedes to the life? The curve of the lip, the line of the brow—But stay, the hair falls a bit heavily," and he bent to work once more.

The afternoon hours were on; and then the entrance of a visitor created a slight stir in the room, silent heretofore but for the constant click and tap of the tools.

Don Jacinto had made a purchase vastly to his liking, and he reiterated his admiration in unmeasured terms. It was, indeed, a most dainty weapon—this Toledo dagger in its black velvet, silver-mounted sheath. He drew it forth and held it up, and the light flickered along the deadly little blade like a jet of blue flame. The foreman of the workshop took it from his hand, and explained to one of the engravers that the senor desired an inscription upon one side of the silver hilt. Don Jacinto handed the memoranda to the artisan, and continued his tour of inspection around the room.

"*Caspita!* but that is a rare bit of work!" he cried suddenly, bending over the hunchback's table.

Sebastiano started, and put out one hand as though to conceal the little head on which he was engaged; but the stranger, with the air of one who is accustomed to have his way, took up the tiny medallion and held it to the light. An exclamation of surprise broke from him.

"Our little wench of the water jar—'*la ilustre fregona*' herself! *Caramba!* but what a coincidence!"

The foreman, overhearing this exclamation, approached hastily, and looked over his shoulder.

"What is this?" and he turned to Sebastiano with a scowl. "This is not the head of Mars that you were retouching. What does this mean?"

The hunchback murmured an incoherent explanation about a flaw in the die which he had sought to remedy; and the foreman broke in with a sharp

reproof, when Don Jacinto interrupted gaily:

"But this is admirable, caballero. This delights me greatly. I must have it, indeed yes! It shall be inlaid in the dagger, on the reverse of the hilt. By Cervantes, but it is most appropriate! You will see to it, caballero, in the handle of the dagger. We shall not quarrel about the price."

"But it is not for sale, senor!" cried Sebastiano hastily, a dark flush mounting to his sallow brow.

"Not for sale?" cried the foreman, turning on him angrily.

"I mean—it is unfinished—" stammered the dwarf, chokingly, his little body shrinking under the sharp words as though from a blow.

"It is well enough as it is. *Por Dios*, it is ravishing!" repeated Don Jacinto, still holding it to the light with the air of a connoisseur. Then he yielded it to the foreman, and departed gaily, the latter following him to the door. As it closed on the two, the hunchback at his table in the corner, bent over and buried his sallow face in his thin little hands.

* * *

Senor de Cabrera had finished his dinner; but he still sat at table in the *comedor*—or dining apartment—with a newspaper spread out on the table before him, beneath the large kerosene lamp that hung from the centre of the room.

The light streamed down over a fine head covered sparsedly with silvery hair, a high, prominent brow, beneath which his dark eyes gleamed with all the fire of youth, a nose strongly aquiline and surmounted by large silver rimmed spectacles; and a snow white beard, trimmed with great precision.

The room in which he sat, like most others in Toledo, was cramped and small, and contained little in the way of furniture. At one end was a sideboard, on which were a few pieces of antique silverware; three or four chairs and a curiously carved cabinet, summed up the remainder. Two windows overlooked the little *patio*—or courtyard, from which the heavy green door gave access to the street.

* * *

Outside, in the twilight, Mercedes was watering her flowers—a mass of fragrant bloom in the little stone basin of an ancient, disused fountain in the centre. The floor of the little court was paved with tiles; in one corner a narrow stairway ascended to the rooms on the upper floor of the dwelling; and from large tubs, set all around the walls, climbed the graceful vines which, when trained overhead, were designed to furnish a protection against the summer heat.

Beside the girl, as she bent over her flowers, stood the little hunchback with a water jar held on one arm, while with the other he gesticulated violently, speaking in low, eager tones.

Mercedes paused in her work to listen, her face softening with sympathy.

"Ah! what a disappointment for thee, Chano *mio*," she exclaimed in her soft, clear voice. "But let it not vex thee, cousin. Thou shalt make an image of me every day in the year, if thou wilt. A silver peseta will make another as good, is it not so? Or if only gold will serve—*ay de mi!* there is none too much of that with us, as thou knowest—But stay, thou shalt have this," and she unloosened a little gold brooch from her collar and held it out to him. "Make it over for me, Sebastiano. I would as soon have it so, if it will please thee."

The hunchback turned from her with a gesture that was half angry, wholly despairing.

"*Dios mio!* dost thou not understand?

This was an inspiration, a thing to have done once in a lifetime. I tell thee, Mercedes, it was thy very self—the rounded cheek and dimpled chin, the lips, the smile, the eyes drooped coyly as though playing at sleep—and to think that it is for the toy of a mere dandy of Madrid—a creature who knew no better than to suppose that it was intended for the kitchen maid of Cervantes. *Cielos!* the wench of the water pot, he styled it."

"What say you, Chano?" cried the girl hastily, her cheeks growing hot in the twilight. "A dandy of Madrid, was it? A wench of the water pot, said he? Wench, indeed!"

"Ay, wench of the kitchen—of the *botijo*—it matters little."

The heavy rap of the knocker checked his speech.

"Open the door," exclaimed Mercedes, rising quickly to her feet as she spoke. "Open, Sebastiano!"

Obediently the little man turned to the gate, and drawing the heavy bolt, let it swing inwards.

Don Jacinto, coming down the dim street with alert step, had conjured up for his beguilment on the way, visions of the fair portress of the morning, as she had last appeared to him ere the green door shut her from sight. Now, all the tales of Moorish mysteries, of enchanted princesses and goblin guardians, rushed into his mind as the same door swung open to reveal—in the full stream of light that issued from the windows of the comedor—the grotesque little figure of Sebastiano, with the water pot still on his arm.

For an instant he stood speechless, then as understanding began to dawn on him once more, he found voice to ask for Don Pedro de Cabrera, and to present his card.

The inquiry was heard by Senor de Cabrera himself, who hastened to the door to admit his visitor.

As the bewildered young man listened to his host's courtly protestations of welcome he realized that this strange substitute for "*la fregona*" was no other than the little artist of the cutlery, and he turned to give him some greeting; but it was too late, the patio was empty, and he did not catch the vindictive whisper that followed Mercedes as she vanished up the stairway: "It is he; the dandy of Madrid!"

* * *

In the comedor, Don Pedro, having discovered in Jacinto the grandson of an old friend, was setting forth the best the house afforded for his entertainment. A bottle of Val de Penas, glasses and cigars were placed upon the table, and the guest was pressed to partake of them.

"These cigars," commented Senor de Cabrera as he offered the younger man a light, "are not so good as I could wish, but it is many a year since I have found my taste for the good things of life equalled by my power to gratify it."

"In that you are to be congratulated," was the courteous rejoinder. "It is the complaint of most men, on reaching middle life, that the taste fails for all that was desirable in youth, so that even the wealth of Croesus would be powerless to tempt it."

"In middle life—" repeated Don Pedro, answering the first part of his sentence. "My young friend, I am seventy years old. Within my memory this unhappy country has been rent again and again by revolution and civil war; I have seen the rise and the decline of the Carlist party; and during my lifetime six sovereigns have sat upon the throne of Spain. And now—" he paused, and placing his cigar between his lips puffed thoughtfully for a few minutes, while the young man waited respectfully for the completion of his sentence.

"Your great-grandfather," continued Don Pedro, presently, in a musing tone, "was one of the heroes who fell in 1808, and your grandfather was another gallant officer; but your father, I believe, has preferred a political career to that of the soldier. In what field, may I ask, do you propose to serve your country? For she has need of the warm blood of young Castile. We of a past generation feel it growing chill in our veins, so that we are useless in this present crisis. It is your day, my young friend. .

There was an embarrassed silence, as Don Jacinto carefully removed the ash from his cigar. At last he exclaimed with a half laugh:

"Upon my honor, Don Pedro, I believe it was to assist me to arrive at some conclusion that my father persuaded me to come here and make your acquaintance. You perceive," continued the young man, desperately, "the distractions of a large city like Madrid, make it difficult to arrive at a decision of such moment. But in Toledo, where every stone is a record of the past, and every monument an inspiration, one feels—one begins to realize the importance of—" he broke down helplessly; but Don Pedro smiled with approval.

"It is true," he said gravely. "Toledo is all that and more. One of our modern writers has truly called it: 'The dumb map of old powerful Spain, the geneological tree of our nation, the sacred repository of our lares, manes et penates.' You do well to come hither. To breathe in, with the air of this ancient city, the traditions of our former greatness, is to kindle the soul and foster in the heart the love of country." His eyes lit as he spoke, and his cheek flushed with a passing glow. "Where is there a nobler calling than that of the soldier?" he continued. "Á son of Castile, in choosing a career, does not want for illustrious examples, for we come of a nation of heroes."

A long pause followed, as the young man found no words in which to reply.

Then the old gentleman turned to him with a kindly smile, and said: "Well, my young friend, you must let me help you to a decision as far as I am able to do so. And during your stay here, I beg that you will consider this house your own."

"I shall be most grateful for your advice," replied Don Jacinto, rising; and, after a few words of thanks and mutual compliment, he found himself once more in the street.

"*Por Dios!*" he exclaimed, with mingled amusement and chagrin. "I seem to have stumbled upon a recruiting agency. Unless I beware, I shall be despatched to Cuba with the next detachment of conscripts. *Caramba*, but there's fire in the old war horse yet! They say he was a gallant soldier in his day.—But where was '*la fregona*' I wonder? Among the pots and pans, no doubt. Alas, that rare beauty, such as hers, is not alone the heritage of the wealthy and well-born!" and he sighed deeply as he entered the courtyard of his hotel.

* * *

The whole of the next day, and during the morning of another, Don Jacinto avoided the little street of the fountain; but time was beginning to hang heavily on his hands. He missed the gossip of the Madrid cafes, and the evening promenade on the Prado.

"In truth, Toledo, with all the monuments of the past, is as dull as a cemetery!" he thought, discontentedly, as he tossed aside the "Heraldo," over which he had been dozing since noon in the patio of the hotel, and stepped out into the street.

Hardly a soul was visible. A woman sat with a child on her knee, in a

sunny doorway, and at long intervals the footfall of a passer-by broke the stillness. By and by a tiny burro, laden with paniers of charcoal, came pattering down the street, its long ears wagging sleepily. A small urchin with a long stick loitered after it, giving an occasional cry of "*Anda! Anda!* (Go on!)" which neither of them seemed to take seriously, as the snail's pace continued as long as they remained in sight.

Don Jacinto yawned, and followed the donkey and the boy.

"At least," he murmured, "it will keep me awake."

For some time he pursued his unconscious guides as they threaded their way through the maze of torturous streets; but suddenly, they turned into a short alley, blocked at the end by a high gateway, and in another moment this had opened and swallowed them from sight.

"*Que lastima!* I have no longer an aim," he sighed, and wandered on disconsolately. Now and then the low murmur of the Tagus reached his ears, luring him on, till at last the great mass of the Cathedral loomed up before him. One of the large doors was partly open, and the tones of the organ floated out into the street.

On a sudden impulse, he crossed the little square and entered.

Before him, in a vast perspective, the dim Gothic arches extended, lit from below by the flickering candles in the niches along the walls, while far above, like captive rainbows, lurked the rays of the afternoon sun, tinged by the many hued windows hidden in the vaulted roof.

As Don Jacinto's eyes grew more accustomed to the dim light, he perceived that mass was being celebrated in the Mozarabe Chapel under the tower of the Cathedral, dedicated to the memory of the primitive church of Spain. The voices of the choir rose on a mighty wave of harmony from the great organ, swelling louder and echoing amid the arches, then dying away softly as the priest's deep tones took up the strain.

There was something inexpressibly sad and plaintive in the music. As he drew nearer to listen he perceived among the kneeling worshippers the gray head and gaunt figure of Don Pedro, and beside him was a slight, black robed girl, with a mantilla shrouding her face.

The young stranger waited reverently for the service to conclude, his impressionable nature deeply moved by the solemnity of those wierd chants, sung responsively by priest and choir; and involuntarily, his mind reverted to the days when the little remnant of Christian Toledo had worshipped in secret under the very shadow of the Crescent.

It was over, and the congregation was flowing out. Waiting in the shadow of a column, Don Jacinto watched, with some curiosity, for that little, black robed figure to pass by. The erect old man, with silvery hair, came down the nave, with the slight figure clinging to his arm. As she passed by she lifted her face, the light of a candle flashed full upon it, and Jacinto caught his breath with surprise as he recognized the girl he had seen at the fountain.

"Who is that young senorita with Don Pedro de Cabrera?" he commanded hastily of a bystander, who smiled appreciatively, saying in reply:

"Ah, Caballero, you have singled out the most beautiful face in Toledo. That is Dona Mercedes, the granddaughter of Don Pedro."

Jacinto gazed after the girl with widening eyes.

"*Diablo!*" he murmured under his breath.

An Alaskan Story

By James French Dorrance

SOME years ago Togiak Bay, on the Bering sea shore of Alaska, experienced for the first time the honor of caring for a United States vessel of war. True, it was only a gunboat—the "Wheeling," and the visit was one of necessity—broken machinery; but even so, the honor was great, for Togiak had never before seen anything larger than a salmon cannery tug.

As if in appreciation, nature showed itself at its best. Even the prosaic, hard-working sailors in the forecastle were affected by the beauty of the scene.

Hegemeister island, bluff and barren as it was, furnished ample protection from the mid-summer storms. The shores of the bay, covered with an evergreen coat of scrubby trees, presented the necessary relief from the island's rocky monotony. A low range of snow-covered mountains along the Kuskokwin river gave a jagged horizon toward the east; while the even, blue stretch where sea and sky met toward the west afforded a perfect element of contrast.

The Walrus Twins—two low islands —held up their heads side by side a few miles out to sea, and the waves dashing upon them changed color to a milky white as they fell back into the sea thoroughly churned into foam.

It was from the contemplation of this scene, set off with great distinctness by the early morning sun, that the officer of the deck was suddenly aroused by a member of the watch.

"A lot of Indian canoes have just rounded the point, and are heading toward us, sir," was the sailor's announcement.

The lieutenant surveyed the approaching fleet with his glass for a moment, and made out the big canoe of Nikhkak, chief of the Togiak tribe, which was somewhat in the lead. He sent word to his captain, and received the Indians with the usual ceremony.

The "Wheeling" was in northern waters for the express purpose of impressing the dignity of the United States government on the miserable Alaskan coast natives from Fort Wrangel to Kotzebue Sound, and even further north if the weather permitted. What this visit in force meant, the officers did not know. The To-

giak tribe had been received several days before, and in an hour the "Wheeling" would be ready to steam away. The opportunity, however, of again impressing governmental dignity was too good to be lost.

There were perhaps twenty canoes in the approaching flotilla. They were clumsy, home-made affairs, constructed of seal or fish skins, stretched tightly over light wooden frames, and tied in place with buckskin thongs. The chief's barge, the pride of the tribe, advanced rapidly with ten strong young men at the paddles. In the stern sat Nikhkak, himself, resplendent in a cast-off uniform coat used in the revenue service, and a pair of badly worn duck trousers, that had long since forgotten their original color. A round sailor cap sat on top a shaggy mass of clotted white hairy, and completed his uniform of state.

The presence of a "klootchman"—as all women of the Siwash tribes are called—at the side of the chief was even more of a mystery than the reason for the visit. Alaskan women of the native sort are kept under thorough subjugation by their lords and masters, and their presence is never tolerated at affairs of state.

The canoes had by this time reached the vessel, and the chief asked in his guttural jargon permission to come on board. Dignity demanded that they be kept waiting, and it was fully a half hour before the captain appeared at the gangway and motioned the desired permission. He wore a full-dress uniform, which fairly shone with gold braid, so dear to the Indian eye.

Chief Nikhkak disdained the use of the gangway, and instead ran his canoe alongside the anchor chain, up which he climbed with the agility of a a cat, sticking his bare toes into the holes between the links. The "klootchman" followed in the same fashion, and was in turn followed by a half dozen half-dressed natives.

The crew was drawn up on the main deck to receive them, and saluted formally as the chief and his companions scrambled over the bow. A long exchange of official courtesies followed with the assistance of an interpreter, and many assurances of friendly feeling were exchanged by the same means. The crew was finally dismissed as the principals got down to business.

"Ask Nikhkak his business," said the captain to the old Wrangle Indian who accompanied the expedition as interpreter.

The chief talked earnestly for five minutes, for the words of the language are hard to speak even for the natives. They meant as little to the officers standing about, as did the senseless squawks of a multitude of gulls which had followed the ship from the south.

There was little doubt, however, but that the conversation had to do with the Indian woman, for she had squatted on the deck and bent her head to her knees, all the while crying softly. She was almost animal looking, with her head sloping to a point—a mark of great beauty seen through Siwash eyes, and secured in infancy by binding the unformed head to a flat board—her long black hair, uncombed, tangled and matted with dirt; and her dark-skinned face, unwashed for weeks except by the tears she was now shedding. These tears wore furrows through the accumulated dirt, and disclosed traces of blue tattoo marks. A brass ring inserted through a ragged hole in her upper lip completed the horrible picture.

Her attire was not less wonderful than her face. As a color scheme it defied all laws, red and yellow pre-

dominating, purple and green showing vividly in the trimmings. The garment was wrapper-like in construction, and she had probably purchased it from a passing trader for many times its value in rich furs.

"He says he wants one of your sailors," the interpreter finally said, turning to the captain.

It took another five minutes to find the reason for the strange request, but old Wrangel finally made it out thus:

"He says his daughter—the girl there—wanted a sailor for a husband. He bought some sailor from this boat. The sailor told him he would love his daughter very much for twenty blue fox skins and fifty pounds of walrus tusks. They had big Indian wedding two nights ago. Last night the sailor stole a canoe and ran away with the skins. He is afraid you will take the man away, and leave his daughter without a husband."

The woman in the complicated case now looked up and made a sign that she wished to speak. She had picked up some English from the missionaries and dispensed with Wrangel's services.

"Give me Jack," she said. "He loves me. You steal him away. I give you gold for him," and she threw a sack heavy with small gold nuggets at the captain's feet. Then she started crying again.

"There was some kind of a dance goin' on"

"You say you want Jack," said the captain, "what is his other name?"

"His name just Jack," the "klootchman" replied. "Him have no other

name to me. Him have red hair, too."

This after thought about the red hair was of great importance. In fact it solved the whole mystery. "Red" Jack O'Connell, pride of the forecastle and the best fighter on the Pacific squadron, had been ashore without leave for three days, and was then doing penance in the "brig."

"Bring O'Connell on deck without his irons," said the captain to the officer of the deck.

He appeared shortly with a smile on his face, assumed to show his companions that he did not mind a turn in the "brig." It faded instantly when he caught sight of the Indian woman.

She saw him at the same moment, and was across the deck with one leap. She threw her arms about his legs, uttering but one word—"Jack."

"O'Connell, did you ever see this woman before?" asked the captain.

"No, sir; never set eyes on her till this minute," was the unfaltering reply.

"It will not help you to lie about it," said the captain gruffly; "by Indian law and in sight of God you are her husband. Now out with the whole story."

O'Connell began to look worried. He looked at the sky, then at the deck, hunting through his mind for some loophole of escape. There seemed to be none, and he began:

"You see, sir, it was this way: I gets tired stayin' on board—you know I haven't had shore leave for months. So I slips overboard and swims ashore. The water was colder than I thought, and seein' smoke ahead, I steers for it. It was this 'buck's' camp and they was havin' a big time inside, so in I crawls.

"There was some kind of a dance goin' on, and I joins in with this girl for partner. She was the best lookin' one in the lot. (This in an apologetic tone for the benefit of the sailors within hearing.) When we gits through she begins huggin' me. Then she goes over to the old 'beggar'—that one there, and they talks a long time, pointin' to me every little while.

"Then the old one gets out the finest lot of fox skins I ever laid eyes on, and a lot of ivory. He piles them up in front of me, and brings up the girl by the hand. He points first to the pile and then to the girl. Then she picks up the skins and sits down beside me. I gives the old one all of my tobacco, thinkin' they were givin' me presents.

"The oldest man I ever see comes in then, and says a lot of stuff while we stands up before him. Then they gives the dance over again, and we all gets very drunk.

"I stays there two days, and then 'outs' with the plunder. I nearly died eatin' their fish-head stew, and other rank dishes. The skins are down in my chest, sir, and they can have them back, if that's what they want. And that's the whole story, sir, as I hopes to die on shore."

"Do you mean to say you did not know they were marrying you to the girl?" asked the captain.

"As I live, sir, I never dreamed it," was the reply.

"If you are telling the truth, I'm sorry for you, my man," said the captain; "but appearances are rather against you." He ordered a lieutenant to ask Father Riley, who was going to a northern mission on the vessel, to come on deck.

"I'll see that you are married properly enough now," said the captain, turning to the thoroughly frightened sailor. "It is necessary for the first time in the history of the country to force a citizen of the United States into a marriage against his will to uphold the dignity of the government."

"Two sailors stood him up against a mast and tied him there"

"But, sir, I have a wife in San Francisco," whined the sailor.

This was an unlooked for complication, and for a moment the captain was puzzled. Then he sent for the paymaster, who produced the sailor's papers. They pronounced O'Connell "single."

"Well, anyway, there's a girl want-in' to marry me when the ship gets back," said the sailor, when confronted with this proof.

"She'll have to marry some one else," replied the captain, "for in the interests of good government, and for the protection of Indian honor, your wedding takes place to-day."

The sailor rolled great strings of oaths under his tongue, and swore they could kill him before he would consent. The irons were sent for, and again put in place. Two sailors stood him up against a mast and tied him there. The "klootchman" took her place by his side.

The priest was equal to the occasion, after the situation had been explained to him, and made up a service that needed no responses. It was a strange ceremony. The bridegoom muttered curses on his unlovely bride all through it. At the end she insisted on kissing him in spite of his efforts to bite her.

The ceremony over, two sailors brought O'Connell's chest on deck. The paymaster counted out the pay due him, and the captain signed for it, for the sailor would not. His irons were exchanged for ropes, and four men carried him down the gangway, depositing him in the bottom of the largest canoe. His happy bride waddled down after him, while the chief tarried a moment to express his gratitude in the longest and most imposing words his jargon afforded.

The "Wheeling's" anchor was soon hoisted, and before the canoes were out of sight around the point she was steaming out of the bay, a foamy wake waving goodbye to the sailor benedict left behind.

There was much discussion among the men about his strange fate, and the opinions held were various. Old Priestly, sargeant of marines, voiced the prevailing sentiment, however, when he said:

"I'll bet a month's pay that Jack is chief of that tribe in a year, if no vessel comes along to carry him away."

And in San Francisco a rosy-cheeked Irish girl is wondering why her fighting sailor lover has never returned.

TRIOLET

A ROSE—an odor faint—a thought—
To my sore heart a mystic three—
I trembled at the breeze which brought
A rose—an odor faint—a thought—
Where can a soothing balm be got
To quiet the throbbing breast o' me?
A rose—an odor faint—a thought—
To my sore heart a mystic three.

Everit Bogert Terhune

THE KEEPING OF THE ALAMO

By Winthrop Packard

There came a messenger in hot haste, a scout from the southern plain,
To Travis, captain at Bexar, riding with might and main:
"There are six thousand Mexicans have crossed the Rio Grande;
With horse and foot and cannon they swarm; they are close at hand."

Seven score and five of Texans warded the town that day,
Seven score and five of Texans, and fearless men were they,
Yet a handful, with scant defences, and an army to hold at bay.
They were lank and tall, bold men of the plains,
Stern bred of a stern, wild land,
To wrestle with storm, to fight with drought,
To laugh at death, from the north or south,
Be it Indian spear or cannon's mouth,
A dashing, fearless band.
And lo! as they looked in their leader's eyes there came the roll of a drum,
The clatter and tramp of horse and foot and an army's sullen hum,
And the pickets came flying inward with the warning cry, "They come!"

"Now hasten to the Alamo, we may not save the town,
But the Alamo has stout stone walls were hard to batter down,
And there," spake fearless Travis, "our twin-starred flag shall fly
Till we drive away these swart wolf-dogs or dead in its shade we lie."
A rousing cheer from the patriot band swept up to the listening sky;
And one has gone, brave Bonham, to scour the plains for aid:
"I'll return, with help or without it," he said; "Be not afraid."
And presently they answered Santa Anna's call to yield
With a shot from a surly cannon that echoed far afield,
Till from the staff in the Mexican camp a blood-red banner hung—
The flag that meant "No quarter!"—and defiance back they flung.

There are Mexican guns to the north and south, they flash from the east and west.
Their infantry charge, long rank on rank, at their leaders' fierce behest,
And ever their glistening bayonets gleam through the cannon's sulphurous breath
And beat and fall away like waves from those walls rimmed round with death.
'Mid the ripple and rap of rifle shot and the great guns' sullen boom,
And still they die, to the taunting cry: "Come up to the front, there's room."
No bolder men than our Texans brave, and none so skilled as they
With rifle and pistol to watch and ward and hold a foe in play,
And none might win to the outer wall in the face of the fire that day.

A while the battle ceased as night fell soft on the southern plain,
But long in the glare of the torches' flare the sappers worked might and main,
And nearer the earthworks crept where at dawn their cannon flashed again.
Oh, little of rest and sleep was there for the bold beleaguered few!
But every man had the strength of ten for the work that brave men do,
That out of their travail and death and pain should come the birth of a state,
While they boldly stood as heroes should in the stern front rank of fate.

Ten days the unequal fight went on in the glare of the pitiless sun;
Ten nights, and the round and placid moon looked down on the walls unwon,
And out in the desert, lean and far,
The grey wolf licked his chaps at the war,
And fled at the boom of a gun.
There was Crockett, generous, dauntless soul, still first in the hottest fray,
And Bowie, of the long, keen knife, vigilant night and day,
While fearless Travis led them. They cheered with valorous breath
And still fought on, tho' hope was gone and they knew the end was death.

There's a rush of shots in the darkness, a cheer in the outer camp,
A hubbub of reckless battle, and a quick, resistless tramp,
And five and thirty Texans break through to their comrades' aid,
And one has come, brave Bonham, alone, but unafraid.
That is all, and the grim lines closer draw,
And day and night the unequal war
By the dauntless band is stayed.

The Mexican troops mass north and south, the bugle shrilly calls,
And out of the husk of the morning dusk they burst on the riven walls;
The tender breath of a Sabbath morn blows fresh from the rosy sky,
But the patriot band to their ramparts stand, for the time has come to die.

Oh, who shall tell the hero deeds that deadly morning knew,
And how the long ranks rose and fell upon the dauntless few?
For twice the leaguering thousands fled before their battle call,
And twice they formed their ranks again and stormed the broken wall;
For all too few the weary band to stay the deadly strife,
Tho' brave and bold each coign they hold and yield it but with life;
For till each shot torn hero falls by his heap of slain
The rush of armed thousands seeks a foothold there in vain.

In storied pass Leonidas led his immortal Greeks,
Clear from a hundred stricken fields old England's valor speaks:
But never knightlier battle stand was made by fighting men
Than made the Alamo that morn one dreadful slaughter pen.
Well may the bloody winner burn those battle shattered frames,
Their ashes scatter far and wide the seed of deathless flames,
And still in song and story those narrow walls they hold
Where e'er in camp or court or field are tales of heroes told.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXI. INCLUSIVE

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans, robs a bank and, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Charlotte Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat, recognizes Griswold and informs the authorities—from whom he escapes, makes an entire change in his appearance and goes to Wahaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Jasper Grierson, a wealthy magnate, has loaned Edward Raymer money with which to extend his Iron Works and notifies him that he must pay a third of his indebtedness on a certain date. Griswold becomes Raymer's partner. Andrew Galbraith, the banker whom Griswold robbed, comes to Wahaska, and Griswold recognizes him. Detective Griffin, on the quest of the bank robber, also comes to Wahaska.

XXII.

"I tell you, Griswold, there is no doubt about it; we have Jasper Grierson to thank for every move in this block game of ours. Every dollar's worth of work that we have lost has been taken away from us by his orders; and when we shall come to the heart of this strike business, we shall find out that he is at the bottom of that."

The partners were closeted in the private office of the Iron Works, discussing the discouraging outlook in general, and the ultimatum of the workmen in particular, and thus far Griswold had been unable to offer any helpful suggestion.

"I don't like to believe that, Ned," he protested. "It is a terrible charge to bring against any man. Besides, what motive could he have?"

"The one motive he has for everything he does—greed. He meant to swallow me whole when he lent me the money for the enlargement of the plant. You stepped in and stopped that, and now he means to swallow both of us."

Griswold shook his head. "I can't conceive the hardness of it, Ned."

"If you should accuse him of hardness, it would make him laugh in your face. He would say it was business. But that is nothing to him. He is something more than a driver on the Juggernaut-car of business. He is a robber, out and out, and one who sticks at nothing. Have you heard of that deal he is engineering with the old banker from New Orleans?"

"What banker?"

"Old Andrew Galbraith, of the Bayou State Bank."

If Griswold did not turn pale at the mention of Andrew Galbraith's name, it was because his face was always colorless. Yet he forced himself to ask the question:

"I haven't heard of it, what is it?"

"Grierson is about to stick the old Scotchman for a cool million in the Red Lake pine lands. You know what they're worth—or, rather, how utterly worthless they are."

"Oh, I think you must be mistaken, Ned. It would be sheer robbery."

"I am not mistaken; it came as straight as a string. It is a family matter and I ought not to mention it, even to you. Young Blanton drew up the papers, and as you may have guessed before this, he and Gertie have no secrets from each other. The deal is all but closed."

Griswold went silent at that, sitting quiet for so long that Raymer wondered a little, and would have wondered a great deal if he could have known what a lion's net of responsibility his bit of information had flung over the silent one.

Truly, of all men living, Kenneth Griswold should have been the last to

feel any conscientious promptings toward the saving of the man whom he himself had robbed; and yet the promptings were there, full-grown and insistent. He was still wrestling with them when the noon whistle of the Iron Works jarred sonorously upon the air, and Raymer got up and walked to the window commanding a view of the gates. And it was Raymer's voice that broke his reverie.

"It has come," said the iron-master; and Griswold quickly joined him at the window.

The men were filing soberly out at the great gates with their dinner-pails and other belongings. The strike was on.

XXIII.

It was late in the afternoon of one of the matchless summer days when Griffin became an involuntary Crusoe. It was in the second week of the strike, and the fourth of his sojourn in Wahaska, and being no nearer the solution of his problem than he was on the day of theory-framing when he had made sure that Charlotte Farnham's robber-lover would in due time make his appearance, he had fallen into the way of killing time in a row-boat on the lake. It was weary work, this waiting for a man who might never turn up, and there was a limit to the satisfaction to be gotten out of prying into the affairs of a small city whose history one might read as he ran. So Griffin took to the row-boat and the lake, pulling slow-races against time, wrestling with his problem, meanwhile, and calling himself hard names; saying that it was only the inertia of the place, and not the hope of success, which was keeping him.

In the afternoon of the Crusoe hazard he had pulled out to the islet in the middle of the lake, had drawn the light boat up on the sand, and had climbed the low bluff to smoke the pipe of reflection in the shade of the trees. It was here, with his back to the bole of a great oak, that sleep found him, smiting the pipe from his teeth and blotting out the hour in which the sun was sinking behind the western hills and the wind was rising. From this sleep unawares he was awakened by the whipping of the branches overhead and the crash of tiny breakers on the beach; and when he came alive to the realities he sprang up quickly and ran down to the little cove where he had left the boat; ran and looked and congratulated himself ironically. For the boat was gone.

"By Jove! I ought to have a leather medal for this, and I'll get it if they ever find out at headquarters," he jeered. "Hello, there! Boat ahoy!"

A small cat-boat with two women and a man in it was scudding down the lake, and the involuntary Crusoe yelled himself hoarse. But the wind was against him, and the cat-boat held its course toward Wahaska, heeling smartly to the flaws.

Griffin climbed the bluff and measured his chance of escape in a glance that boxed the compass. Off to the southward a steam-launch was making for the hotel pier, but there was no other craft in sight save the cat-boat. Whereupon he refilled his pipe and prepared to take the consequences of his carelessness philosophically, as he did most things.

"I guess I'm safe to make a night of it, but it won't be the first night I've slept out of doors. All the same, I hope this wind won't blow up a rain. I wonder if I couldn't rig up a shelter of some kind under the lea of this kingdom of mine."

Coming down to the bluff edge to see, his attention was once more drawn to the yawing cat-boat. The wind was

coming in sharper flaws, and the seamanship of the man at the tiller of the small craft was a thing to be admired. He was evidently making for one of the private landings below the hotel, and as the boat came under a hill-broken lea of the shore the alternating gusts and lulls called for a quick eye and steady nerves. Griffin was a bit of a sailor himself, and he gave the unknown skipper of the cat-boat his due meed of praise.

"By Jove! he's no freshwater sailor. Most of these countrymen up here would have had that sail double-reefed long ago. I wonder who he is?"

The answer to the query was suggested when the cat-boat came up into the wind at the small pier on the water front of the Farnham grounds, and the suggestion was as the spark of fire to a train of powder. There was a swift succession of minor explosions as the spark ran along the train of conclusions in the detective's mind, and then the crash of a great one. Griffin sat down on the edge of the bluff and held his head in his hands.

"Heavens and earth! What wooden-headed tobacco-signs we all are when it comes to a show-down!" he ejaculated. "Here I've been agonizing over this thing for a month when the answer to all the answerless questions has been parading in plain sight every day. I said when I should have found Miss Farnham's lover I should have my man, but I had to be marooned out here in the middle of the lake before I could put two and two together. Mr. Kenneth Griswold—*alias* anything you please—it will be unlucky for you if you can't prove up on your record."

From apostrophising the man to observing his movements at long range was but a step, and Griffin whipped a field-glass from his pocket and focussed it upon the boat and the Farnham pier. He saw the big sail shiver down, and a moment later Griswold handed the two young women up to the pier. There was a little pause, apparently of expostulance, on the part of the women, and then the big sail went up again, flapping and shivering in the wind like a huge white flag. The cat-boat edged away from the pier, fell off, came about, and pointed its sharp cutwater straight for the island. Griffin shortened the glass and dropped it into his pocket.

"Well now; that's more than good-natured," he muttered. "You may be a robber of banks, Mr. Griswold, but you've got a kind heart in you."

When the rescuer's purpose to bring up under the lea of the island became evident, the castaway scrambled down the low bluff and made his way around the southern point to be ready to climb aboard. The boat doubled the northern sand-spit and it was waiting for him in the sheltered cove behind the island when he came in sight of it. Griswold hailed him cheerfully.

"Thought you had come across another skipper Ireson, didn't you, when we went on and left you? I saw you waving, but the young ladies were a little nervous and I thought I'd better land them and come back after you. Can you make it from that log?"

Griffin could make it and did; and a moment afterward the cat-boat shot out from the island shelter, put her lea gunwale under, and showed her bottom strake to the setting sun. Griffin crawled aft and balanced himself on the uptilted weather rail beside the helmsman.

"You have the courage of your convictions," he remarked, nodding upward at the full sheet of the straining sail. "I looked to see you reef before you put out again."

"I know the boat," was Griswold's rejoinder. And then; "I hope you are not nervous."

"Not at all; I've sailed a little myself."

"Good. We'll get it decently fresh when we are out in the open, but we'll make it all right."

The prophecy was fulfilled in both halves, but the detective held his breath more than once before the catboat had thrashed its way through the perilous middle passage of the open lake to the calmer water in Wahaska Bay. At the pier he helped his rescuer make fast and stow the sail, and they walked up town together. At the hotel entrance Griffin introduced himself by name and made shift to thank the man whom he meant to bring to justice.

"I owe you one, Mr. Griswold," he said, at the hand-grasp, "and I'm afraid I shall never be able to pay it in kind."

Griswold laughed. "It is not a very heavy obligation. At the worst you might have had an uncomfortable night of it."

"Perhaps it wouldn't have been any worse than that. Well, maybe I can save you an uncomfortable night sometime. Won't you come in and smoke a cigar?"

Griswold thought at first that he would not, and then changed his mind. He was invited to dinner at Doctor Farnham's, but it was yet early Now there is nothing like good tobacco for speeding an acquaintance between two men, and Griffin's single extravagance ran to fine brands of cigars. So the chat in the hotel office went hither and yon, and finally came down to the topic which was at that moment engrossing the town—the strike at the Iron Works.

"They are a hard-headed lot of fools," said Griswold, not without warmth, when he came to speak of the strikers. "They are just like all the rest; they don't know when they are well off. We meant to go into the profit-sharing with them next year, but the way they are acting now you would think that Raymer and I were their sworn enemies."

"Violence?" queried the detective.

"Threats of it, plenty of them."

"What will you do?"

"We haven't decided yet, but my idea is to import what labor we need and go on."

"That will be pretty sure to make trouble, won't it?"

"Oh, I suppose so. But we've got to fight it out, sooner or later."

"No chance for a compromise, eh?"

"Not in the least, now; in fact there never was any. Their demands were most unreasonable."

"So I think," said Griffin, coolly.

Griswold looked at his companion curiously. "I thought you were a newcomer," he said.

"I am; but I was here before the strike began, and I've looked into it a little—just for idle curiosity's sake, you know. There's a good-sized nigger in the wood-pile, and I've been wondering if you and Raymer knew about it."

Griswold glanced around to make sure that no one else was within hearing. "The men were stirred up to it, you mean?"

Griffin nodded.

"Raymer said as much, but I couldn't believe it."

"It's a fact," said the detective, with the same air of assurance; "a fact susceptible of proof."

Griswold came awake to the possibilities in a flash.

"Could you prove it?" he asked.

"Perhaps; if I wanted to."

The defender of the rights of man puffed thoughtfully at the good cigar for a moment. Then he said: "Who are you, anyway, Mr. Griffin?"

The detective's smile was no more

than a grimace. "Perhaps I am the walking delegate of the Amalgamated Ironworkers," he suggested.

"Perhaps you are, but I don't believe it," Griswold rejoined. And then he apologized. "I had no right to ask the question, and I beg your pardon. But I'd give a good bit to be at the true bottom of this strike business."

"You are at it already if you will take your partner's word and mine. The whole thing is a put-up job to break you."

"But the proof," insisted Griswold.

"It can be had, as I said; but it is immaterial. Just go on the supposition that a certain capitalist is trying to smash you, and act accordingly."

"But if your supposition is the true one, we should be only postponing the evil day by giving in to the men. If this man whom you and Raymer suspect has stirred up trouble once, he can do it again."

This time Griffin's smile was childlike.

"There is one sure way to tie his hands, and I wonder that it hasn't occurred to you," he said.

Griswold laughed. "We are not big enough to buy him off."

"It doesn't ask for money; it asks for a little finesse. The man we are talking about is a law unto himself, but there is a power behind the throne."

"His daughter, you mean?"

"Yes."

Griswold puzzled over it for a moment, and then said: "I don't see the application."

"Don't you? Well, I'll tell you. If this young lady knew what is going on, she'd stop it."

"Why should she?"

"I'm not going into particulars," laughed Griffin. "If you can be Ned Raymer's partner without knowing what the whole town is talking about, a stranger couldn't give you a pointer."

"By Jove!" said Griswold, as one incredulous; but a little later, when he got up to take his leave, he thanked the observant one.

"Don't mention it," said Griffin. I may have to do you an ill turn some day, and this will serve to show that I'm not malicious. Are we square on the score of the uncomfortable night I might have had?"

"Rather more than square," Griswold acknowledged; and he went his way with many new stirrings of the conscience-pool.

The detective stood at the hotel entrance and watched his late rescuer out of sight. After which he went in and had speech with the clerk.

"Griswold stopped a while with you when he first came here, didn't he?" he asked.

"Yes; he was here sick for awhile."

"When was that?"

"It was some time last spring."

"Could you give me the date?"

The clerk could and did, or thought he did. But it was surely the very irony of chance that some one should distract his attention at the critical moment of date-fixing, making him miss-call the month and so give Griswold thirty days more of residence in Wahaska than he had really had. Griffin's eyes narrowed, and grew hard; and then a slow smile took the hardness out of them. He turned away to climb the stair to the dining-room, and the smile outlasted the ascent.

"I'm damned if I'm not glad of it!" he confided to the hat-rack when he was going in to his dinner. "But it knocks me silly just when I was sure I had my man. I wonder when I can get a train out of this dead-alive town?"

XXIV.

The threatened storm had blown over, and the moon was shining fair and full upon a placid lake when the

family dinner-party at Doctor Farnham's adjourned to the veranda. Griswold and the Raymers were the only guests, and in the marshalling of chairs Griswold was skilful enough to cut Charlotte out of the group and so secure her for himself.

At the dinner-table the talk had turned upon the pivotal point of the strike, but that subject was coming to be pretty well threshed out, and on the veranda Charlotte spoke of the wind-blown incident of the afternoon, and of the castaway on Oak Island.

"It was a terribly reckless thing for you to do—to go out after him in the 'Sprite,' " said Miss Farnham.

Now next to being exalted as a demi-god by the woman of his choice, a man loves best to have her believe him fearless. So Griswold dismissed the matter lightly.

"What is a man a man for?" he asked. "But as for that, the danger isn't worth mentioning."

"You may think so, but Gertrude and I did not. We stood up here on the veranda and watched you, going and coming. Gertrude says I pinched her black and blue grabbing her and saying, 'Oh, she's gone!' when the scud or a big wave would hide you."

Here was a small admission which no mere human sympathy could account for, and Griswold pinched himself black and blue in the ecstacy of it. It was coming, slowly, perhaps, but surely, and the name of it was love.

"But think of it," he said, willing to make that string vibrate some more; "think of how you and Miss Gertrude would have shone in the borrowed effulgence of me if I had been capsized. The 'Morning Argus' would have had you out to identify the remains, and—"

"Oh, please hush!" she said, and her hand was on his arm; whereupon he went obediently from the grewsome to the matter-of-fact.

"Really, there wasn't any danger worth speaking of; and the fellow was glad enough to be picked up, I assure you."

"Who was he?" she asked.

"No one whom you know; a man named Griffin—a summerer, I fancy."

"I do know him," she asserted. And then; "I don't like him."

Griswold was both puzzled and curious.

"May I ask how and why?—how you came to meet him, and why you don't like him?"

She was silent while one might count a score, and when she spoke her rejoinder was a half reluctant question. "I wonder if I might dare to tell you about it?"

"I have been hoping that the time would come when you would dare to tell me anything."

She passed over the implication and went on following out her own thought. "It is rather dreadful, and I haven't told any one about my part in it; that is, not any one but this Mr. Griffin, and he had a right to ask," she said; and from this as a beginning she told him the story of the bank robbery in New Orleans, and of her part in the apprehension of the robber.

Griswold's lips were dry and there was an invisible hand clutching at his throat when she came to the end, but he made no sign.

"They arrested him at St. Louis, you say?"

"Yes; but he escaped again."

He moistened his lips to say: "I didn't hear of that—I mean I didn't read of it in the papers."

"Nor did I," she admitted. "This Mr. Griffin told me."

"Then he is a—a—"

"A detective; yes. It seems that he came to the conclusion that a woman had written the letter to Mr. Galbraith. He took the 'Belle Julie's'

passenger list and sought out every one of the women on it till he came here and found me. I was sorry, but I had to tell him what I knew."

"Of course. But why should you be sorry?"

"How can you ask! Is it so light a thing to help ever so little to set a snare for the poor fellow!"

Griswold's laugh was almost harsh. "I shouldn't waste any sympathy on him if I were you. He is a hardened criminal, by his own admission to you."

"No, he was not that," she said quickly. "I understood him better than that—better than I have made you understand him. He was not a hardened criminal."

Griswold's blood, which had been slowly turning to ice in his veins, began to thaw again at that.

"Then you don't condemn him utterly? You are willing to admit that his own conscience may have acquitted him?"

"I am very sure that it did; or, at least, I am sure that his own point of view was so obscured by what he had suffered that he could not rightly see the guilt of the thing he had done."

"But you saw the guilt of it?"

"How could I help seeing it?"

"True. There is no excuse for him."

"I shouldn't say that. There may be many excuses for him."

"But no justification?" He tried hard to make the saying of it an impersonal abstraction, succeeding so well that she did not remark the note of despairing eagerness.

"Certainly not. Nothing could justify such a deed of lawlessness."

It was as he had prefigured. Her womanly pity had in it the quality of mercy. It went out toward the lawbreaker as the divine compassion enfolds even the impenitent sinner. But her conscience arraigned and condemned him.

He bowed his head and went dumb before the woman who had judged him, but when he would have changed the subject he found it mightier than his will to break away from it.

"Your verdict is doubtless that of the world," he said. "And from what you tell me, I fancy the end is in sight. They will soon run him down."

"Oh! Do you think so?" she quavered, and her voice, and the tears in it, were of womanly inconsistency.

"Surely. This man Griffin has made a long step on the way to the end. When he discovers the identity of the man who talked to you on the 'Belle Julie', the world won't be big enough for the fugitive to hide in."

She caught her breath in a little gasp. "And it was I who set the hunt upon him; not only once, but twice."

Then it was Griswold forgot his peril and turned comforter. "You mustn't grieve about it," he said gently. "You have done no more than your plain duty. He made you do it in the first instance; he would have made you do it in the second, if he could have known the circumstances."

She turned upon him quickly, and he dared not look into her eyes. "How do you know he did that?" she queried; and though he would not trust himself to look, he felt all that he might have seen if he had lifted his eyes to her face. But he was equal to the emergency which his slip had brought upon him.

"You forget what you have just been telling me."

"Did I tell you that too? I didn't mean to." She paused and looked away from him, adding: "And—and I don't believe I did."

He laughed. "Then I must have read your thoughts. How else could I have known it?"

"I don't know," she said absently;

and at the end of the silence which fell upon them the talk went back to the strike.

"I am in pretty deep water," Griswold confessed, when the present hopeless state of affairs had been fully recounted for Charlotte's benefit. "My responsibility is heavier than Ned's. He wanted to compromise with the men and I wouldn't agree to that. Now I am well assured of the cause—which he only suspects; and I know the remedy—which I am not brave enough to apply."

"Tell me about it," said Charlotte, with simple directness.

"I hardly know how to begin. It will be fairly incredible to you. Had you ever thought that the trouble might go deeper than mere dissatisfaction on the part of the men?"

"No. Does it?"

"Much deeper. The strike is nothing less than a part of a conspiracy to ruin us."

"A conspiracy!"

"That is what I said, but the word doesn't fit. It takes two to conspire, and the attack on us is instigated by one man. You will know who he is when I say that his motive is greed, pure and unalloyed."

She nodded slowly. "I know. But the motive isn't altogether avarice."

"What else could it be?"

She defined it in one word: "Pique."

Griswold did not pretend to misunderstand.

"So I thought, at first. But that involves a woman as well as a man, and from something which I learned today I am inclined to doubt the woman's complicity; to question whether she knows anything about it."

But at this point Charlotte the compassionate became Miss Farnham the austere.

"You may be very sure she knows all about it. If she ever sets up a crest—and even that won't be beyond her—the motto for it will be 'Rule or Ruin.'"

Griswold was beginning to doubt the advisability of any further confidences in the Grierson field, but his evil genius urged him to defend Margery.

"Isn't that a little uncharitable?" he ventured.

The tone was placable enough, as it was meant to be, but Charlotte was only a woman, and Griswold had been very much in evidence with Miss Grierson of late, on the high-swung trap and in the Grierson steam launch. So she said rather coldly: "I may seem uncharitable to you, and I am sorry I said it. But we are wandering. You say you know the remedy for your trouble and Ned's. What is it?"

Now Griswold was not any braver than other men when it came to facing a woman piqued, but since she had taken him unawares he must needs lose his head and say: "It is a personal appeal to this young woman whom you don't like."

The Raymers were rising to go, and she rose too, meeting his frank avowal with a toss of the superb head.

"By all means make it," she advised, icily. "You owe it to—to—"

"To Ned?" he suggested.

"Certainly not; to yourself."

And with that, she turned away to say good-night to the others. That was all, save that she did not give her hand to Griswold at parting.

(To be continued)

Public Library
LAWRENCE, MASS.

SUMMER MOON — *Leighton*

SLEEP IN ART

By E. Valisé

"Sleep! To the Homeless, thou art Home—
The friendless find in thee a friend:
And well is he, where'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end."

THE lethargy when organs of sense, locomotion and some of the intellectual powers are in complete repose has always appealed to artists. The greatest galleries of the world are full of sculptures and carvings representing the sleep of infancy, of full grown vigor, and of death itself. It was the starving artist in Paris who scraped enough pittances together to pay the wages of a Neapolitan child, and then sketched her while she slept, who won instant fame at the hands of the Salon when the finished result was shown. It was L. Perrault who made the greatest successes with his "Awakening Love" and "Sleeping Love." No such pictures of child life, aside from the marvellous posings by Bonguereau and his equally talented wife (nee Gardner) are shown anywhere. No more enchantingly treated canvas exists than the tired little wonder-worker—this king of hearts,

"This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,—
Regent of love rhmyes, Lord of the folded arms,
The annointed Sovereign of sighs and tears,"

whom Shakespeare has otherwise apostrophized so often. Its companion piece, painted by Perrault in 1891, represents Cupid in another bower, this time with rose blooms about him,

CUPID ASLEEP — *Perrault*

being awakened by shafts of light from a sun well in the ascendant, and by fluttering birds, perched close to him and showing no fear of their winged human companion. It is amazing with what power the artist depicts the complete abandon of human flesh relaxed in sleep in one case, and the awakening roundness of limbs, the sleepy reluctance of recovery in the other.

With the picture of "Oversleeping," another and almost as charming a phase of child life is shown, touched with a brush of fine humor. The shepherd boy guarded by his faithful dog, so used to the bleating of his charges that he awakens with even greater reluctance than the sleeper in the rose bower, is caught in the most picturesquely unexpected surroundings. The boy has a bent for art himself, and the specimens of his handiwork, crude though they are, show a vigor of treatment that may bring the artist from the shepherd's crook to the Royal Academy in time! This picture is singularly suggestive of the famous stable-interior by Gebler called "Art Critics," this time without other human suggestions than the deserted color-box, palette, brushes and faithful dog of the artist—an amusing commentary upon the ability of those who cast the "sheep's eyes" of criticism upon Art in general.

Speaking of the Royal Academy reminds one of a prophetic remark made by Thackeray in 1852 in a letter to Millais:—

"I have met in Rome a versatile young dog named Leighton, who will run you hard for the presidency (meaning that of the Royal Academy) one day." In time the "young dog" became not only president of the Royal Academy, (preceding Millais, in 1879) but just 25 days previous to his death, in January, 1896, was raised to the peerage in recognition of his monumental services to art. Among the

OVERSLEEPING — *Otto Gebler*

most representative specimens of Leighton's skill are the languorous "Summer Moon" and the romantic "Cymon and Iphigenia." In each of these the reclining grace of the celebrated "Leighton women—gloriously tall" is most marked. However much he has depicted "sleep in art," his art itself was sleepless—tireless, from the time when, as a pupil of George Lance in Paris, of Fillipo Meli in Rome, and of E. Steimele at Frankfort, he worked early and late, until his great picture "Cimabue" was hung at the Academy in 1855, and afterward purchased by his appreciative Queen. His special gift lay in the treatment of classical subjects with an almost heroic regard for the innate vigor of Greek outlines. In his pictures of sleep the

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA — *Leighton*

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL *Liska*

very outlines themselves become somnolent.

"Cymon" was exhibited first in the Royal Academy in 1884, and is now in the priceless collection of that liberal patron of art, W. Cuthbert Quilter, M. P. It represents the moment when the hitherto unimpressed attendant of Iphigenia,—

"the noblest nymph in all Diana's train,"

sees the lady with her companions of the hunt, sleeping in the twilight, and falls a victim to her charms. The "Summer Moon" was painted for the American Centennial Exposition of 1876.

Though the sleep of distress is seldom pictured, the atmosphere of sacred history is one which painters have loved from earliest times. Rarely is it so delicately interwoven with human sorrow as in the canvas by E. K. Liska where he takes for a theme the old story of the Egyptian bondwoman, Hagar, and her son Ishmael, wandering in the wilderness of Beersheba, with starvation staring her in the face, empty water bottle by her side. It is at a time when under other conditions,

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
The spirit drinks repose,"

but the famished child sleeps the sleep of exhaustion on the arid Syrian sands, while the despairing mother prays for the relief soon to be hers, hard by.

The moon, rising from behind the Dead Sea and the mountains of Judah, is the Heavenly messenger sent to light the mother's way to the well from which she is to draw nourishment and hope for her son, the promised forerunner of a great people.

RURAL SERVICE STARTING FROM ALBION, MICH., IN APRIL, 1900

WHAT RURAL FREE DELIVERY IS DOING

By Hon. Perry S. Heath, First Assistant Postmaster-General

PERHAPS my strong personal interest in the Rural Free Delivery service makes me more sanguine than others as to the possibilities of its future development. It has sprung from childhood to mature growth as rapidly as the mangrove trees do under the manipulation of East Indian jugglers, in the three years since the experiment was placed under my charge by President McKinley and by my immediate chief, the postmaster-general.

Already the correspondence which the department receives in regard to Rural Free Delivery exceeds in bulk and diversity that of any other branch of the post office service, and it increases day by day. The people are moving in the matter. The growth comes up from the sub-soil. It is not an orchid, nurtured in the heated air of a conservatory, but a sturdy plant, raised on the American farm, and fruitful beyond the expectations of its most ardent cultivators. Congress and the Post Office Department are simply following the lead of the people and are endeavoring to carry out their behests.

There seems to be an impression, among a few persons in Congress and elsewhere, that Rural Free Delivery is a kind of fancy or luxurious service. Those who raise objection to the free delivery of mail in rural communities forget that for a third of a century the farmers of our country have submitted, without a murmur, to taxation for the purpose of maintaining free delivery in the large cities, from which taxation they receive no benefit. The people in the agricultural districts never com-

plained that city folks were given a service which could not be extended to them. They paid their taxes, sawed wood and said nothing. That is, they said nothing until the idea was brought home to them that all other countries gave their farmers a proportionate share of postal benefits, while the United States—the pioneer in so many fields of advancement—alone lagged behind among the great nations that had entered into the universal Postal Union at Vienna, adopted at our instance and signed in compliment to the United States on the Fourth of July, 1891, in giving full effect to the international obligation then entered into of delivering mails at the residences of the addressees. Finding now, as they do, that by reason of increasing density of population and improved roads they can be brought within the humanizing influences of the postal service, at less cost per capita than the people of the smaller cities, to whom free delivery has been accorded by law, can it be wondered at that they ask their just share of postal benefits!

The item of cost is almost the only tangible basis of opposition at this time, to the universal free delivery of the mails. I do not take into consideration the selfish and personal interest of a few postmasters, who may desire the retention of their post offices rather than the substitution of Rural Free Delivery.

When the question of expense was under discussion before a committee of Congress some time ago, a member of the committee who was then much opposed to the service (but who has since changed his mind) observed that this was a measure of extravagance which would finally lead the government into the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. When I asked why, he answered, because the vast area of our country was such that the possibilities of Rural Free Delivery were beyond comprehension, and could not even be approximated. Then I inquired why this same argument had not led him to ask a repeal of the law extending free delivery to cities, inasmuch as that law made it mandatory to give free delivery to every city of 10,000 inhabitants or $10,000 gross receipts. I suggested that there was no knowing to what extent of extravagance this expenditure might lead, with the enormous growth of our country. To this there was no reply. A further statement made in the course of the discussion, that the cost of delivering a piece of mail to a farmer on a rural delivery route, was less than half the cost per capita of initiating urban free delivery in the smaller cities was received, by some members of the committee, with expressions of surprise and incredulity. The discredit placed on the statement disappeared when figures demonstrated the fact. This is a point which is not generally known or understood. Rural Free Delivery is not a costly, fanciful service. Within the short time it has been in operation, it has given better results in increased postal receipts, and in economies effected over the colonial service it supersedes, than has been achieved, in the same length of time, in any small city where by operation of law free delivery has been established. It is susceptible of much greater development than it has yet received.

I believe that Rural Free Delivery might be established over the entire country in each of the states north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi, and that the cost would be less than that of the present service, and the receipts much larger. This question has been put to the test in Carroll county, Maryland, with re-

sults which have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The territory selected was not an ideal one for the experiment. It represented no especial advantages either in the condition of the roads or the character of the country, or the density and appreciative character of the population served. It was a fair average test, and it has succeeded. To what extent will be shortly officially reported.

Having said this much of the practicability of the service, let me touch upon the still more alluring topic of the benefits it will confer upon the people of the whole country. These are almost beyond description.

To begin with, what a boon it will be to have the isolation of rural life eliminated, and town and country brought into closest touch. We may confidently expect that the tide of population which now sets steadily from the country into the over populated cities, will in a brief period be reversed, and the free air and wholesome avocations of country life, relieved of their desolate monotony, will become as attractive to the children of the slums as the varieties of city life now are to the offspring of the farmer.

This generation has witnessed the marvelous commercial and industrial advantages which have followed the building of great trunk lines from ocean to ocean. Think how much greater will be the blessing brought close to the homes of the people when good, free agricultural roads, passable under all stress of weather and at all seasons of the year, shall stretch from one end of the country to the other. The old tolled turnpike is doomed. It exists only in a few states, and is even there regarded as obsolete. Rural Free Delivery will eventually impel the construction of free, macadamized agricultural roads all over the United States, so that a man, if he chooses, can ride or drive from Boston to Omaha, or from Detroit to New Orleans. We are working in harmony with good roads conventions everywhere to secure proper roads for the rural carriers to travel over. Great results have already been achieved in this respect, and more may be expected. On one route alone, the farmers expended three thousand dollars for the improvement of roads, as a prerequisite to the establishment of Rural Free Delivery. The increased demands for the extension of rural service place the department in a position where it can insist, in future,

RURAL FREE DELIVERY MAIL BOX AND TEAM

that good roads shall be a prerequisite to any order for the establishment of Rural Free Delivery. This course has practically been determined upon. If we are to have free good roads wherever we have Rural Free Delivery, and this service should be extended in the future as rapidly as it has been during the present year, what a splendid prospect is opened up!

The direct advantages conferred on the immediate recipients of Rural Free Delivery are as obvious as the general benefits received by the country at large. Farm lands enhance in value by being made more accessible. Crops bring better prices, because the growers can get their daily market reports and learn exactly just what their produce is worth. Daily papers

and the numerous excellent and wholesome magazines now published bring a liberal education within reach of the farmer's children at little cost. The wife can do her shopping at the country store, through the medium of the rural carrier, without leaving her house. The good man has no excuse for laying off half the day and wasting time and money at the village grocery on the pretext of seeing if there is any mail awaiting him. Relatives at a distance can write often with assurance of prompt delivery of their letters and early replies. Family affection is thus kept alive and kind feelings are engendered.

As the rural service progresses it is taking on symmetry and uniformity. When it started, drainage pipes, tomato cans, soap boxes, and all other kinds of unworthy receptacles were put up for the United States mails. Now, boxes characterized by neatness and security, are the rule and not the exception. I am strongly of the opinion that the government should supply a regulation rural letter box and rent it for a small fixed annual charge to each patron. This development of the service may come in a short time.

SCENE ON A RURAL FREE DELIVERY ROUTE

Few of the original carriers adopted any uniform. Regulation uniforms and special conveyances are now becoming frequent adjuncts of the service.

The rapid changes and improvements already made in the service during the short period of its existence encourages the hope that its future growth and development will be even more remarkable than its past.

GENERAL VIEW OF ZANZIBAR, EAST AFRICA

COLONIZATION EXPERIMENTS IN EAST AFRICA

By Peter McQueen

Personal Experiences of "The National Magazine" Globe Trotter, en route to the Transvaal via the Suez Canal

LORENZO MARQUEZ, May 10, 1900

OUR first landing place was 1500 miles from here, down near the Equator, at Mombasa, an English colony only a few years old. Mombasa lies on a coral island. It was my first impression of tropic Africa. A line of green and smiling hills, like Massachusetts in June, did not convey to me the terror and horror of the Africa of my childhood. Near Mombasa is a splendid bay called Kilindini Harbor—one of the best in Africa. The red flag of the Sultan of Zanzibar floats as far into the interior as Narakina—thirty miles inland. The country extends from Somali to German East Africa, and is protected by England. The protectorate has lasted only a few years, but already there are over 300 miles of railroad finished and 220 miles more projected. This line runs to Lake Victoria, the largest lake in Africa, 200 miles long and 200 miles wide. Eventually it will meet the railway coming down from Khartum; so that not only will the Lake Victoria terminus of this road join the Cairo-to-the-Cape Railway, but it will form a highway to India in case the Suez Canal should ever be blocked.

There are good signs of gold and precious metals, but no prospecting is as yet allowed on either side of the road. The idea is that the government will be certain of the location of the minerals before anyone settles permanently on public lands. Thus the South African muddle already bears the fruit of the tree of wisdom. Wherever the English get a foothold, they at once erect, not governments, but trade. Thus, while the Germans have only forty miles of railroad in all East Africa, the English, who have held Mombasa for a less period of years, have 358 miles finished. America is not the only place where there is corruption in public works. This Mombasa railway is costing 12,000 pounds a mile, when it is well-known that it ought not to cost over 3,000 pounds. The Englishmen of Mombasa told me of immense swindling—the famous escarpment at Kikuyu cost 100,000 pounds more than was necessary. Nevertheless, the line is advancing, and will be a grand factor in opening up this fine country to trade and civilization.

A few days brought us to Tanga, the German East African colony. Here are good streets and clean natives, a Protestant Lutheran mission, and all the aspects of an aspiring Ger-

man town. We went in a terrific tropic rain back into the interior. There were endless groves of palms, and birds with rainbow tinted plumage; the bulbul, and the bird of paradise, the thrush and the wild-dove—here the flash of sunny pinions; there the gleam of snowy wings. Through the wild wet tangle we trudged after our Sueheli guide. At last we came to a river. The guide plunged in. Our party was composed of seven Red Cross men from Germany. The leading doctor leaped after the guide. I thought to see him snatched by a crocodile, but *mirabile dictu*, he got over in safety. We rushed after him up to our necks in the muddy creek. The water was cool and fresh. Along our route we noticed good bridges half built, and macadamized roads, built, as we were told, by the convicts, for Germany has no weak scruples about setting her vagabonds to work. Our ship's band came ashore at Tanga and played till midnight in the beer garden. Beer is the favorite drink in the German colonies; whiskey and soda in the English. These two drinks do more to break down the health of the colonists than all the fever and hot summers of equatorial climes.

The Germans keep the natives well in hand. These ebony folk are more respectful and quiet at Tanga than at Mombasa. Drink is not allowed to be sold to the Suehelis. The Lutheran missionaries are said to be the strongest factor for law and order in Tanga. A young school-master, a missionary and two lady teachers came on our ship to Tanga. Their church is a handsome stone building. On our morning walk we met the children going to school, and these knew some of the German language, but the older people did not understand it at all. The German East African Company have had full control of this section and to-day their money is the only

CAMEL MARKET IN ADEN

coin used in Tanga. The money of Germany is refused in a German colony. But the Kaiser is going to put an end to this anomaly; and in two years the company shall cease, and the German empire shall be all in all. Tanga has been a German colony since 1884, the oldest one of the Kaiser's empire.

The island of Zanzibar was our next stage. It was formerly under German protection, but was ceded to England

faces and voices—quaint houses and many smells; Hindoo, Greeks, English, French, Americans, a twisted and contorted stream of faces—a mosaic of many races and of many ages, such is Zanzibar. Most of the people are fat, well-favored and dirty—fierce in odor and vilely obese. The Hindoo coolies have much of the trade.

Just the opposite to Zanzibar is Dar-es-Salaam, the German colony, three hours' sail further down the coast.

NATIVE LIFE IN ZANZIBAR, EAST AFRICA

for the island of Helgoland in the North Sea. There is great trade in this old Arab city. Near the pier two mastheads look above the sea. These belong to the Sultan's battle-ship "Glasgow," which was sunk by the English war-vessel "St. George" when the British bombarded His Highness in 1895.

Everything here is busy business. Old winding streets like Damascus, strange Arab church-yards poking their unwelcome noses into the heart of the people's life; markets, strange

Beautiful harbor, but no business. Elegant houses, but the homes of officials. Lovely gardens, straight avenues of pepper and palm-trees, gems of scenery set in emerald lands. Waved the palm, a vignette on a sky of violet, lapped the waves on coral sands.

The Benedictine monks have elegant buildings, and the government has a factory where everything can be made from a hob-nail to a Krupp cannon. Dar-es-Salaam is the finest place we have seen; and when the German

government arouses itself to the necessity of peopling the colonies with German farmers and peasants, these forlorn lands shall be as the garden of the Lord.

From the best authorities in these parts I learn that the Boers never numbered quite 40,000 and that most of their battles were fought at five against one. The fight of Elandsgate was lost because some Germans got drunk and 500 insisted on attacking an English position of 8,000. One of the dead Boers had seventeen lance wounds. All who know the Boers say they will fight to the bitter bloody death. There are 3,000 women drilling and a regiment of sharp-shooters among them has been organized. General Joubert was against allowing women to fight and sent home a contingent of female volunteers just before his death. General Botha is the Funston of the Boer army, and it is not known what he will do about the Amazon fighters.

DR. HENDRICK MULLER OF THE HAGUE, CONSUL GENERAL FOR THE ORANCE FREE STATE

We passed four British man-of-war in entering Delagoa Bay, but they let us alone. About six weeks ago one of these ships tried to stop a French steamer of the "Messageries Maritimes" line, but the hot-blooded Frenchman steamed up and ran into port keeping out of gun-shot of his pursuer. He complained to the consul at Lorenzo Marquez, and it is said the consul sent a warm message to each one of the English captains in the Bay. The Boers, I understand, have remodelled the captured English guns and made them into quite serviceable Creusot guns. A young American engineer named Norris, with whom I have been talking, is the assistant of M. Leon and together they repair the Boer cannon and re-make the English.

At the present writing 3000 men of the Bushman Corps and 1900 horses have been landed. Nine thousand more are expected; it will require between thirty and forty ships to bring them with their horses, provisions and baggage.

It is generally conceeded that there will be a hot fight at Johannesburg and Pretoria. Five hundred young Boers have sworn an oath to die or destroy Johannesburg.

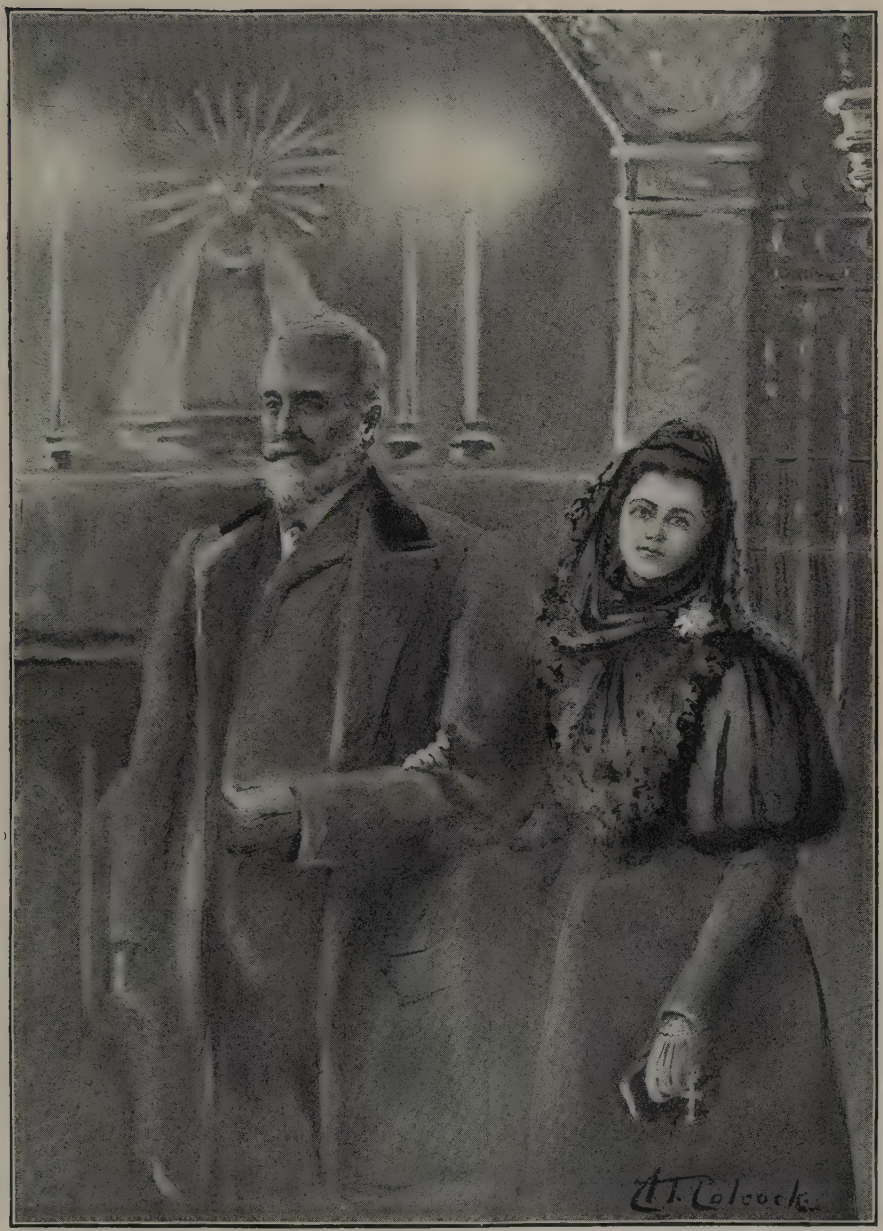
Mr. Joe M. Chapple
National Magazine
91 Bedford St. Boston Mass
United States America
From COUTINHO BROTHERS.
ZANZIBAR.

Drawn by Annie T. Colcock

"Setting her water jar under the stream of the fountain, she waited for it to fill"—See page 356

THETIS amid the Aegean's billows blue,
Ages ago charmed gods and men like you.
Graceful, strong-limbed, her lover lives again,
By art made deathless, 'mid the sons of men.
But rash indeed the artist-wight would be,
Who dared to limn thy hero-love by thee.

Charles W. Hall



Drawn by Annie T. Colcock

"The erect old man, with the silvery hair, came down the nave, with the slight figure clinging to his arm"—See page 362

THE EMANCIPATOR OF A RACE

By Joseph Dana Miller

A WOMAN belonging to a race which, considered merely as the wards of a nation, had no rights at law, and who almost alone has accomplished the restoration of those rights, is a notable figure in Indian history. Such a task, with all it involves, resolutely undertaken and successfully accomplished, bespeaks no common degree of determination and intellectual and moral force. And Mrs. T. H. Tibbles, Ishta Theumba, or "Bright Eyes," is a woman of no ordinary qualities of mind and heart. A glance at a career that has given us a figure never to be omitted from any complete history of the Indian race in America is of more than transient interest.

"Bright Eyes" is the eldest daughter of Mary Gale and "Iron Eye," the famous Indian chieftain who negotiated the treaty of 1854 between the Omahas and our government. She was born about forty years ago in the little Indian village that was the home of her tribe, a few miles from where the city of Omaha now stands, and she received the elementary part of her education at the little mission school of the Omahas. As she grew older, two books, the inspiration of the wisest and best of mankind, Shakespeare and the Bible, found their way into her mother's wigwam. Her father had seen that the salvation of the Indian called for the adoption of the white man's civilization and the learning of "the white man's ways."

The young girl who was to play so important part in her nation's history imbibed many of her ideas from this source. To get the knowledge taught in the white man's schools seemed too remote a possibility to be dreamed of by the little Indian maiden in a frontier town, remote from civilization. The opportunity came, however, and she was permitted to enter the seminary of Miss Reed, at Elizabeth, New Jersey, a school in which the children of President Grant received their early education. Here she spent three years, and her remarkable ability to master and use the English language, to her a foreign tongue, was the astonishment of her instructors. At her graduation she read a paper which for the purity and

MRS. T. H. TIBBLES—"BRIGHT-EYES"

strength of its English called forth the highest praise of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, no mean judge in such matters. From Miss Reid's seminary the Indian girl, at the age of eighteen, entered Wellesley College. On taking leave of Wellesley, "Bright Eyes" threw herself, with all her natural ardor, into the work of legal redemption for her race.

"'Bright Eyes' has done more for the aborigines than all others combined," said Major General George Crook, who is himself regarded as one of the best friends the red man ever had among the conquering race.

In Boston she scored her greatest triumph, being the first woman to speak in Faneuil Hall.

In New England she won the friendship of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Edward Everett Hale, Louise Alcott, John D. Long and Helen Hunt Jackson, for whose notable novel, "Ramona," she furnished the suggestion and inspiration.

In 1883 her work bore its fruit in a law giving the Omahas the right of land in severalty. This was followed two years later by a law extending the same right to all Indian tribes.

Then came her trip abroad, where she spoke in Doctor Fraser's church in London, being the first woman to address an audience in that vast temple of worship. In England she made many friends, among them Lady Emma, sister of the Duke of Argyle.

Much of the success she achieved in her lecture tours was due to the cleverness and vividness of her descriptive powers. It was as if the faculty of unnumbered ancestors to receive indelibly upon the mind every detail of the picturesque lands through which the tribe journeyed, had been transmitted to this young girl, enabling her to convey, with the same vividness to her hearers, what she herself had seen and felt. The consciousness of the transmission of this faculty from a long line of Indian ancestors is to Mrs. Tibbles an inspiring thought, since it argues dormant powers in the Indian which may yet manifest themselves in the literary and artistic life of her people. It may be with such a thought in her mind that Mrs. Tibbles has lately devoted herself to art, studying with Miss Cora Parker, of the Nebraska State University Studio, with all the passionate enthusiasm of the born artist. Mrs. Tibbles has retired from the lecture platform. She considers that she has completed the work she set out to do, and modestly shrinks from public notice now that her great life-work is finished. She has lived for several years in domestic retirement in the city of Lincoln, with her husband, T. H. Tibbles. Eight years have gone by since she addressed an audience. Nothing could induce her to do so again, except some cause that involved the well-being of her people.

Such, in brief outline, is the career of one of the most remarkable women of this century. She has gained the friendship of the best and brainiest men and women of two hemispheres, and she has had the rare good fortune to see the cause to which she gave her girlhood years triumphant in the laws of the land.

There is much in her life story that is of inspiration, nothing more so, perhaps, than the unquenchable enthusiasm of her early years for knowledge. She told the writer that when the term at Miss Reid's school was closed, and she returned to her father's people, the poverty of her surroundings bore upon her like lead. The whole intellectual world had been opened, only to be closed upon her; she was suddenly cast upon an intellectual desert, where caravans plying between oases of civilization seldom came.

CHINA AND THE SECRET WILL OF PETER THE GREAT

By Captain Charles Winslow Hall

WHAT will be the result of the great upheaval of society in China to-day? What is Russia's real purpose, and what advantages will she realize from the terrific struggle in which so many nations are involved?

Two centuries ago, or to be more exact, in 1690, Peter, since justly surnamed The Great, succeeded to the throne of Russia. A burly, robust, half-civilized, uneducated boy-prince, handicapped by bigotry and strong animal passions, and in his early reign menaced by intrigues of the most dangerous character, he had, nevertheless, a strong intellect, a stronger will and a full measure of that practical common sense, which now and then in the world's history has been known to characterize a ruler of great provinces.

THE COSSACK, SOLDIER AND FRONTIER SETTLER

* * *

At the outset of his career his territories, although large, were shut in on all sides from the sea, and no people seemed less likely to possess commercial and naval power than the Russians. On the east and southeast Persian and Tartar, Kirghiz, Bashkir, Kabardan and Georgian pressed hard upon his frontiers; on the south and southwest the Turk and his Tartar allies held the territories between his boundaries and the Black Sea; on the west Austria, Hungary, Poland and Germany forbade expansion; and on the north and northwest the Sweden of Charles XII., then at the zenith of his power, shut him out from the Baltic and threatened to curtail his already isolated domain.

Peter had neither fleet nor army worthy of the name. No nation in all Europe, except the English nation, prized his friendship or greatly feared his enmity; his troops were undisciplined and restive under control, and his resources were uncertain and the prey of hereditary officialism and deep-rooted corruption.

* * *

How he himself, wrought in English and Dutch shipyards, to secure a practical knowledge of naval and commercial shipbuilding, has been often told; as well as the story of the perils, intrigues, prejudices and ancient abuses which he averted or overthrew. Suffice it to say that at the date of his decease, February 10, 1725, he had destroyed the military prestige of Sweden, secured much of her territory on the eastern shore of the Baltic sea, established ports upon the sea of Azov and the Caspian, and created large and well appointed armies and fleets. He had been solemnly crowned at Moscow, "Emperor of all the Russias," and been hailed by his nobles and people as "The Father of his Country, Peter the Great."

Dying, he left to his descendants and successors a paper embodying the immense purposes which during his checkered career had sustained and impelled him. Lust, fanaticism, bigotry, indolence and intrigue have to a greater or less extent restricted the efforts of the rulers of his line; the wonderful and unexpected development of the race, and the wonderful political changes of the last century have modified and eliminated many of the conditions upon which the great Czar founded his policy; and Russia herself has to some extent recognized the impossibility of achieving in full the tremendous task assigned her. On the other hand, many of these changes have intensified the national resentment against European alliances, which have refused to Russia the naval and commercial advantages, indispensable to her prosperity and safety, and impelled Russian statesmen to seek by less apparent methods the triumph of those projects which every Russian sovereign since the time of Peter the Great has sought to attain. This ancient testament, pregnant with wars unending, and intrigues and disloyalties, without scruple, must be read and remembered by everyone who would understand aright the past history, and comprehend in some degree the trend of Russian policy, and its probable results in the Orient. The following version differs slightly from the French and German translations hitherto extant, but will be found to agree therewith in all material points:

A GROUP OF COSSACKS

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT

"In the name of the most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the Great, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., etc., to all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation," Greeting.

"God, from whom we derive our existence, and to whom we owe our crown, having constantly enlightened us by His Spirit, and sustained us by His divine help, allows me to look upon the Russian people as called upon hereafter to hold sway over Europe." My reason for thus thinking is that the European nations have mostly reached a state of old age, bordering on imbecility, or that they are rapidly approaching it; naturally then they will be easily and indubitably conquered by a people, strong in youth and vigor, especially when this latter shall have attained its full strength and power. I look upon the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the men of the north as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner regenerated the Roman nation by periodical invasions. The immigrations of men from the north are like the reflex of the Nile, which at certain periods comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposits. I found Russia a rivulet; I leave it as a river; my successors will make of it a great sea, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe, which its waters will overflow, in spite of the opposing barriers erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to direct the waves. This

is the reason that I leave them the following instructions. I give these to their vigilance and care, as Moses gave the tables of the law to the Jewish people.

I.

Keep the Russian nation in a state of continual warfare, so as to keep the army always disciplined and vigorous, and never allowing it to be inactive except when the finances of the state must be recruited. Keep the army strong; choose the most favorable moment for attack. By these means be ever ready for war in time of peace and prepare for peace in time of war, that you may advance the development and prosperity of holy Russia.

PETER THE GREAT

II.

Endeavor by every possible means to bring in from the more learned nations of Europe, officers in time of war, and learned men in times of peace, thus giving the Russian people the advantages enjoyed by other countries, without allowing them to lose any of their own self-respect.

III.

On every occasion take part in the affairs and quarrels of Europe, above all in those of Germany, which country being the nearest, most immediately concerns us.

IV.

Divide Poland by exciting civil discord; win over the nobility by bribes; corrupt the diets and break them up so as to influence the election of their Kings; get partisans into public office and protect them; manage to secure the sojourn there of Russian troops, until the time comes when they may remain there forever. If neighboring powers object, appease them for the time by a division of the country with them until that can be retaken, which has been ceded them.

V.

Take as much as possible from Sweden; and induce her to attack you, that you may have a pretext for subduing her. To this end, alienate Denmark from Sweden, and Sweden from Denmark, carefully keeping up their rivalries.

VI.

Always choose as wives for the Russian princes, the princesses of Germany, so as to increase family alliances, draw closer mutual interests, and by propogating our principles in Germany, enlist her in our cause.

VII.

Seek especially a mercantile alliance with England, as being the power most interested in us on account of her shipping, and most available for the development of our own navy and commerce. Exchange our lumber and other produce for her gold, and promote be-

tween her merchants and sailors and our own a continual intercourse; this will aid in developing the Russian navy and merchant marine.

VIII.

Continually extend your territories toward the north, along the Baltic, and toward the south, along the Black Sea.

IX.

Approach as nearly as possible to Constantinople and its environs. He who shall reign there eventually, will be the true sovereign of the world. Therefore be always at war—now with the Turks, again with the Persians; establish dockyards on the Black Sea; get entire possession of it by degrees and also of the Baltic; this is a second point indispensible to the accomplishment of our design. Hasten the decline of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; establish, if possible, the ancient inter-commerce of the Levant through Syria, and make your way to the Indies—they are the emporium of the world. Once there you can do without the gold of England.

X.

Re-establish and carefully maintain an alliance with Austria; seem to favor her ambition to dominate Germany, but at the same time privately excite against her the jealousy of the neighboring principalities. Manage by some means to induce her to accept the aid of Russia, so that through our guardianship of her country you may prepare it for governance hereafter.

XI.

Give the house of Austria an interest for joining in an alliance to banish the Turks from Europe, but defraud her of her share, after the conquest of Constantinople, either by involving her in a war with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion, which you will recover at a future time.

XII.

Attach to yourselves and rally around you all the united, as well as the disunited and schismatic members of the Greek church, who are scattered in Hungary, Turkey and the south of Poland. Make these a center of action, give them support and lay the foundation of an universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacredotal aristocracy; the Schismatic Greeks will be so many allies scattered among your enemies.

XIII.

Sweden dismembered, Prussia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies united, the Black and Baltic Seas guarded by our fleets; you must make propositions, separately and discreetly; first to the Court of Marseilles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the world. If one accepts, and it cannot

be otherwise if you flatter their pride and ambition—make use of the one to crush the other: then crush in its turn the other by engaging with it in a death struggle, the issue of which cannot be doubtful. Russia will then possess all the Orient and a great part of Western Europe.

XIV.

If, as is not likely, both refuse the offers of Russia, you must excite quarrels between them and exhausting wars; then at a decisive moment Russia will inundate Germany with troops previously assembled along the frontier. At the same time two immense fleets will set out—the one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel—loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic, advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will overwhelm France on one side, while Germany will have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke without striking a single blow.

XV.

Then Europe can and ought to be subjugated.

PETER I.

Autocrat of all the Russias

* * *

The brief reign of his wife Catherine was terminated by death, May 6, 1727. Peter II., son of Alexius, reigned but three years, dying in 1730. He was succeeded by Anna Ivanovna, who, allied with Austria, fought against the Turks, and recaptured Azov, but owing to the defeat of Austria was obliged to relinquish all commerce in the Black Sea.

Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, was crowned in 1741, when all Europe was convulsed by the War of the Succession. Sensual and gross, in many things cruel and treacherous, she inherited much of the strength of her illustrious father. She extended and confirmed his conquests from Sweden; negotiated a treaty with England which handsomely maintained a corps of 37,000 men and a fleet of fifty vessels, and in 1746 entered into a secret treaty with Austria against Prussia. In the Seven Years' War, after sundry victories and reverses, the Russian army in 1760 occupied Berlin and laid it under contribution for three days. She died January 5, 1762.

Peter III. succeeded her and seemed unlikely to follow the traditions of his house. He ended the war with Russia, showed a liberal spirit toward dissenters from the Greek church, and was fairly clean in life and amiable in character. He was deposed by his wife Catherine II., who usurped the throne July 9, 1762, and was made secure therein by the murder of her husband, eight days thereafter.

Catherine was not unmindful of the will. Lover succeeded lover in her affections, and crimes of deeper, darker dye made sure her hold upon the throne of Russia, but the star of Peter's ambition held her fancy and employed her warrior paramours and diplomatic lovers to the last. In 1764 one of these light-o'-loves, Stanislaus Poniatouski, whose parents were avowed Russian partisans, was chosen king of Poland, September 7, 1764, Kayserlingk having corrupted the great Polish nobles, Augustus and Michael Czartoryski. A year later Catherine demanded of Poland that Polish members of the Greek and Lutheran churches should be free to worship God as they chose, and threatened to avenge further persecution. The Polish Diet defied her by re-enacting the objectionable laws, and cabals and intrigue prepared the way for the partition of Poland, which was "pared like a cheese," the parings being distributed between Russia, Austria and Prussia in 1770.

In 1788, '89 and 1790, war raged between Russia and Sweden, but was

ended by the peace of Warela, August 14, 1790. Catherine made peace with Turkey in 1792, and turned her attention to Poland, then beginning her last struggle for independence under the gallant Kosciusko. His defeat in 1749 closed the history of Poland, and her territories duly allotted, expanded the empires of Russia, Prussia and Austria, King Stanislaus Poniatouski resigning his crown November 25, 1795.

A BALL AT THE WINTER PALACE

His imperial mistress and evil genius, Catherine II., died November 17, 1796, having all her life followed faithfully all the policies outlined by the will, making Austria an useful tool of England without loss to herself, gradually eating into the domain of Sweden, annihilating Poland and securing new conquests from Tartar, Circassian and the "Asiatic hordes," which her successors were yet to let loose on fated Europe

Paul I., her successor, lacked the fiercer and more brutal characteristics of his dynasty, and failed to esti ate aright the fanatical religious devotion of his subjects. He was murdered March 21, 1801.

Alexander I., who was fated to deal with Napoleon the Great, renewed the old treaty with England, but it is said, later, at Tilsit, made a secret treaty with Napoleon, by which Russia was to receive Turkey in Europe and Asia, and Mediterranean commerce was to be monopolized by Russia, Italy, France and Spain. Denmark's alliance with the same monarch tended to give Russia supreme control of the Baltic and North Sea, and was the cause of Nelson's capture of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. The chief results of Alexander's intrigues and wars was the defeat of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and the loss of France as an active ally for a generation.

Nicholas I., in 1853, ttempted to secure the aid of Austria and France against Turkey in punishing the persecution of the Greek and Catholic subjects of Turkey. France vacillated, Berlin was grimly silent, Austria remained neutral. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, November 23, 1853, was the chief result of this attempt "to approach Constantinople."

Nicholas died March 2, 1854, and

Alexander II. succeeded to the vast undertaking. The failure of his attack on Turkey, the invasion of the Crimea by English, French, Turkish and Sardinian levies, the long siege of Sebastopol and her fall, are recent history, as is that of his later and nearly successful advance on Constantinople in 1877 and 1878, in which the Russian boundaries were somewhat extended. He was assassinated by anarchists in March, 1881.

Alexander III. encouraged that persecution of the Jews, which drove them by myriads out of his dominions. He rescinded the pledges of exemption from military duties made by his predecessors to the Mennonites and discouraged all protestant or Catholic development. Under him, however, was pushed to the uttermost, that policy of Asiatic expansion which his father had begun by the practical annexation of Khiva in 1873 and Khokand in 1876. The triple alliance of Prussia, Austria and Italy in 1879-80, known as the Dreibund, and the alienation of France, by the unfriendly attitude of Russia during the Franco-Prussian war, made it evidently easier to strengthen the empire, by securing control of the Orient, than by methods exciting the armed resistance of united Europe.

In this development of Asiatic Russia, the Cossack has been the scout, skirmisher, and cavalryman of the regular forces, and the armed hunter, fisherman, herdsman, and farmer, whose garrison-villages hold what the army has conquered. Wherever the Persian, Afghan, or so-called Chinese frontiers, offer desirable lands and a reasonable security, the Cossack trooper settles, bringing with him the young and adventurous of his own race, or intermarrying with the people whom he proposes sooner or later to make vassals of Holy Russia. For over a century this process has slowly but steadily Russianized the northern half of Asia with all the energy, religious fervor, and practical enterprise of a great people, directed by an autocracy which, while exacting unquestioning obedience, is itself the devoted servant of the stupendous projects of "the will of Peter of glorious memory."

When massacre and anarchy have done their worst in eastern China; when Japanese, English, French, German and American battalions and warships have perchance driven the Tartar dynasty from Pekin and visited its atrocities on its Chinese subjects, it will, in all human probability, be realized that Manchuria's immense realm has been practically Russianized, and has given to the Czar myriads of stout and warlike infantry and cavalry furnished with modern arms and disciplined by Muscovite officers, themselves largely descended from those Tartar hordes who were once the scourge, and are now a part of the millions of warriors who serve the White Czar.

Of the nations whom Peter described as "bordering on extinction" Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Greece, Poland, Hungary, Spain and Portugal have ceased to be prominent factors in the polity of Europe; and Austria, Italy and France have all forfeited the military pre-eminence then accorded them. Prussia has become the central figure of European resistance, and England with her colonies is greater than ever.

But the nations and their rulers must still remember the significant peroration of the manifesto of Alexander II., when he came to the throne:

"By which we shall accomplish the projects and desires of our illustrious predecessors, Peter the Great, Catherine II., Alexander the Greatly Beloved and (Nicholas) our August Father of Imperishable Memory."

A SUMMER CRUISE IN THE ARCTIC

By Winthrop Packard

Experiences in June, 1900, of a "National Magazine" Staff Contributor, who was Commissioned to pass a Summer in the Arctic Circle and the Alaskan Gold Fields

Behring-Sea-in-the-Ice, June 1, 1900

I HAVE this morning done what I did not dare hope to have a chance to do. I walked out on the arctic ice with my camera and took several pictures of the ship and crew where they were stuck in the ice, at least the ship was. We found rubble ice a little west of Nunivak Island, but steamed through it all right until about midnight last night, when we struck solid floes that we could not buck and in which we stuck finally. Here we were hard and fast this forenoon with the sun shining clear and but little wind, such a morning as we often have at home in March, but with the ice floes surrounding us as far as eye could see.

There were seals about and a lone walrus floundered in soft ice and lifted up his tusks and glared at us. I could not get near these with the camera, however. At about 10 o'clock we started bucking ice again. It was a great show. The "Corwin" would rip right through rotten floes three feet thick, and was stopped only by white ice that was five or six feet thick. This we would ram, then back off and ram again until we bucked a hole into another soft place, and now and then finding lanes of open water went on. We now have a fine open lead to the northwest, and hope to make St. Lawrence Island, and go around the ice into Nome. We just passed a huge walrus sitting on a cake of ice, and Huestis fired at him, but missed.

We left Dutch Harbor last Tuesday night and stopped just outside for an hour's cod fishing, in which we caught about three hundred that would weigh from five to twenty pounds each. These we cleaned and hung up in the air on deck, and there they will keep good until used up; not spoiling, but slowly drying. We took fresh beef this way from Seattle and it lasted in the same way. There is something in the air out this way that keeps it from spoiling. There are ships of all sorts about us, all of course bound on the same errand, but none of which are fitted to buck the floes as we do. Hence they hang off and wait for open water.

I like the island of Unalaska, where Dutch Harbor is, very much. It was warm and mild, cowslips were in bloom on the edge of the snow, and you could sit out on the soft moss of the tundra and enjoy the sunshine as if it was a New England May day. The mountains on all hands rise into the clouds and are covered with snow clear to the sea, but this does not make it chilly as it would at home. We dug clams there and got several barrels, which with the fish help out our larder, as the fresh meat is now gone. I would like to stay all summer there and prospect the island, as there is every evidence of mineral wealth there. The climate is good the year round, as the thermometer never goes lower than 15 above.

It is quite a place, the town, with a handsome big Greek church with a Russian priest; two company stores where you can buy anything you need just as you could at home, and not so terribly much higher in price.

There are about six hundred inhabitants, but the town is now full of Nome people who stop over there for from one day to two weeks, according to the ship. There were a dozen big ships there when we were, and about two thousand people. They were a tough lot on the whole, and I never in all my life saw so many ugly mugs—male and female—in one bunch. Still, they were peaceable and good-natured and perhaps looked worse than they were. From one to three weeks of seasickness would make a tough mug of any one. There are two volcanoes on the island that are in a state of partial eruption, and smoke comes from them constantly. Oh, it is a wonderful country.

12 m. Well, we reached the end of our open water and are tied up to the ice just like the arctic travellers you read about. The ice is heavy here and is piled in fantastic heaps a dozen feet high, and the only open water is the narrow crooked lead behind us. I have been out on the ice and got some more photographs and now the whole gang have been out and are enjoying the novelty of it. The sun is warm and the thermometer is about fifty in the shade. The crew are getting water from the pools that melt in the ice and strange to say they are fresh and sweet, the pools I mean, not the crew. While we ate dinner smoke appeared south of us and another Nome steamer has found our lead and is up alongside, tying to the ice as we have done. It is the "Dora," which left Seattle on April 25. It is getting to be more and more evident that the ice is still heavy for many miles and no boats are likely to be in at Nome yet, and it is just as well that we did not start any sooner than we did, as it would have meant only weeks of waiting in the ice, which is now a charming novelty but would be a good deal of a bore in a short time.

* * *

June 2d

We left our snug berth this morning and steamed up a lead of open water as far as we could and then began to buck the ice. The "Corwin" will crush through floes that are two feet thick with ease, bursting the cakes and shoving them aside to the right and left. When we find it four or five feet as we do now and then she bunts at it and makes a dent with her nose, then backs off and goes at it again. Sometimes she slips up on the floe until her weight breaks it down and we go on again.

It is very sporty work and we gather on the bow and whoop and cheer as the old girl rips the floes up the back and grinds over them. But it is slow work. Down behind us are the main fleet, most of them not daring to buck the ice as we do and some that have tried to follow the open stream we have made fail to do so, as it fills in behind. We take the hole in afterwards as it were. We have a good chance to be the first boat in, but cannot be sure as yet, as some boat may have found a lucky lead and be way ahead of us. The sun set last night at 10 o'clock, and rose at 2 this morning, and it was not at all dark all night long. You could see to read at any time. I know, for I sat up all night and developed photos. They all came out well, but one that was light-struck. I do not know how, but it had a spot on it as if some one had hit it with an axe. It is a wonder it did not break the plate. I am not so very much on photographs yet, some-

how. Have some more to develop to-night. St. Lawrence Island is but forty miles north and we hope to reach it to-morrow. There we can trade with the natives, and perhaps find open water on the way into Nome.

As I write this to you the ship is grinding and bucking her way through the floes again, but we are not on our course. We found the ice so thick ahead of us that we were tied up to it all day Sunday hoping a lead would open, but as none did we have turned and are trying in another direction. Took a long stroll out over the ice Sunday, crossing the leads by floating across on cakes of ice and found places where the hummocks were twenty feet high, the ice piled in all sorts of shapes, cake on cake, in the most fantastic fashion. Here I posed Glore for a photograph and just as I was snapping the shutter he went down out of sight. He was only behind a cake, however, with the lower half of him in a soft spot and the only harm done was to wet his feet and fill my big boots, which he was wearing, with water. When he came up again I got the picture all right and we tramped and ferried ourselves back to the ship again. Glore was all right, but he said ice water in your boots was not pleasant and he was mighty glad he did not go through the hole altogether. The seals do that and seem to enjoy it, but the seals have about three inches of warm blubber on them all over, under the pelt. When you skin the seal and take off this blubber sweater it leaves a rather slim animal after all. We are to have some seal meat for dinner soon, and I am quite curious to see how it tastes.

I shall mail this letter at Nome when we get there, and by the grace of God you will get it some time or other. Have written several letters since coming into the ice.

Wish I had some snap shots to send, but can develop no more now as we do not know how long it will take us to get through the ice and we may need all our water. It is too valuable to waste in washing photos, any way. The ice skimmed over the open leads last night an inch thick or so, but the sun shines and it is pleasant out now. Clear, mild, winter weather, endless ice, and yet it is June. Great place, the Arctic.

* * *

June 7

It is snowing and blowing outside, and the ship is tied up to an ice berg. We have been in the ice a week trying to push the ship through, but so far we have not done so. The ice is very thick and it is in great big fields, that are close together. When the wind blows hard it pushes these ice fields against each other and big ice cakes split off and pile up against one another until it makes all sorts of strange ice block houses and churches and things like big stone walls made of ice cakes. There are seals among these cakes and swimming about in the ice cold water, and do not seem to mind the cold a bit. Perhaps they play house among the cakes and around the little pools of fresh water that are like little ponds where the ice melts. Mostly they lie near a hole right through the ice, and when you come too near them they dive down and stay under until you go away.

We go out and walk about on these big ice fields and if the ship needs fresh water we pump it right out of one of the little ponds of fresh water on top. The ship has been breaking its way through the fields, but it came to such thick ice that we had to turn back last Monday. After we had gone a way we saw a wreck where a big ship had struck a sharp point of ice and had knocked a hole in her side and was

sinking. All the people were out of the ship on the ice and were hurrying around trying to save themselves and their things. We broke through the ice and got to them and took them on board. We thought the ship was sinking sure, as she was all under the water but a little of the stern, but we cut away the masts and pulled the things off the deck to make her lighter, and as she did not sink we blocked up the port holes we could get at and started pumping and bailing the water out of her. It was a long race with Behring Sea, for the water ran in at the broken place almost as fast as we bailed it out, but after working like crazy men for all the afternoon and all night and all the next day we found we were getting ahead of the water, and finally got the big hole in her side above the water and put in a new plank and stopped the leak. We now have her safe, and though she is all broken and not pretty to look at she is very valuable as the cargo she had aboard was worth when loaded about $150,000. We have her and her steam launch and a lighter and two surf boats, and will try to tow the whole into Nome with us. When we get there I shall put this letter into the post office so you will get it, perhaps, as soon as the Fourth of July. If you do will you please fire off some crackers for me? It seems funny to think that you are having warm and sunny weather and where I am it is all ice and snow and is cold. Last night it froze a good deal.

We have an Eskimo boy on board and his name is Joe. He is a funny fellow and I have pictures of him as well as of the ship we rescued, taken when she was sinking, when the mast was falling overboard, and at other times.

* * *

Nome, Alaska, June 19

I have my first mail since last April to-day. I am comfortably housed, or rather tented, and am getting along very nicely in all ways. The Corwin company has seven big tents and a storehouse already on the beach here, owns the hulk of the "Catherine Sudden" for a floating storehouse, and has just sent the "Corwin" to St. Lawrence Island, where there is a quiet tip on a big strike. This is the biggest mining rush that the world has ever seen, and if I can't get copy here I shall never get any anywhere. My pictures are not the best in the world, but when a fellow has to develop and print without a dark room in a country where the sun never sets what can you expect? Beer costs 25 cents a glass up here, and they are very small glasses. A shave is a dollar, and I paid $1.50 for a bath, but I got my money's worth, in fact it was dirt cheap.

IN THE OPEN AIR

AWHEEL and away from the smoky town,
To the country-side, where the earth blooms fair;
From the fiery ways where the sun beats down,
For a bracing run in the open air.

The soul shall expand and the heart grow light
In the distant lane where the city's blare
Is lost like a phantom of vanished night.
Awheel and away to the open air!

Frank Putnam

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR

THIRD EPISODE

MOST men marry their neighbors. One in ten thousand finds the woman nature prepared for him. Generally he finds her too late. By that time one or the other has married a neighbor.

I never pretend to understand, much less to accept, the ordinary codes of society. I am an individualist, and would rather be a naked savage in the wilderness than the greatest of the civilized potentates. Only the body of me is not equal to the demand that a savage life would put upon it; so I am forced to take the role for which my body was cast, rather than that for whcih nature intended my spirit. My body demands ease, and considerate treatment; it would shiver and shrivel in a blanket or breech-clout. My spirit endures the tyranny of clothes for my body's sake; it yields to the sovereignity of conventionalities for the same reason. Long pampering, begun in ignorance and continued of a semi-necessity, has made my body absolute master of my spirit, the spirit that soared so loftily in younger days; that adored freedom and aspired to it.

"I would rather be a naked savage"

Had my body been of an equality with my spirit, I would have been, not a poet—a dreamer, but a builder or a soldier. The burning, restless desires that consumed my body during years would have found expression in deeds rather than in words. Now I have found opiates for the spirit. I have drugged it and bound it fast. Its rebellions are less frequent, and soon will cease altogether. Then I shall be a contented clod—eating, drinking, sleeping, gossiping with my neighbors, concerned only with the material things, intolerant of high sentiments; I shall weigh all questions of public policy, on the rare occasions when public policies interest me at all, with reference to my own personal gain, or at most the gain of my town, or my country. I shall then be an ideal citizen of perfected modern civilization.

* * *

In the days when I met Natalie, I was still loyal to the great ideals. I could conceive of no patriotism that did not begin and end with loyalty to ideals. At that time, if my country had undertaken by force of arms to destroy the freedom of another people,

"Naalie was not beau tiul as women udge beauty"

I would have felt that loyalty meant me to protest against the undertaking, and, if need be, to take arms with the

people assailed in defense of the *principle* of freedom. Now I would say, if such a state of affairs should come to pass, that it is the destiny of the weaker peoples to be absorbed by the stronger; that if they had sense enough to enjoy freedom they would realize this fact; and that, not having so much sense they were not fit to enjoy freedom in isolation and must be absorbed. I grant you, of course, that the pleasures of digestion are somewhat one-sided; but am I to blame for the harshness of the laws of nature? And would I not be silly to oppose them?

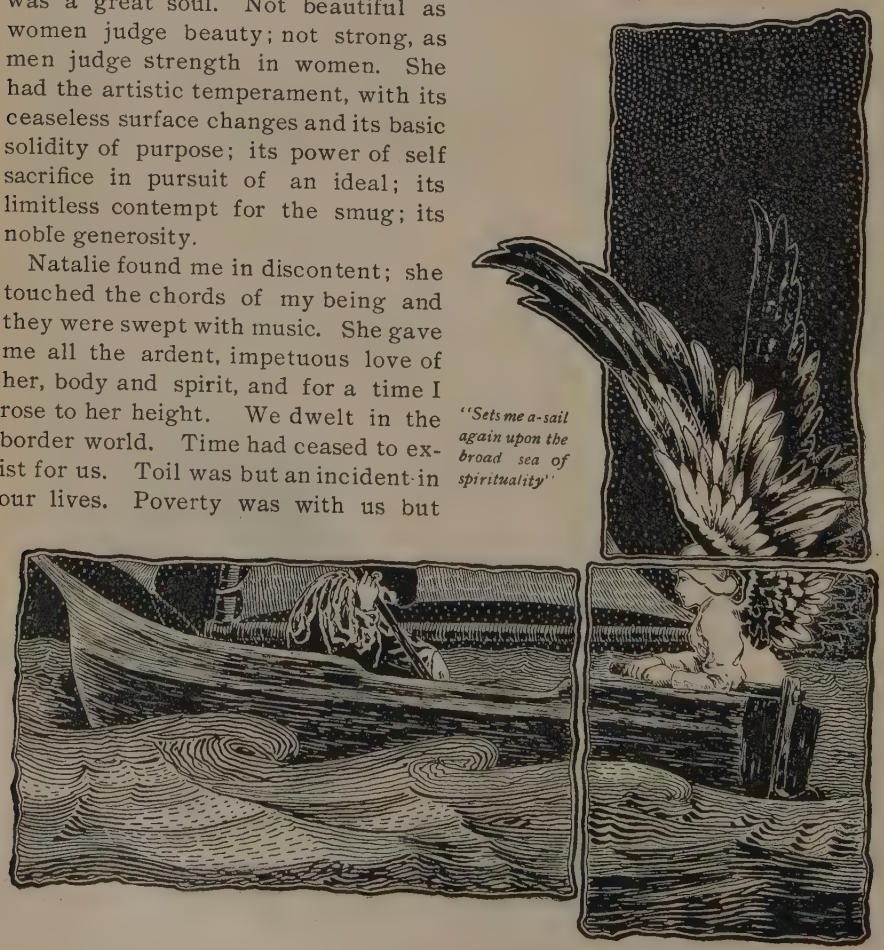
* * *

Natalie agreed with me then. She was a great soul. Not beautiful as women judge beauty; not strong, as men judge strength in women. She had the artistic temperament, with its ceaseless surface changes and its basic solidity of purpose; its power of self sacrifice in pursuit of an ideal; its limitless contempt for the smug; its noble generosity.

Natalie found me in discontent; she touched the chords of my being and they were swept with music. She gave me all the ardent, impetuous love of her, body and spirit, and for a time I rose to her height. We dwelt in the border world. Time had ceased to exist for us. Toil was but an incident in our lives. Poverty was with us but we did not know it. We thought the guest was Riches. Each shared the other's enthusiasm—not forcedly, nor with palpable intent to please, but naturally, for we were of the same elements, proportioned alike, and felt the same impulse from the hand of destiny.

* * *

Winter passed, and summer, and winter came again. The average novelist, analyzing the situation at the close of that year, would have said I had tired of Natalie; nothing could be further from the truth, yet it was true that I felt our dream passing, our paradise slipping away out of my power



"Sets me a-sail again upon the broad sea of spirituality"

to recall it. Truth was, we had found each other too late. Natalie was to the last, and to the last day I saw her, years after the time of this that I am telling you, true to her noblest impulses. I alone was at fault; had found *her* too late; the world had forged other chains about my limbs—appetites, habits of selfishness—before we met. These were lost sight of at first, banished harshly when they ventured earliest to appear, argued with in the sixth month, compromised with at ten, and yielded to at twelve.

"Time had ceased to exist for us"

* * *

For love means sacrifice, and no love means so much sacrifice as that which laughs at the conventionalities of a satisfied social world. "Sacrifices?" said Natalie. "What are sacrifices to me, having love?"

Alas, great heart, now too late valued at thy true worth, thou hast the answer to thy question, if answer there be, for the sacrifices and the pleasures of this little world have long since ceased for thee. Not again shall those liquid eyes, suffused with tenderness, or troubled with tears, give me joy or pain. But if my philosophy is false, and if thou dost indeed look down from celestial heights upon those whom thou didst love, thou seest that now, in the dim solitude of this chamber, him whom thou crowned, and who was unworthy, is given to understand thee and to love thee at the last with a love like unto thine own.

* * *

The memory of thy love descends upon me like a flood; it tears me from the moorings of selfishness, and sets me a-sail again upon the broad sea of spirituality. Now I know that I can never again sink to the old level. I see that the unrequited sacrifices you made for me are to be matched by the unrequited sacrifices I shall make for others, even for those unknown to me, and who shall never be known to me. I see that thou art to be my lover now and henceforth, even as thou wert. Thou shalt be my guide, a dear ideal hovering ever near me. Thou hast triumphed over separation and over death.

By Anna Farquhar

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

EVEN those who are not at all in sympathy with foreign missions, judged by their political results, find an excuse for the medical missionary whose main object is to reach the soul by way of the body and practical sanitation.

Considerable responsibility for the modern reform ideas, working the inevitable dissolution of the Chinese Empire, can be laid upon the shoulders of the American medical missionaries who have, during the past fifteen years, bravely endeavored to cleanse the Orient at imminent risk of their own lives. Where an acknowledged religious effort obtains no foot-hold among the Chinese the successful cure of one of their diseased potentates makes a reliable entering wedge for Christian ideas. One of the prominent American medical missionaries, Dr. Mary Fulton, related to me the indirect course of her labors in China; insisting in her narrative, upon the necessity for first taking the initial steps of successful treatment of the body before the heathen mind can be touched. In her own experience her primary endeavors in hospital practice and individual work among the poor seemed futile and distinctly risky until it chanced that a rich, influential Chinaman at the point of death, as a last resort, called in the aid of the American woman whose reputed skill had hitherto called out his vituperative scepticism. Luckily the doctor cured the patient of high degree, and by that one act placed herself under his protection for life. Since then, for ten years, Dr. Fulton has practiced her skill unmolested until she, among the other foreign reformers, has been called upon to reap the harvest of new ideas she has sown. The introduction of "a little learning" is bound to prove a dangerous thing when opposed to the established faith and customs pursued without deviation ever since the first Chinaman landed off of the Ark.

New ideas gather over a community with the ominous force of storm clouds; they break like thunder and frequently devastate the land before clearing the atmosphere to great advantage.

The chief difficulty encountered by the American missionary in China is the mastery of a language seeming at first sound an impossibility to a foreigner. It frequently requires several years' study before an American can hold an intelligent conversation in Chinese, particularly so if the student

happens to be deficient in the sense of pitch, owing to the peculiar arbitrary inflection of every Chinese sound. Imagine yourself compelled to say "a" at a certain pitch, and "o" on a distinctly different one, otherwise your English would be incorrect; then you may gather some conception of the first difficulty confronting a missionary to China.

The Eastern maxim, "First comes the missionary, then the soldier," has been faithfully borne out in China, but if the modern missionary, in all good faith, starts for his field of endeavor bearing the same cross carried by the Jesuit martyrs of the seventeenth century, he must go prepared and willing for martyrdom, following closely thereby in the footsteps of his Master.

If an idea is worth living for, it is worth dying for; but the irony of progress is shown when hundreds of people innocent of any particular ideas of a reformative character must meet destruction in the pursuit of daily bread for the purpose of developing a race whose religion satisfied their needs and who asked nothing but to be left alone in enjoyment of their own idea of God.

Progress, like nature, is often cruel in its operations.

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MEN AND BEASTS

THE relations existing between men and beasts are frequently more intimate and sympathetic than those binding man to man; and because of this it is interesting to question our human ignorance concerning the actual life of the animals, born to an existence a degree or two lower in the scale than our own.

It has long since been ascertained that beasts possess an intelligence susceptible of cultivation, also that the animal kingdom is controlled by passions very little different from those besetting men.

The particular question stirring me in relation to animals is—why should man insist upon being the superior beast, merely because he can talk and build enormous, ugly structures called business blocks? Talking is by no means an especially creditable performance, judged by man's frequent abuse of speech, and a bird's nest is unrivalled as an example of domestic architecture. A beehive or an ant hill appears to be conducted with system and purpose equalling any displayed by the multitudes of men and women hurrying up and down the streets of a city, apparently running about aimlessly after the fashion of ants, scampering around, in and out of a sand hill.

A hundred dogs or horses selected at random from different breeds would collectively present a more intelligent, dignified appearance than a hundred miscellaneous men, for the reason that artificial vice bears no part in the daily habits of the lower animals; dogs and horses may swear inaudibly when things go wrong, but they never frequent grog shops—that we know. After all, it may be that the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air could boast of a more intimate knowledge of the creation and God's other secrets that we, were they capable of telling what they secrete.

Every expression of life is marvellous in its own particular way, and equally astonishing are the natural laws governing the struggle for life. Every bird or beast preys upon some other bird or beast for the purpose of sustenance, but the tender-hearted members of the Audubon society, who weep over a single bird destroyed, will patiently lay in wait for a fish to kill as unscrupulously as did Isaac Walton.

Man's relation to beasts is sincerely inconsistent; and never was this fact more delightfully expounded than in a recent novel written by Mr. Roberts, whose intimate knowledge of the heart of an ancient wood brings animal life closer to our understanding than it has ever before been brought, outside of fairy tales.

A boy's love of a pony, a man's love of a circus, or wild west show, tells the story of human instincts; but the pity of it all lies in our unwillingness to observe and learn from our fellow beasts rather than to instruct them in the ways of civilization, destructive to the better part of either a wild beast or a wild man. When men cease to brutally make war upon each other and prove themselves commanders of their own passions the time will have come for them to boast superiority over the beasts of the field, but not before.

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WELL-CONSIDERED ASSISTANCE

THERE are not many who realize why the organ-grinder patiently grinds out his tunes in the poorer quarters of a city rather than before the homes of the affluent public, but the Italian music grinder will tell you if you ask "Rich man no givee monkey; poor man givee," and you will have no good reason to doubt his statement, for none other is so well equipped with the facts as he—the owner of a little old gentleman with a tail. Even in squalid neighborhoods the monkey's hat clinks more coins than it can gather from among the rich; for several reasons, but chiefly because the rich are not easily amused, being satiated already with every form of entertainment purchaseable, and because the poor experience the fellow feeling which impels one's hand in the direction of one's small change at any appeal from those whose situation they fully realize.

Beggars and tramps prosper only among the moderately well off; the very rich are as difficult to catch as a bird's tail. First of all they are inaccessible, and secondly their consciences are salved by the large sums of money they bestow in bulk upon public charities. But sometimes it occurs to an observer that no charity is so completely unadulterated with vainglory as the generosity extended in the form of help to those who are trying to help themselves. I know a blind man who for twenty years has wheeled a small covered wagon containing small wares, needles, thread and pins, about from one city to another, feeling his way along by the aid of a stout stick. There are certain people who take no pride in their own charity and bear no reputation for generosity, but who never fail to purchase of the old blind man.

The rich man may have a sincerely generous instinct, but he has no sympathy, no personal understanding to quicken his impulses. A man must look upon a dollar bill in the light of a benediction before he can realize the poverty of others.

Little old Mr. Monkey would not realize a sufficiently large income to keep him in uniforms were he dependent upon polite society for coppers. His bank account is gathered from among those who are oftentimes poorer than himself, while the rich man passes along on the other side of the street self-satisfied because he is a regular subscriber to some fashionable form of charity.

There is a fine spirit of brotherhood among the poor, such as can be found elsewhere only in the race of Jews and the sect of Quakers. This may be laid partially to the community of their relations; to the forced proximity of their lives.

HIRAM'S HARLEM FLAT

I BEEN down tu New York city
Visitin' son Hiram thar;
He's makin' quite a livin'
Workin' on a trolly car,
But, I swan, the place he lives in's
'Bout right size tu hold a cat—
Never see sich skimpy quarters
Ez his five room Harlem flat.

Him an' Lindy sez it's cozy,
But my room was so dinged small
I was scairt tu breathe real hearty
Fear I'd bust the bed-room wall.
Beds? They dassen't hev no real ones;
Ain't no room fer sich ez that—
Why! B'gosh! My old four poster's
Bigger 'n his hull five room flat.

They jist hev these foldin' 'traptions,
Double up when you ain't in,
An' their kitchen! Well, Ma's pantry
Is at least ez big agin.
Lindy's jist a leetle critter—
Lucky that she ain't ez fat
Ez my wife. Dumbed ef Ma's rocker
Ain't ez big ez Lindy's flat!

Why! When fellers come a hangin'
New wall paper on the wall,
Fust they hev tu scrape the old off
Er they'd be no room at all!
But my son don't seem tu mind it,
Sez ez long ez they don't spat
Thet it only brings em 'closter,
So they like their Harlem flat.

Ez fer room he sez, by jingo!
Even if the fit is tight
In some ways it's plenty roomy
An' I reckon thet he's right—
Him an' Lindy's mighty happy
So I sez with Hiram that
You kin crowd love without limit
In a five room Harlem flat.

Ellis Parker Butler

THE JUNIOR MEMBER

SHE was so tall and dignified! That, maybe, was the reason why the things she did were so funny. She had a way, too, of carrying her head a little high, and of curling her lip and flashing annihilating glances in a manner that secretly delighted those who loved her, for they knew that at heart she was meek as a lamb.

She swung out of the door, buttoning her jacket and dragging on her gloves. as she hurried down street to get a yard of ribbon for a birthday gift, which, as usual, she was finishing off at the last moment.

On reaching the shop she unwrapped the piece of work in question and handed it to the salesman to match colors. Then she carefully and absent-mindedly wrapped her pocketbook in the piece of paper, which she still held in her hand.

When the salesman had found the

ribbon she wanted, he handed her back the work, and she began to look around for the paper, and not finding it said "I put it right there," indicating a place on the counter with her finger. Several persons standing by, politely moved aside and looked for the paper too, but it was not found and another paper was provided by the salesman, as he handed her the parcel containing the ribbon.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Fifteen cents," was the reply.

Then she begun to look uneasily around. "Ah!" she said, "my pocketbook. I laid it right there with the piece of paper. It—well," feeling in her pockets, and patting herself in all possible places where a mis-

"She would return at once"

chievous pocketbook might hide, "it, er-must-er have been removed."

"Are you sure that you had it when you came in?" said the Junior Member of the firm, naturally drifting in her direction, for he was one of those who delighted in her.

She flashed him a haughtily inquiring look. Did he presume to reflect on her shortcomings? For she knew that he knew that for no consecutive ten minutes had she ever known where that pocketbook or any of her portable property, for that matter, including her heart, was. But he had no right to indicate by word or look that he knew, or that he knew that *she* knew, that he knew.

She hated facetiousness, so she looked up with haughty inquiry to see what his question meant. He made an effort to reconstruct his expression before hers reached him, but it was no use, and she caught the twinkle in his eyes, and annihilated him.

Neither time nor space were any longer meaning terms to him. He stood crushed, but inwardly delighted.

Jove! what a fury she was, and how charmingly funny! But never again, if he knew himself, would he let his eyes twinkle.

One of the bystanders, a sad looding man, put in rather officiously, "Yes, she had the pocketbook when she came in, I saw it in her hand. It was a yellow one."

Until then she had not been quite certain whether she had had it or not, so she gave the sad man a grateful look that convinced him that after all life was worth living; and then she said, squelchingly looking into space, "I *said* I put it there."

The situation became a trifle embarrassing, but she relieved it by saying lightly, "But it is of little moment. It had only a small amount of change in it, and it not worth another thought. Still, it is rather pretty, and if you come across it, lay it aside for me, please," and she passed out with gracious condescension.

She hurried along annoyed and angry; annoyed at the little episode, and angry that the Junior Member had dared to intimate by a smile that she could have been mistaken about the pocketbook.

She hated familiarity. He was a disagreeable man, anyway, always presuming on the fact that he had known her since she was in bibs. She hated hazel eyes too, and it was so conceited of him to let his hair kink

at the ends, and he was too lanky and thought too much of his clothes, and she hated him anyway, and the angry tears, that began to crowd, were suddenly checked by the dawning consciousness that she held in her hand three packages, when she should have had but two. What was the third? Horrors! While she was blaming some one for going off with her pocketbook, she had likewise come off with some one's package.

She would return at once and rectify the mistake, maybe they had seen her take it, maybe—ah! how could she get back in time—the shame of it, the shame of it! Maybe they thought—what would they think of her?

She almost ran, all her dignity gone, and a little sob in her throat, and humility in every line of head and shoulders and body. Reaching the shop she opened the door, rather noisily, and then stopped and looked around. They were all there, the salesman, the bystander and the Junior Member. A dozen different emotions passed over her face, but she came forward a little defiantly and said, "I fear I have committed a great misdemeanor. In the confusion of losing my portemonnaie, I inadvertly picked up this package, which does not belong to me, I trust that I have not inconvenienced any one and that you will return it at once to the proper owner," and she was passing out.

"But," says the salesman, calling her back, "I do not think this came from here."

"Yes, it did," she responded, "I haven't been anywhere else."

"But," continued the salesman, tentatively; and he began to unfold the package—she hesitated to see what was within, and as the papers were turned back, lo! a dainty tan-colored pocketbook lay open to full view.

"Oh!" she gasped, "Oh!" and she glanced helplessly and confusedly around, and found the bystanders and salesman smiling.

Then she wheeled suddenly, and looked at the Junior Member. Was he smiling too? O fateful moment! The gods protected him. No smile was on his face; and though he was inwardly convulsed—she was sosweet, so ineffably funny—he met her sudden look with grave eyes and *held* hers.

Finding no sign of amusement in his, hers wavered, melted, then implored protection. His hovered over and made for her a house of refuge, hers caressed him timidly, his laid his life, his fortune, his all at her feet.

As they turned to the others, he said in a voice that took the smile from the faces of the salesman and bystanders, "A very natural mistake."

She drew a step nearer to him and his eyes threw a protecting arm around her. "Some one," he continued, "is doing something of this kind every day."

She came still a little nearer, and his eyes drew her close to his heart. "Why, the other day," he went on, "I did worse than steal my own pocketbook, I stole another man's hat."

She glanced up suspiciously, but not before he had buckled in the smile that came near getting the best of him, and her expression melted into another timid caress, as he opened the door to let her out, and with grave eyes protected her from the ills of life.

And that is why on her way home she tried to decide which is the more becoming, dead white, or cream white, satin; and why, as he watched her out of sight, the smile within travelled outward until his eyes shone like stars, and he whistled softly under breath the march from Lohengrin, as he thought, "My sweet, sweet, funny darling."

Marian Tebbitts Banes

LOOKING FORWARD

Perhaps in some country Peruvian,
Such ages ahead
That men are all dead
And the present is antediluvian,
In the cycles of new transmigrations,
The now Missing Link
From over the brink
May climb to the front of the nations.
And the subject of their speculation—
The creatures called men—
May stir, in the then,
Some great connoisseur's admiration,
Till the whole quadrumanous dominion
For good or for bad,
Run after the fad,
And swear by that wise one's opinion.

And then, on the site of lost cities,
He'll dig from the dust
A dude's eye-glassed bust,
And declare that Art's masterpiece it is.

To his followers all who are coachable,
The once funny freak
Will be "an antique,"
Unapproached, and for them unapproachable.

And the artists whose blood is cerulean,
Who learn by new rule
In the famed art school
Of some later prehensile-tailed Julian,
Will gather behind and before it,
And draw "from the cast"
The dude of the past,
While deep in their hearts they adore it.

Charles Stuart Pratt

THE CROWNING EVENT

"I AM afraid you are bored to death," the girl leaned toward her companion, "a charity concert at a crowded summer resort—"

"Is, in spite of heat and length, anything but boring."

He let his eyes linger on her fair face, and watched the color creep into her cheeks and mount to her brow.

"It is hot and stuffy," she protested. "The whole thing is a drag, but the crowning event is to come. Best things are always last, you know."

"Yes?" with a shrug of the handsome shoulders.

"Wouldn't you like to know something of my song bird? I found her here, and it is I who persuaded her to sing to-night. I won't tell you! You are not interested enough!" This with a ring of real indignation in her voice.

"Please," the man's voice was duly penitent.

She shook her head with a positiveness very charming in an attractive woman, but she told him, as he knew she would, of a beautiful and lovely woman who had come from the great world to this resort for a few months, of their friendship, and the girl's reluctant promise to give the last number on the program—a song.

"Can she sing?" he asked idly.

"Yes." Her voice was low, almost reverential.

"This paragon has sung your heart away, or your judgment," he said mockingly.

The girl turned from the stage and fixed her eyes upon him. There were unmistakable lines of maturity on his face which told of a fierce early struggle with the world.

"Will you ever get over being cynical?" she asked plaintively. "You put me in an apologetic attitude. I apologize for the concert, for the town, for myself."

"I haven't had such a pleasure in ages," reproachfully. "I was so surprised to meet you here."

"When you last saw me," her eyes were still on his face, "you were an eager and enthusiastic boy in spite of your years."

"Yes?"

"It isn't often success is won in so short a time," she said slowly, "all your dreams have come true."

"All?" he questioned.

"How faint and far away those old

"The voice shook him into a tremor"

days lie; the little school house, and the master who stood in the doorway between the rooms. Isn't it strange that we happened there that winter and were sent to school together? Isn't it strange that our friendship still holds good?"

"And will." The mockery had gone from his voice.

"In those days," she went on in a tender, musing way, "you were such a very bad boy. You worried the poor master's life almost out of him."

"By walking home with you and breaking the rules?"

"Yes," with a little rippling run of laughter, "by doing that very thing!"

"What were the dreams?"

"Success first."

"And afterwards?"

She did not answer, but she smiled into his face. The soft laughter of women and the deeper tones of men came from the box on the left. The protesting cry of violin strings, responding to preparatory sweeps of the bow, rose from the orchestra seats below. A plaint of the violins breathed over him. What did they promise?

"And afterwards?" he questioned eagerly.

"In a boy's dreams he battles with the world—battles and wins."

"Elsie!" He leaned toward her impulsively, then drew back into the shadow of the box.

"I miss the boy," her voice was steady, but the color came and went in her face, "for the man looks on life from the outside—with never an overwhelming impulse. I—don't understand."

He was watching her with a keen scrutiny. As he again leaned forward he saw a warm light kindle in the gray depths of her eyes. He could win her. Happiness, that will o' the wisp that had slipped from him, would return. Life offered him this chance, and the task would be sweet. At the thought he felt a sudden tug at his heart-strings, then his pulses beat quite regularly again. A loveless marriage perverts all that is sweet in a woman's nature. Her content would be the content of ignorance.

"May you never understand," and in spite of himself his voice was ten-

der. "The true heart holds but one song. When that goes out of one's life it leaves the music mute."

"Where is she?" Her voice was singularly clear and aloof. The music in its solemn swell seemed mingled with her consciousness. Then it died into murmurous indistinctness and receded into the dim distance as she awaited his answer.

"I do not know," he said slowly.

She started slightly, and turned, giving her whole attention to the stage, as the first notes of a song—the last on the program—floated to them. The man leaned back among the shadows, his eyes downcast. There was such a confused mass of people, and lights, and color. He felt it all dimly, and through it, glancing in and out like a golden cord this voice, dreamy, melting, liquidly tender moved. A strain of an old poem drifted through his thoughts. Something, the music perhaps, had set it going in his heart,

" I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
Of the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of years,
Such a very little thing."

The music rose higher. It took definite meaning, all the sweetest, tenderest, maddest meanings of which it was capable.

"And I thought were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her."

In an ecstacy of rapture the voice died suddenly, softly, with a sigh breathed between parted lips. It shook him into a tremor. It forced him further and further forward until he sat in the full glare of the house, and to him the theatre seemed to rise and fall; the heads of the people to seethe together and blur, for the singer leaned forward, her lips parted, her wide blue eyes full of a beseeching appeal for understanding, for forgiveness. The moving lights touched her figure, threw her gauzy draperies into high relief, caught a jewel vibrating on its spiral, and lingered in the loose ripples of her shining hair.

Heaven knows what the message was that flashed from the eyes of the man in the box, but it held the singer's eyes, and before it the blue ones receded and dropped like shy, dewy violets. An instant—but her soul was naked to him.

She stood motionless, a little smile upon her lips and in her downcast eyes—

"My early love, with her downcast eyes,
And over her primrose face the shade."

The applause thundered about her, and reluctantly subsided. The curtain fell. The people rose from their seats.

"Did I not tell you," the girl in the box stood up to have her cloak put about her, "that last things are always best."

"You told me," the man answered, leaning to look into her eyes, and there were shadows in their gray depths, "that the end crowned all."

He fastened the high collar of her cloak. It stood up to her ears and made her face look like a pale, heart-shaped flower.

The protesting cry of the violins, the pleading violins, came to him, as he guided her footsteps down the stairway. Whither would they lead him?

"She is not dead, and she is not wed,
She loved me then and she loves me now."

The music followed him, its throb like a heart in a frenzy of exaltation and triumph.

"The end crowns all."

Through the man's blood to the time of his heart-beats, the words rioted, the words of the girl walking so quietly by his side.

But of her thoughts he knew no more than of the stars that burned in the vault above them.

Sara Lindsay Coleman

From the CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

An open Sea—a privateering prow—
Art, Drama, Verse, and late adventure now—
And then, a "Crow's Nest" view of books, and men—
A bit to talk about between myself and thou.
(With apologies to Omar, the Persian.)

Splendid Sea History

From forgotten monographs, unpublished logbooks, old-time diaries, the records of societies and from the descendants of noted privateersmen, Edgar S. Maclay has obtained intimate and vivid accounts of the fitting-out of vessels, the incidents of voyages, and thrilling adventures of brave sailors manning "American Privateers," as he calls his most comprehensive contribution to the literature of sea power. It is one of the most picturesque and absorbing phases of America's maritime history, and the subject is here handled as only a consummate artist and patriot could do it. The names Simpson, Decatur, Porter, Truxton, Perry, Rodgers, Barney, Talbot, Murray, Little and Robinson are associated with this branch of naval service, and Mr. Maclay has made his work as interesting as any novel could possibly be.

EDGAR S. MACLAY.

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An Educational Triumph

In the back of a large, beautifully bound and printed "Helen Keller Souvenir No. 2," issued by John Hitz, Superintendent of the Volta Bureau for the Diffusion of Knowledge Concerning the Deaf, in Washington, is a single page whose forty odd words speak volumes for the painstaking and monumental intelligence of Miss Sullivan, guide and mentor during the years of Helen Keller's sad yet triumphant youth. This page bears the signature of Agnes Irwin dean of Radcliffe, testifying to Miss Keller's admission to the Freshman class in that institution, and to the fact that this apt student passed with credit in advanced Latin. It is one of the marvels of a century brilliant with and brimful of educational achievement, that this child, deprived of sight, speech and hearing, should have been able to pass without a single condition, rigid examinations in elementary and advanced Greek, advanced Latin, algebra, and geome-

try. When lost in admiration of sweet Helen Keller, do not forget to render proper homage to Helen Keller's "other half"—her eyes, ears, mind—almost her soul—Miss Annie M. Sullivan. Most people haven't the faintest conception of what an important place among educators Miss Sullivan holds for her really marvelous success.

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The Poet, Soldier, Henry Chester Parsons. The beautiful home at Natural Bridge, Virginia, of the late Henry Chester Parsons, widely known as a Republican campaigner, a gallant Union soldier, and a poet of no mean order, is still attracting thousands of visitors annually to one of the loveliest parts of the splendid valley of Virginia. Col. Parsons knew and loved every foot of this magnificent property. He developed its scenic advantages as only a man of important concerns, and one possessed of a most poetic temperament, could do. Many of the charms of the place are of his designing, and many evidences exist of his skill in the sort of forestry calculated to assist rather than to maltreat Nature. This domain (once owned and enthusiastically described by Thomas Jefferson, whose name has been given to one of the five mountains in the neighborhood) is near the confluence of James and North rivers and is reached by both the "Shenandoah" and "Chesapeake" routes. The government should own this "Blue Ridge Reservation," this princely "Parsons Park,"—and make it the rendezvous for social and diplomatic Washington the year round.

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Perennial "David Harum" Before the close of February, 1900, Messrs. Appleton & Company were enabled to announce the 435th thousand of "David Harum." A year ago, when signs seemed to point to the extraordinary popularity of the book, a second set of electrotype plates was cast, to be used in case of emergency: "but so well has the printer done his work," asserts the publisher, (speaking when 425,000 copies had been printed) "this set has not yet been pressed into service." It is quite remarkable that so many as 425,000 copies could be printed with only one set of plates. The same authority says that number of copies required 5,000 pounds of ink, 1,900 miles of thread in binding, and 5,865 reams of paper, (87 pounds a ream), in the making: that this number of books placed one upon another would make a tower seven miles high, or placed end to end would extend over a fifty mile route! When Comedian Crane begins to act the part this fall, it is expected that fresh impetus will be added to its sales. Meantime there seems to be no diminution of its popularity in the country's leading book stores.

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT.

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"The Burden of Christopher" Not since "Henry Worthington, Idealist," has the reading public found so interesting a novel, dealing with economic

problems, as Miss Florence Converse' sad story. It leaves the reader with tearful eyes and a smarting sense of the injustice in life. Its art and ethics are alike enobling; its plot does not suffer from its evident "purpose;" and its characters are exquisitely life-like. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

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Birds Pictured By a Bird Master

There's a peculiar fascination in the writing of Frank M. Chapman, upon whose shoulders easily rests the mantle of old "Walter of the Birdmeadow" and all the long line of worthies who loved and "lived" ornithology. Mr. Chapman's book, "Bird Studies with a Camera," carries still further the splendid impression created by his "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," and "Bird-Life," as well as by his editorship of "Bird Lore." The Appleton Company do not have any trouble in disposing of his works in his line, so authoritative have they become. Mr. Chapman is Assistant Curator of Vertebrate Zoology in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and knows whereof he speaks so interestingly.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

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The Camera Mightier Than The Gun.

"Once let the collector of birds and eggs," says this enthusiast, "appreciate the pleasure of hunting with a camera, the greater skill required and the infinitely greater value of results obtained, and he will have no further use for gun, climbing-irons and egg-drills." And again, "the killing of a bird with a big gun seems little short of murder after one has attempted the capture of its image with a lens. The camera opens the door to a field of sport previously closed to those who love birds too much to find pleasure in killing them." All of the more than a hundred pictures in this new work are remarkable for selection of subject, posing and finish, just because the author's heart was right, next because his camera was of the best, and lastly (not least) his publisher gave his work the finest possible work in printing.

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Some Stock Phrases of Novel Writers

My excellent friend on Beacon Hill, Hon. Curtis Guild, says many delightful things; and one day talking books, he uttered the following truism; (published without his permission, but in the firm belief that he won't mind much!) "Proposals of marriage in novels are generally made 'in the conservatory.' Now, very few houses have conservatories, but your novel writer thinks it best to have proposals made there, notwithstanding. Then there is that fellow who 'bit his lip until the blood came' or the other one who 'clenched his hands till the nails penetrated the flesh.' Two men in novels cannot converse without 'lighting their cigars.' Then the exclamation, 'Alas! cried Clara.' Now, Clara in real life never cries 'Alas!' It is either 'Mercy's Sake' or 'My Goodness' or 'Good Gracious' or something of that kind! Neither does the lover 'fall on his knees' and say 'dearest will you be mine?' but generally in more prosaic language asks, 'Jenny, will you marry me?' The joke of the old man kicking the young lover down stairs has been worn threadbare, so has that of the

lovers sitting in the dark to save the gas bill, also the one of the young lady saying, 'Oh George, this is so sudden!' when a young fellow of her acquaintance says something that she fancies can be twisted into a proposal of marriage." All of which is most true and truth-telling, in the interest of a purer literary style, is no breach of confidence, Mr. Guild!

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"Going Abroad?" Of all the books written for the prospective traveler in Europe, the best may safely be said to be "Going Abroad?" by Robert Luce. In this handy little volume much is done to make smooth the way of the American innocent abroad, and the author presents his suggestions in a concise and easily comprehended manner. (Robert and Linn Luce, Boston. $1; in paper 50c.)

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"The Grip of Honor" By Cyrus T. Brady is an absorbing tale of Paul Jones and the War of 1776. Valuable as an historic picture, the picturesque romance is told with a spirit and style hard to equal. Not less excellent than his scenes of action are the author's tenderer, more romantic passages; and there is a verve and daring about the book reminding one of Stevenson. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

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"From Sand Hill To Pine" There is always a delightful flavor about Bret Harte's stories; an aroma of the plains and the prairies that fascinates the most jaded reader. His last collection of six stories endears itself by its very title to the reader. "A Treasure of the Redwoods" is extremely pastoral; "A Jack and Jill of the Sierras" is a romance full of adventure, while "Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper" is most amusing. Bits of conversation, delightfully life-like, haunt the memory long after. (Hougton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.)

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"Three Men On Four Wheels" No one can be funnier than Jerome K. Jerome when he chooses; and this is in his happiest vein. He declares that he is not going to "describe" the countries through which his characters career, yet manages to convey a good bit of information "between jokes." (Dodd Mead & Co. $1.50.)

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"The Farringdons" By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler fully sustains the author's reputation. Miss Fowler's characters are sketched with a light but master hand, and the criss-cross love affairs of her witch-like heroine and stalwart hero are convincingly portrayed. The conversations between Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey are strongly reminiscent of George Eliot's humor. (Appleton & Co., New York.)

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"The Garden of Eden" Again the lovers of Blanche Willis Howard find delight in a story from that pen now forever laid aside. Few writers can portray love, passion and sorrow with such intensity and delicacy. Twice does the heroine love where love is forbidden, and consequent suffering is marvelously portrayed. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

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"An Unknown Patriot" Rev. Frank Samuel Child's story is one of the Colony of Connecticut during the Revolution. The reader realizes afresh the horrors heaped upon that patriotic colony and the great value of the secret services rendered Gen. Washington by faithful spies. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

IN order to obtain a concensus of opinion from the readers of "The National Magazine," we earnestly request answers to the following questions, which may lessen some of the perplexities of editorial life. The sender of the best set of answers received will have his or her subscription extended for two years. Utilize some of your leisure vacation hours in writing us just what you want in the pages of your magazine.

1. Do you want more short stories?
2. Do you want more historical articles?
3. Do you want more illustrations?
4. Do you prefer drawings or more photographs?
5. Do you like the departments of the magazine?
6. Which department do you prefer, and why?
7. Do you want essays or discoursive articles?
8. Do you prefer noted authors with poor articles or unknown authors with good articles.
9. What subject of national importance at this time are you most interested in?
10. Do you think the present cover design would be desirable as a permanent one?

In the answers to these questions coming from a hundred thousand readers, we expect to learn something of what our subscribers actually prefer and make "The National Magazine" the most distinctively popular American magazine published.

ELSEWHERE in these pages appear extracts from personal letters written from the Arctic Circle by Mr. Winthrop Packard, the special correspondent of "The National Magazine." It is a singular fact that these letters, mailed at Nome, Alaska, June 9, should be received, put in type and printed by July 14, while the manuscript of an article which he mailed at Dutch Harbor in May, failed to reach us until too late for publication in this number. Owing to the non-arrival of the article when expected, the extracts from the letters were used in its place, but in the September number, the article, which is of great interest, will appear, accompanied by excellent photographs taken in the ice-fields and on the shores of Alaska. Mr. Peter McQueen, the intrepid

globe-trotter, in the interests of "The National Magazine," who made such a splendid record in Armenia, Cuba and the Philippines, and from whom an interesting letter appears in this number, cables from South Africa, that for the past few weeks he has been at the front with the British forces, in company with Richard Harding Davis, and has forwarded by mail an article for the September number of "The National Magazine."

To the Members of the National Question Class

THE leader of the National Question Class, Mrs. M. D. Frazar, will sail for Europe in August and not return until late in October. Notice is hereby given that class members will have a vacation till November, when it is hoped that the same interest will be shown in this department of study that has made it so useful and practical a method of work in the past two years. Class members have done admirably, and Mrs. Frazar desires to express her entire satisfaction with the papers, and desires also to thank the class for their cordial endorsement and kindly courtesy.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE

First Prize: Mr. Dakin Judson, Albany, New York.

Second Prize: Mrs. F. L. Richardson, 276 Essex St., Bangor, Me.

Third Prize: Mrs. W. S. Curtis, Colchester, Conn.

Fourth Prize: Mr. S. M. Warns, 1766 E. North Av., Baltimore, Md.

THE sheet music on the piano or in the rack often indicates the attitude of the maidens of the house in affairs of the heart. There is one time in life when the plaintive ballad or fascinating rag-time tune takes full possession. There are some who lament the decadence of musical taste, in the hold that negro songs have on public fancy at this time. In other days it was called syncopation, now it is merely rag-time. Those affected sit under the spell of jingling refrains, and the dreamy fascinations of Bach, Beethoven and Berloiz are forgotten. The tinkling strains keep ringing in the ears for hours after, no matter how deeply steeped the normal soul may have been in the heaven-born harmonies of Wagner. No wonder the musically condemned "coon" songs appeal to frolicsome young people. These songs have long since gone beyond the stage of the interpretation of negro life. They are idealized, and the rollicking, careless, goodnatured negro character fits best these passing fancies in melody that charm the ear of the lover, and for the moment frees the hearer's heart and fancy from the magician's spell of the wierd music that enthrals and feeds the soul.

AN article on rural free mail delivery, by Perry S. Heath, First Assistant Postmaster-General, is republished in this number from the May issue of "The Rural American," a publication owned by The National Magazine Co. Mr. Heath's article, first published by us in May, has attracted wide-spread attention, and has since been taken up with a great deal of interest by a number of leading periodicals. "The Rural American" was the first publication in the United States to take up the subject of rural free mail delivery, and Mr. Heath's article will surely be of interest to the readers of "The National Magazine."

OWING to the fact that nothing has been heard of Henry L. Fobes, staff correspondent of "The National Magazine" since June, it is feared that he has met with some disaster. The

last letter received from him was dated at Shanghai and contained intimations of the coming trouble, but the swift moving events of later days were not anticipated. The perils and hardships of the correspondent in the field of war can scarcely be realized. Mr. Mac Queen, now in Africa. will leave soon for China. Mr. Fobes sailed from Boston in January and reached China in March.

DURING August "The National Magazine" Paris excursionists will tour in Europe. They sailed on the steamship New England of the Dominion line July 18 from Boston and will visit Paris, London, Brussels, and will take a trip up the Rhine and through the Swiss Alps and then to Holland. The party includes a large number of young men from twelve states who secured over 300 annual subscriptions to "The National Magazine" and have earned the trip with all expenses paid by the magazine. It promises to be an enjoyable outing and one of the party will write an account of the tour to be published in the October number.

THE ode written by Frank Putnam and read at the unveiling cere- of the Lafayette monument, unveiled at Paris on July 4, 1900, is an epoch making productionn in the literary world. It rises to the full measure of the great occasion and has attracted admiration in all countries and is indeed a credit to all American literature. Frank Putnam is one of America's brightest living poets, and although a young man, has indeed proved his metal.

It is interesting to know that he and the originator and projector of the enterprise, in having this monument erected, Secretary Robert J. Thompson, were school-boys together, and the tribute paid to Lafayette and France by American school children was the achievement of a life-purpose. Mr. Putnam's ode has placed him in the front ranks of American living poets, and a sketch of his picturesque career will appear in "The National Magazine" for September. He is one of the strong, productive recruits from the great middle west, who are doing so much toward making American literature what it is to-day. "The National Magazine" also takes special pride in the fact that many of the new authors who have won pronounced prominence in literature within five years past, have published their first magazine productions in this periodical.

THE BOER COLLAPSE

Special to "The National Magazine"

PRETORIA, June 14, 1900

PERHAPS history contains no parallel to the collapse of Burgher resistance. Here is an army which has had no defeat going back before an army that is thoroughly weak and demoralized. The victorious army has lost at least 65,000 men placed *hors de combat.* The defeated army has not lost 1,000 killed. Cronje's surrender, which was really a moral victory, has been a terrible moral defeat. President Steyn told me the burghers (entirely without any cause) lost all heart over this reverse. Steyn, who is perhaps the grandest man in this war, sent word to Cronje to retreat, but the old lion had fought and beaten Englishmen so often he thought he would have another try. The sending of Cronje across the sea made the burgers afraid to be taken prisoners. Their losses aside from that are marvelously small. I asked General Kolbe if the losses at Sand river were heavy. "Yes, very heavy," he replied, "twenty killed and wounded."

The burghers are afraid of the

farms and they do not hate England as the Germans, French and even the Americans do. South Africa has been a case of haggling, foolish brag and bluster among the uneducated Boers and Britons; and cunning schemes and lies among the capitalists working upon the bar-room prejudices of the uneducated. There are good and bad British here; and the same can be said of the Boers. For the latter I must say I never saw men who were more strong in body and clean in mind.

The Outlanders, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, Americans and Irish, 6,000 in all, have ever fought a brave fight. They will charge in the open; the Boers seldom do. When the burghers lay down their arms the Outlanders are discouraged. But the Boers have not been once repulsed where they have stood. They have simply gotten panicky. On a walk of seventy miles across country, I came through ten miles of English outposts and if a cloud of dust arose anywhere the country people would warn me, "There come the English." These people would not be afraid of the British soldiers if it had not been for the massacre of the wounded and disarmed Boers at Elandslaeghe. I met an officer who heard the order given "Kill the beggars." I have also telegrams (original) to Pres. Steyn telling how the English drove out of her house at Klipkraal, Mrs. Pieter Prinsloo with a child one day old, and refused her blankets on the frozen veld, and Pres. Kruger brought before me, Gen. Du Plessis who affirmed that women and children were made to walk bare-footed thirty-one miles by order of Col. Plumer in Rhodesia. Still, I think these are isolated cases, yet they emphasize the horror with which some of the Boer women dread the British approach.

The Boer collapse in my opinion is entirely unnecessary. These people are not excitable and go on quietly, even taking two hours to sleep at noon when the enemy is only a few miles from their gates. Another thing in this collapse is that the Boer knows well that the English do not want the farms but the mines. The Boers do not want the mines but the farms. So there is a wide margin on which to base a peace. The burghers will go quietly back to their farms if only England will let them alone and not tax them out of existence.

Again the lack of discipline has much to do with the present depression. Instead of hanging a man for deserting, the Boer government fines him thirty-seven pounds and ten shillings and puts him back in the army, Men go into a fight or out of it at will. At Colenso only 500 fought; when they took the cannon and killed 1000 at Spion Kop, there were never 400 in action at one time. There were never 40,000 Boers at one time, one-third of the army are on furloughs.

The English are at the gates of Pretoria. I hear their cannon while I write some ten or twelve miles away at Irene; and yet this Pretoria is in grand shape to stand a big battle. If the burghers will stand by Louis Botha they will yet pluck bright honor from the fray.

Whatever happens you have not heard the last of the Boers—you have only heard the beginning. This is no such a *debacle* as we saw in France in 1871. The spirit of this free folke is not even beginning to break. They have no army, yet they have beaten at will the best fighters of Europe. They have no tactics, yet every military country in Europe has learned from them. They have no field marshals and dandified officers; yet they present the truest Democracy our world knows, and only to-day I heard talk of 10,000 coming to America when the war is over.

Peter MacQueen

Summer Colds

Hot colds, you might call them! For no matter how hot the weather, there is always a splendid chance for taking cold. Perhaps the street-car did it; or an open window, or an electric fan; or, perhaps—"can't tell how I caught it."

The worst thing about them is that they hang on and continue to hang on. Your home remedies do not touch them; and you have about made up your mind to wait for a frost. Don't make such a mistake as that, for they can be promptly cured; it's a question of the right kind of medicine, that's all.

You can quickly cure an ordinary summer cold, sometimes in a single night, with

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

The best remedy in the world for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and all forms of throat and lung troubles.

All druggists sell it in three sizes, 25c., 50c., and $1.00

Drawn by A. P. Button

"AN AUTUMN REVERIE BY THE WAYSIDE"

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XII. SEPTEMBER, 1900 No. 6

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE word of "Imperialism" is to be a shibboleth of the political campaign of 1900. Upon the definitions, premonitions and predictions popularly accepted for this word, political destinies are hinged. When it is asserted that the dire cloud of Imperialism is hanging over us, it is quite natural every American mind should inquire "Where stands the throne, the sovereign and the regal court of this portentous regime?" Every true American must necessarily desire to locate this new imperial dynasty, and learn if there is any cause to fear a reversion from the simple and safe traditions of the Republic to the imperial methods of Russia or ancient Rome.

* * *

In Washington there is a plain, everyday business office called the White House, which has been open for business about one hundred years. For four years past it has been occupied by a man whose clean-cut manhood and high, sincere purposes have gained for him the respect of all men, no matter how much they may differ from him on matters of public policy. The imperial throne is certainly not visible there. But perhaps a Versailles exists somewhere, hidden away where secret intrigue is rife.

* * *

A trip was made to a simple little vine-covered cottage at Canton, Ohio. Walking up to the house, I saw a man sitting on the veranda, in a willow rocker, as many neighbors were doing. There were no decorations on this restful home, except a large American flag, the historic and glorious stars and stripes. There was here the same air of business purpose, and in fact, many of the same people who were at the business office called the White House in Washington. Later I saw this pleasant-faced man talking over the fence to the men who were repairing the street at the side of the house, and greeting friends and neighbors as they passed by and came in, just as he did when he was a congressman. An old soldier approached the house, and there was a handclasp of comradeship, although they had never met before. The old soldier said, "Just wanted to see where you lived, but didn't expect to see you." Could the little Grand Army button be the insignia of imperial conspiracy, and the grasp a countersign like the Napoleonic password "in the spring, the violets?"

* * *

This man was evidently a busy person. It was the 8th of August, and the thermometer was well up towards the century mark, and yet he continued his work twelve hours a day. Was there perhaps a coup d'etat in those delicate pen lines which he was inscribing as a letter of acceptance.

A young naval officer in duck trousers called, and was given a fatherly greeting, such as could only be given by one who understands young men. The officer had been appointed from the Canton district and was on a visit to the "old home." They talked as plain American people usually talk, without a suspicion of court chatter. Inquiries were made as to old friends and relatives, in a simple, homelike way. Everyone was called by their given name, father, uncles, aunts and sisters. No, this could not be the vernacular of an imperial court.

A few squares away, at the home of a relative, is a musket, which a young private carried during the war, who after became Major, and then a lawyer in Canton, a congressman, and then—and then, you know the rest. The gun is heavy, with brass mountings, and a massive stock. It was made by Robbins, in Windsor, Vt., in 1855. Military Imperialism can scarcely pertain to this. Alas, it is only a relic!

Mopping my brow, and longingly watching the street cars labeled "To the Lake" clang away in the distance, I continued my search for this evanescent centre

TYPES OF WASHINGTON DEPARTMENT STORE CLERKS

Photo by Gottwals.

A man walks down to an unpretentious building on the village square, and has his picture taken, and his neighbors say he has not aged much in the four years he has been away from home, and "grows to look more like his father every day." In the same building, on the second floor, is an old glass door, in which is visible the legend "William and Abner McKinley, Attorneys-at-Law." He points out where the old desk stood, on which his feet rested, while he absorbed Blackstone and Kent. There is a reminiscent look as he peers into the corners and closets.

of Imperialism. In the store windows lurid posters announced "A Butchers' Picnic" and a barbecue. Here at last was a trace of the barbaric feasts and rude imperialism of ancient Gaul, yet at this picnic there were no military trappings, other than those which adorned the padded breasts of the sweltering brass band.

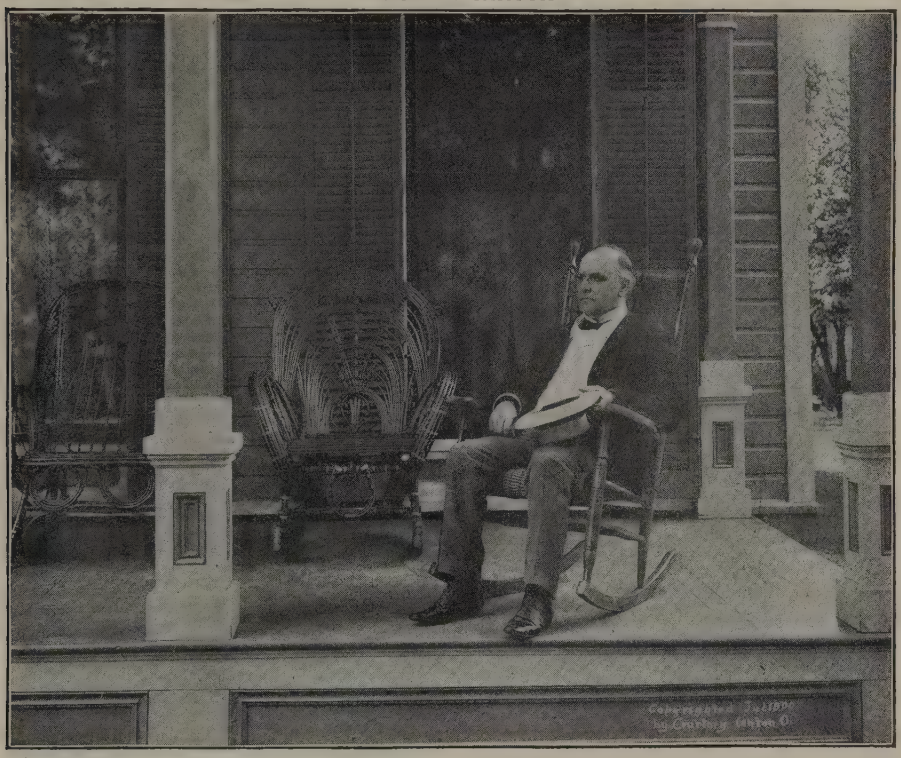
* * *

The man who occupies that business office at Washington, and through "continuous office hours" listens to the wants of a great people, pays all his own household expenses, even to the coachman and

horses. Is this the imperial coach of Little Trianon coming up the street? No, there are equipages of more royal appearance owned by the livery stable man. It might be David Harum, incognito, looking for "a good chariot horse," who drives by, greeting the farmers who had known him as a boy and a man, and later on enjoys an old-fashioned family picnic.

blue and white awnings are down. The wire screen door continues swinging on its hinges to admit the official messengers of a great government. The long distance telephone carries its messages to Washington, and points thousands of miles away, and every tone and inflection of the familiar voice goes with question and answer. The click of the tel-

PRESIDENT McKINLEY ON HIS PORCH AT CANTON



Returning to the newly painted white and gray house up the hill, I continue the search. The leaves of the maple trees in the yard are stirring. The grass has not recovered from the "trampling of '96," the hospitable porch is fringed with those simple flowers Mother McKinley loved so well. The crimson begonia sprays are benignly nodding in the afternoon breeze, while the palms in their urns stand sentinel at the front. The

egraph key challenges with the resentment and purpose of the moment the ominous war clouds of the Orient. Yes, in this there is a suggestion of the all conquering imperialism of modern invention, industry and trade, and the hidden strength of a great people joined in the resistless march of progression.

* * *

It is the first Sunday at the "old home," and what a picture of domestic happiness

and content it is! They have talked over old times and days. At dusk, on this quiet Sabbath eve, friends and neighbors have gathered upon the porch. Here are Judge Day and his wife, who have come over "from across the way." There is Dr. Rixey, Geo. Frease, the editor of the local paper and his wife, and the President's secretary, George B. Cor-

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S FAVORITES

Photo by Gottwals

telyou. The conversation lulls after a few ripples of pleasant reminiscences. The momentary hush is broken by the strains of a violin, which seem to float out of the darkness upon them. First very softly and tenderly, the opening notes of "Home, Sweet Home" come from the unseen serenader. There is a deeper hush, all gaze expectantly into the quietude of the flickering shadows, and the converging reflection of electric arc and tender moonlight latticed through the trees reveals a glistening tear in many eyes. "Home, home, sweet, sweet home" emphasizes the plaintive refrain, which has touched the hearts of so many myriads of the human race since John Howard Payne wandered a stranger in a strange land.

* * *

In the stillness and quietude of the Sabbath eve these simple strains bring the group closer together. "Home, Sweet Home," after nearly four years of wear and strain and strenuous life, at the "business office" called the White House. "Old Folks at Home" follows, and what sacred thoughts come to mind of that sweet-faced mother, who four years ago was part of the home circle. Then "Auld Lang Syne" drawing old friends and neighbors closer together, and finally the sweet devotion of "Nearer, My God to Thee," pervaded the gentle Sabbath eve. The player comes forward and little Vera Berliner, a neighbor's daughter, twelve years old, stands before them, violin in hand. The President greets her kindly, almost affectionately, as he presents her to Mrs. McKinley and the rest.

* * *

And was this the grim shadow of Imperialism? Was this Nero fiddling while

MISS HILDA, DAUGHTER OF BARONESS VON ORENDORF

Photo by Gottwals

Rome was burning? Could this be the home of a tyrant and despot? Or was it a picture and true reflection of the typical American home? Do those simple songs, enshrined in the tenderest memories of the people, suggest the revelings of a court, or a threatened invasion of Imperialism?

You can answer the question yourself.

The new Japanese minister does not need any inoculation to the American spirit of "strenuous life." He moves about Washington in an active, business-like way, not forgetting to keep a sharp lookout upon the situation at the Chinese delegation. It seems to be easy for the Japanese to quickly adapt themselves to American ideas and ways.

* * *

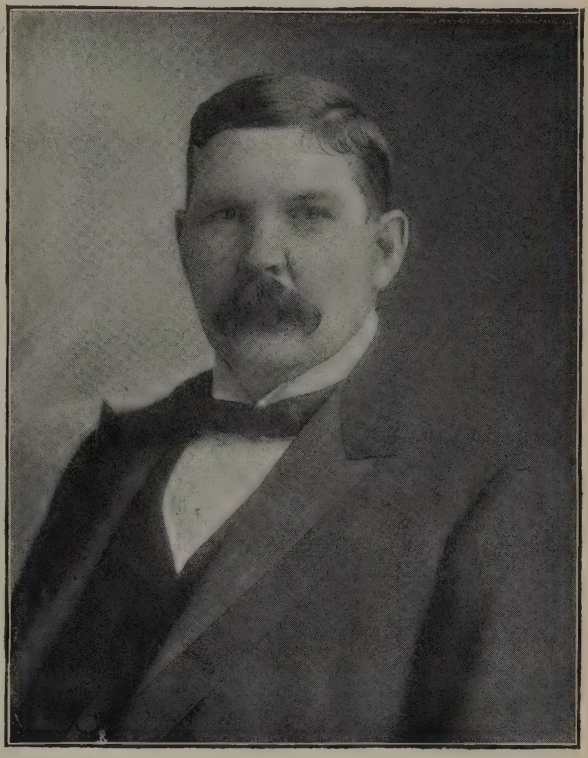
Count Hosoaki, Tamura, a small, quiet young man, intensely interested in athletics, and the champion fencer at the Annapolis Naval Academy, is a case in point. The Japanese government pays the United States $32,000 for his regular four years at the academy, but does not permit him to take the extra two years sea course, during which United States naval cadets learn the most important parts of their duties. Count Tamura is very much taken with America and says he is going to marry an American girl. In his classes he has never stood "wooden" (at the foot), but when a "Plebe" (in his first year), he did have to stand at attention, on his head, or go under the bed at the orders of the upper classmen, and came out of the hazing process with honors. He pronounces "Plebe days" not entirely a social success. The count's predecessor was a young man so filled with western ideas that he headed an insurrection on his return home and was promptly hung, the $32,000 invested in his education being charged up to profit and loss and a vacancy declared.

* * *

During August, Annapolis is almost deserted, as the cadets are off on cruises, or enjoying themselves on leave at Newport, New London, Portland or Bar Harbor.

There is a feeling among the cadets that the senate was hardly just in prescribing a six years' course for them and only four years for the cadets at West Point, but as one remarked to me: "Well, it is all the same. We have just so much to go through waiting for the Great Reaper to move us up a notch at a time. While the sons of naval officers may seem to fare better at the academy, when we are in the service it is a question of merit mingled with 'floo'." This last word is not in the dictionary, but stands for "influence," or pull.

SENATOR J. P. DOLLIVER OF IOWA



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Washington in the dog days, although deserted by the majority of its regular habitues, never lacks the charm of novelty. Anything that excites attention in any other part of the country, finds its way, sooner or later, to the national capital. Hence, I was not surprised to discover

that the shirt-waist man had made his debut on F Street. He ought to have been more or less at home in the same city with Minister Wu and his flowing skirts and other denizens of the international colony; but, alas, his reign was brief. The other afternoon he made his way into a fashionable dining room, wonderfully arrayed as

MISS GARDNER

Photo by Gottwals

to his upper physical self in something strangely resembling the national colors. He had, apparently, stepped out of a color plate (if any such exists) illustrative of Tolstoi's story of the ideal happiness of the man with the magic shirt, who, you will remember, when he was captured was found to possess no shirt at all. As the ladies smiled kindly, the men appeared to be ashamed to belong to the same sex as the color plate. A dignified looking descendant of Ham, with a napkin hanging from his arm, tapped him on the shoulder, and conveyed the request that he put on his coat. It excited great interest when he put on a pair of gold-rimmed glasses and indignantly stared a protest at the waiter. The waiter insisted, but finally had to help him out, and I was sorry for the poor fellow when from collar down to waist, they "ripped him down the back," and I suppose returned him to New York, where, it seems, he rightly belongs, for I afterwards saw him going away wearing a great linen duster, through which could be seen a remnant of the "waist." The shirt waist man has started in as a joke and his remaining depends upon the thermometer of future summers.

* * *

It has not been a summer of vacations at the capital. There has been a constant stream of Congressmen pouring into Washington throughout the summer months, whose mission has been almost universally "to clean up some work in the departments." The proximity of an election always insures careful attention, on the part of Representatives, of all the little details that interest their constituents. The members of the President's Cabinet

AN AUTUMN GIRL

Photo by Gottwals

have not given themselves over to the joys of recreation by reason of the onerous duties imposed by the Chinese and Philippine complications. Each has taken fitful flights away into some haven of rest, only to feel impelled to return hurriedly to resume the grind. The passing of the heated term, campaignic and otherwise, will not be deplored by official America.

Perhaps the two busiest men in the nation today are Senators Hanna of Ohio, and Jones, of Arkansas, Chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees respectively. For each the languorous breezes of cool retreats and surcease from care constitute a vanity of vanities. In the great political chess-game they are the real players, and the movement of the least pawn in the contest for supremacy in the nation demands deliberation and skill.

Senator Hanna has hit upon the happy expedient of combining work with pleasure, or rather of interlarding the former with a trifle of the latter. Two days out of each week he forsakes his New York office and goes down on the Jersey coast to Elberon where his family is spending the summer. There he is less harassed than in his city office, but the rest he obtains is more fictitious than real.

Those public men who really indulge in a vacation may be divided into two classes; the one so securely intrenched in the hearts of a loyal constituency as to have no fear of his continuance in public life, and the other, the member of one of the higher branches of the judiciary, whose position and prestige does not depend on the suffrages of the people. By the latter the ermine and the gown, with all their dignified frigidity, are flung aside with the same joyous hilarity felt by the school-boy as he relegates slate and text-book to oblivion for the summer months. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States, said to me recently:

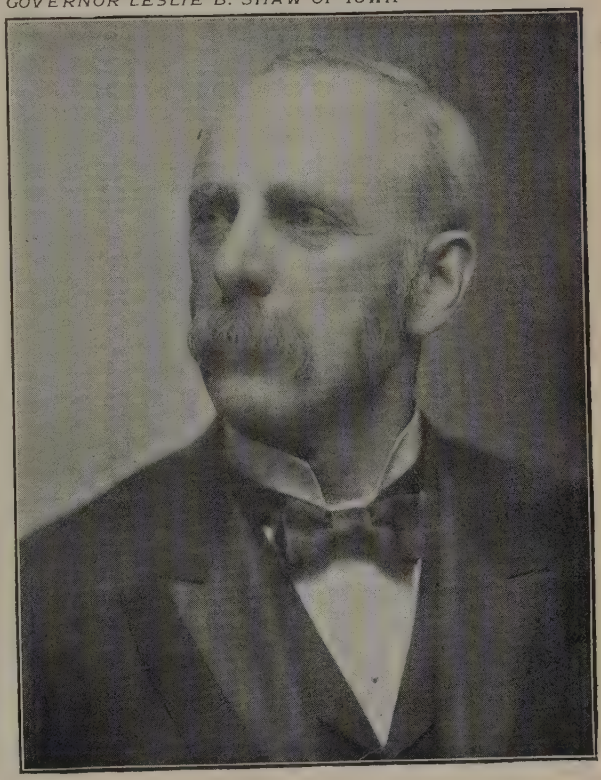
"I want to get away from my judicial dignity for a while and rest. I am going up into the Green Mountains where I can wear 'galluses,' and where 'pants' are not unknown, and where I can go without a coat or even a collar if the day be too warm."

From this it would seem that the phantom "shirt waist" man has an advocate eloquent.

* * *

Senator Depew has been dining in London and post-prandializing from many vantage points. Senator Clark of Montana, availed himself of a little lull in the political storm in his own state to visit the Exposition and to peep into a few of the art galleries of Europe, while General Grosvenor, Spokesman of the Administration on the floor of the House, has been sight-seeing on the Continent and in England, occupying spare moments in figuring out the result of the election.

GOVERNOR LESLIE B. SHAW OF IOWA



Senator Frye, President pro tem of the

Senate, at the close of Congress, hied himself to the delightful summer environment found in his own state. In the clear waters of the brooks and beautiful lakes of the Pine Tree State lurked the hidden magnet that irresistibly lured the grave statesman to the banks of the waters with

DETECTIVES GUARDING THE CHINESE LEGATION AT WASHINGTON

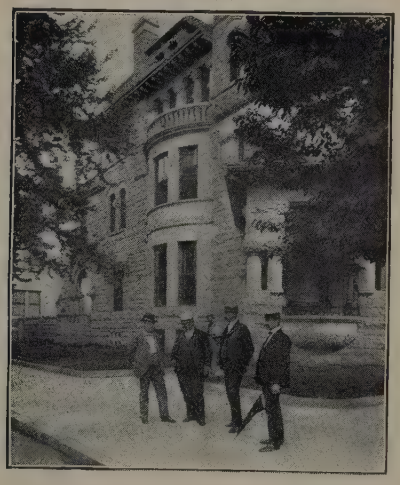


Photo by Gottwals

the strange Indian names. Passionately fond of fishing, Senator Frye has this summer gratified his piscatory proclivities, without stint.

* * *

Speaker Henderson, of Iowa, turned his face toward the setting sun, and reveled in the splendors and delights of a California summer. With others he was the guest of Representative Loud, of that state, who lost no opportunity to impress upon his distinguished visitors the present greatness and the future possibilities of our Western Gateway. Congress will doubtless be called upon at the coming session to legislate and appropriate for this empire of the South-west, and the Speaker has rendered himself familiar with its needs and requirements.

* * *

Representatives Champ Clark of Missouri, and Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, turned pleasure to profit during the hot summer months by appearing in the role of joint debaters. Scarcely a Chautauqua in the country has not heard this famous duo during the summer on the perils and glories of imperialism. The debates were in no wise rancorous or heated, both having been chiseled out in the library and made to fit each other as perfectly as the adjustments of a delicate set of balances.

* * *

Six miles from Washington adjoining Glen Echo Park is the summer home of Miss Clara Barton, the American Florence Nightingale, President of the Red Cross of America. The house was erected as a memorial of the Red Cross Relief at the Johnstown flood. Following that awful

THE SON OF THE CHINESE MINISTER, WU TING FANG

Photo by Gottwals

catastrophe the entire relief corps was placed in charge of the Red Cross, superintended personally by Miss Barton.

She had built three large warehouses to store provisions, clothing, etc., sent to those made homeless and helpless by the

flood. To show their appreciation of Miss Barton's heroic efforts during that trying ordeal the citizens of Johnstown had the warehouses pulled down, shipped to Washington and built therefrom what is to-day the summer home of Miss Clara Barton and the Headquarters of the Red Cross of America.

* * *

The house is a modest three story frame structure, notable mostly for its lack of shade and for its large number of windows.

The passerby would take it for an ordinary farm-house, were it not for the large Red Cross flag which night and day floats above. If the exterior were commonplace the interior is just the reverse, not a wall or ceiling in the entire place is either calsomined or even papered. About all the walls are hung Red Cross flags of all nations. The first flag to attract your notice as you enter is a large silk flag presented to Miss Barton by the dowager Empress of Germany. Opposite this is the flag of Switzerland presented by the President of Switzerland during the Geneva Conference in 1882. There are flags enough to cover every inch of wall in a three story house, sixty by ninety feet. In lieu of the ordinary ceiling white muslin has been tacked to the rough rafters.

The first floor consists of reception hall, parlor, Red Cross Headquarters and dining room. In Miss Barton's apartment is a cot which she prizes highly. It was used by her during the Civil War and was taken with her, during the late war, to Cuba where she was last in active service. It is made out of a trunk and when folded looks just like any ordinary trunk. Although along in the seventies Miss Barton has not retired from service but is busily engaged at present in enlarging the Red Cross by the establishing of auxiliaries throughout the Union. When in Cuba, Miss Barton was presented by a newspaper correspondent with a very fine horse. This horse she brought home with her and is her hobby. No one is allowed to ride, drive or even feed him except Miss Barton whose exercise chiefly consists in leading him around the field.

CLARA BARTON AT HER HOME IN WASHINGTON

Photo by Gottwals

* * *

In discussing the fact that China refused to respect the Red Cross, Miss Barton was asked, "In case the United States and China were at war would the Red Cross go?"

"They certainly would," she replied de-

cisively. "The fact that China refused to sign the agreement at Geneva in 1882 would make no difference. Wherever we

VEVA BERLINER, WHO SERENADED THE PRESIDENT

are needed, we will go. Japan, who has the finest Red Cross in the world, when at war with China several years ago, took with them their Red Cross."

Miss Barton would not under any circumstances pose for a picture. In explaining her aversion to having a photograph taken she said, "The reason I don't want to be photographed is because I don't want to be caricatured. That's what photographs nowadays amount to. Let me tell you about a picture of me that was published all over the country, under the caption of 'Miss Clara Barton at Santiago.' It represented me as an old woman, bent and decrepid. After the battle of San Juan Hill during an awful thunderstorm I came down in an old army wagon; when I reached the bottom I was soaking wet and after getting out of the wagon, in crossing a ditch I reached down to raise my skirts and while in that stooping position some one took a three quarters view of me, which made me look like an old hag. No sir, I will not let you take my photograph." And "The National Maga-

KOGORA TAKAHIRA, THE NEW JAPANESE MINISTER

zine" artist presents the only likeness taken in recent years on the veranda of the home she loves.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE BOXERS

Frank E. Moynahan

An account related by Rev. Geo. H. Ewing, who has spent the past seven years as a missionary in China, and who returned Aug. 15th direct from the Orient

"I BELIEVE that the uprising in China was countenanced by the head of the Chinese government, the empress dowager, who is the very incarnation of evil. I arrived home with my family after a several weeks' journey. From Pao-Ting-Fu we most opportunely made our escape just prior to the closing in of the Boxers upon that city. By their hands have fallen most of our friends and associates at Pao-Ting-Fu and its suburbs, who were massacred on June 30 and July 1, according to messages lately sent by Consul Fowler at Chefoo.

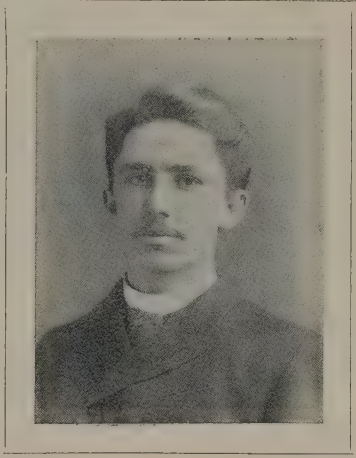
"It is impossible to express how greatly the news of this brutal and merciless massacre of the good and benevolent men and women and innocent children of the missions and their converts shocked and depressed us.

* * *

" 'The Boxers' emanate from a society called I-ho-chuan, which literally means 'Volunteer United Fisters.' or 'Boxers.' It is not a new organization, but a combination of five societies of long standing, whose members are known by their turbans, which are of five different colors, one for each society. Their motto is 'Protect the dynasty and destroy the foreigners.' They first appeared as a serious menace to foreigners in the fall of 1899 in the province of Shantung, which lies south of the province of Chihli in which myself and family were located. Each of these provinces is about the size of the state of New York.

"Their hostility has chiefly been inspired by their dislike of the Catholic missions which have been established in China for about 250 years, while the first Protestant mission entered North China only about forty years ago. The reason for this especial hatred for this church lies in the fact that the priests are very active in affairs outside of the church, in ways that excite both individual and official unfriendliness. For instance, a Chinaman becomes involved in a law suit over some property. He becomes a convert of the Catholic mission and in due season beseeches the priest to aid him in his trouble, concealing

REV. MR. TEWKSBURY



the fact that he has joined the church solely for this purpose. The priest naturally favors him, influences the local officials, and generally wins the case.

"The Boxers, being locally suppressed, became more active north and northwest of Shantung, but fearing to oppose the authorities, they went to Chili province, where they again first attacked the Cath-

olics. At last they were operating within ten miles of the foreign mission stations at Pao-Ting-Fu, where I was located. The outrages perpetrated showed the revolt was getting beyond control. The city officials, who also realized the danger, voluntarily sent eight or ten soldiers every night to guard the compound.

* * *

"The nature of the spread of the movement was cellular. In some villages, a native who had a grudge against a Catholic, or was engaged in some controversy with him, if there was no Boxer camp at hand, would harness his mule and drive twenty-five or thirty miles to the nearest camp and invite the Boxers to organize a branch in his neighborhood. A 'Master' would go there and organize a band of the lawless Chinese, the organization being generally composed of the lowest classes, for we must never forget that there are myriads of worthy, honorable and in every way upright Chinese.

* * *

"As soon as a new camp of Boxers is organized, its members are obliged to begin 'practice,' regardless of heat or cold, and in secret. The members strip themselves to the waist and toughen their muscles and skin by pounding themselves with stones, knives and other objects. It is stated, and several natives have assured me, that it is true, that they are often able to strike their arms with knives without inflicting injury, so firm do their muscles become from long and violent training.

"Some Boxers even asert that it is possible for them to fire a shot gun into their mouths, eject the shot, and count every one on the ground.

* * *

"Our missionary work in China is divided into educational, evangelical and medical lines of work. I was engaged in evangelical work, and in a service of seven years had acquired more than the average knowledge of the Chinese language, being able to converse and preach in the native tongue. There were two mission schools in the compound; one for boys and one for girls. Co-education is impossible in China. An effort was at one time made to induce them to associate together through a series of 'sociables,' but it utterly failed. The men and boys sit on one side of the school rooms and the women and girls on the other, and consider it a disgrace to speak to each other. Marriages are arranged by the parents, and when once settled upon, the couple do not see each other until the ceremony.

* * *

"Under the later treaties, the priests have received great privileges and influence. Many acts of injustice and arrogance have

GERTRUDE WYCKOFF

MRS. TEWKSBURY

GRACE WYCKOFF

originated from this policy, and the Chinese some time ago began to demonstrate their hatred by looting churches, destroying grain which had been stacked up, and finally by pillaging the homes and taking the lives of Catholics. After a time the Protestants also were attacked, the governor, who intensely hated foreigners, to Shansi. His successor, Yuan Shih Kai, a man of the new school, is progressive, and anxious, so far as lies in his power, to protect the foreigners. About the time of his transfer, Minister Brooks was murdered in the centre of Shanting. Here the

THE VICEROY'S PALACE, SHANGHAI, THE SCENE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT DURING THE PAST MONTH

Boxers having previously made a distinction, but once they became frenzied with excitement over their horrible work, they stop at nothing.

* * *

"Our missionaries in northern Shantung were in great danger and their lives were protected only through the efforts of Consul Ragsdale at Tien Tsin, Major (Minister) Conger at Pekin, and the local officials, several of whom, though favorably disposed towards the foreigners, were much limited in authority and the power to enforce obedience. The foreign ministers finally secured the transfer of the old Boxer revolt rapidly extended, and the two compounds of the American Board station were garrisoned all winter until the danger in this vicinity subsided.

* * *

"On account of the illness of Mrs. Ewing, my family left Pao-Ting-Fu ('Bow-Ting-Foo') on May 16th for a summer resort called by the Americans 'Rocky Point,' or Pei Tai Ho, about 134 miles northeast of Tien Tsin, and reached by rail via a junction near Pekin. The troubles had not come to a focus for several days previous to our departure, but I sent out native scouts for miles in every direction

to ascertain if there was any plot against the missionaries on the American board or native Christians. Ten days after we left, railroad communication was wholly destroyed, and I firmly believe had we remained two weeks longer, we also would have become victims of the Boxer massacres.

* * *

"We remained three weeks at Pei Tai Ho, but each day the news grew more ominous and ghastly. Numerous letters and telegrams were received, urging us to return to Tein Tsin, lest the railroad should be torn up and leave us at the mercy of the mob. Large numbers of foreigners arrived from railroad points for fifty miles towards Tien Tsin, where the work of demolishing the railroad had be-

AMENT

gun, forcing them to flee towards the seashore. The last train that arrived was an armored one.

"English military officers who were studying China at Rocky Point secured the protection of the English gunboat 'Humber,' which landed twenty-five marines, who did duty as guards and scouts for two weeks. Then the military officers and others met and decided that the 'Humber' must take all the foreigners away from the place. All were on board by the next day with their personal baggage, and in due time reached Taku, where the forts had just been taken by the warships, American, German, Russian, French and English, which lay outside, and practically in mid-ocean. Here the 'Humber' declined to carry the passengers any further. About thirty or forty of the party boarded the U. S. gunboat 'Newark,' and went in a roundabout way to Chefoo, but we sailed on an English merchantman to Chefoo direct, where we found temporary lodgings, the city being nearly full of refugees. It was from here that on June 23d was cabled to Boston that magic and inspiring word 'safe,' the toll for which was $8.25 for the single word and necessary address and signature.

* * *

"During two weeks' stay at Chefoo a little girl was born to us, and almost immediately after, having been strongly advised to get away, we took the Japanese steamer 'Genkai Maru' for Nagasaki. There were two forts at Chefoo, and although Consul Fowler had been promised that they would not be manned, and that the foreigners would be safe, they did not dare trust the irresponsible Chinese element, although so far as known, no trouble had yet occurred there. We reached Nagasaki in eight or ten days, stopping at Corea en route.

"At Chefoo and Corea we were obliged to part with our three native servants, procuring good positions for two of them, and one starting back on a twenty days' foot journey to Pao-Ting-Fu. This left us unassisted with three children under five years of age, at a point five weeks' distance from home.

"We endeavored to get to the United States from Nagasaki on the U. S. transport 'Logan,' which took the Ninth Infantry from Manila to Taku, and went as far as Yokohama by this means. Here the War Department ordered the 'Logan' to Nagasaki and we found quarters ashore. The next day the order was countermanded,

and all refugees were notified that they could have free passages to San Francisco. We desired to take advantage of this offer, but a physician said it would be dangerous and perhaps fatal for Mrs. Ewing to proceed further at that time.

"We intended to remain in Japan for a time, but the heat was so intense that Mrs. Ewing could not bear it, and she preferred to risk the ocean voyage. Accordingly, in a few days we embarked on the 'Empress,' a Japanese steamer, for Vancouver, B. C., and thence proceeded to Danvers by rail.

* * *

"The only important incident after leaving Pei Tai Ho occurred before reaching Nagasaki. The steamer was proceeding in a dense fog, sounding the whistle, when suddenly there loomed up before it a huge Russian transport loaded with Cossacks and cattle. The captain of the Japanese steamer, with rare presence of mind, changed the course so that only a glancing blow was received. Mrs. Ewing was sitting near the point of collision and she, although previously unable to stand, sprang up and ran with the baby to the forward part of the vessel. I visited the scene of the collision and picked up some of the splinters which flew from the stern as the two vessels came in contact. Had the collision been head on, a terrible loss of life would have ensued.

"My brother, Rev. Charles E. Ewing, with his wife, who went with me to China seven years ago, was, when last heard from, about ten weeks ago, in Pekin, I believe that if any considerable number of the hundreds of foreigners there ever escape, he will be among them. I have feared, however, that when the allied forces reached the gates of Pekin and attacked the sacred city, the Chinese would become enraged and murder every foreigner."

ARCHED BRIDGE, SHANGHAI

THE TARTAR INVASION OF CHINA

By Capt. Charles W. Hall

"THE conquest of Asia is to be a conquest of Orientals by Orientals," said the distinguished French explorer. Captain Yates, the Asiatic traveller, has expressed the same idea less tersely but with equal force: "Barbaric Asia, after a sojourn in civilized Europe, returns upon its former footsteps to reclaim its own kith and kin."

"NORSELAND SWEPT LIKE THE SURGE"

The world has not yet fully realized, that the men who have been for generations settling, building and trading along the Southern border-line of Siberia and China, or fiercely fighting with Turcoman robber-princes, and the effeminate successors of once powerful Khans for a conquered peace and slow but sure annexation, are indeed largely of that great Mongol race, "the White and the Black Tartars," whom some have declared to be the "Gog and Magog," who, in the great "last days" shall, as Ezekiel prophesies, be destroyed in a mighty defeat at the battle of Armageddon.

* * *

Recent events in China recall with a new sense of its force that saying of the non-Muscovite peoples of Eastern Europe; "scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar;" and as with a strange sense of commingled helplessness, horror and doubt, we await the slow arising of the curtain upon the tragedies of massacre-polluted Pekin, and the drama of the allied advance on the Manchu city we remember that in the background lies that northern boundary, where armed forts, and ready garrisons, guard, and clouds of irregular cavalry, strong brigades of infantry, and trains of siege and light artillery traverse the great iron road, whose completion will hardly be

needed to compass and ensure the absorption of Chinese Tartary by the Russian empire.

Nearly twelve centuries ago the warriors of the Norseland swept like the surges from which they seemed to issue upon the comparatively unwarlike people of the "Gardariki," as the Vikings called the Russians of their day. Owing, however, to its distance from the sea, Holmgard, or Novgorod, soon became a city in which the Norsemen were made allies or mercenaries, gaining gold and honor, or made it a friendly and central point of departure in their adventurous journeys to Constantinople, and the Varangian service of the Grecian king. Adoptions, intermarriages and alliances, gradually made these Scandinavians and Gothic warriors powerful and trusted princes and eventually rulers of old Russia.

When in the early part of the 19th century, Hreorek or Rurik became the ruler of Novgorod, he founded an empire whose Norse and German blood has ever since dominated the many races of Russia. A long sucession of intermarriages with the daughters of Norse and German kings, and princes, has ever been secured by the choice and policy of successive rulers, but although this dominant race rules, the principal mental and moral traits of the Tartar races everywhere reveal themselves to the close observer.

* * *

Sixteen centuries ago the Tartars of the Altai began that strenuous life which gradually expanded their territories and possessions, until in the 10th century, under the brother's Attila and Bleda, they began those invasions of Europe, which, until late in the 12th century, subjected nearly the whole of Russia to the iron rule of the Tartar Khanates. Of the terror inspired by their approach, the ferocity of their attack, and the utter cruelty of their victories history and song deal without ceasing. Jenghiz Khan, who in 1222, ravaged Eastern Russia up to the gates of Novgorod and conquered and ruled China; Timour Lenk or "Tamerlane," who in the latter part of the 14th century, attacked and partially burned Moscow, captured and destroyed Azov, and later took Delhi and desolated Bagdad with a fearful slaughter, were only the most powerful of a long succession of ferocious and utterly merciless free-booters.

"THEIR SPLENDOR AND LUXURY IN PEACE"

Their splendor and luxury in peace

were the wonder of the most distant nations of civilized Europe, for the gold, gems and most precious things of Europe

A COSSACK OF THE AMOOR

and Asia were secured by their arms, or sent as tribute by those who had as yet escaped the ravages of Mongol invasion.

* * *

What these ravages were, Bagdad bore testimony when ninety thousand of her helpless people died in one day under the avenging steel of Timour's legions. They had dared to rebel; but did not dare to fight to the last, and for man, woman or child, there was no mercy. Delhi, conquered about 1404, was scarcely more fortunate, although fair women and strong slaves escaped the otherwise universal massacre and pillage. Timour died at Otrar on the Jaxartes in 1405, and 200,000 veterans carried their chief to his burial never to be

A RUSSIAN ARTILLERYMAN

succeeded by a like leader of the Mongol races.

During these centuries, and for many generations later, Tartar tribes, allies of the Turk, and later tributaries to the growing empire, occupied a large proportion of what is now Russia in Europe. Of every shade of complexion, degree of intelligence, and variety of Eastern belief, the Tartars of the past are undoubtedly the parent stock of the strongest, most numerous and influential races of northern and central Asia and eastern Russia, and especially of the Cossacks, who are, as has been said, the advance guard of Russian occupancy and assimilation.

This Tartar strain shows itself in that pride in field sports, physical endurance, and military life, which so permeates a large proportion of the Russian people; the

A STATION GARRISON ON THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD

use of foods and the conservation of architectural forms strongly indicative of an ancient Tartar origin; the retention of Tartar words, superstitions and semi-heathenish beliefs, and more than all, in that capacity for cruel and needless slaughter, or punishment which has throughout her history estranged from Russia the keener sympathy and admiration of other nations.

* * *

When General Skobeleff essayed the conquest of Khiva, he made the following official protest against the employment of humane officers:

"I hold it as a principle, that in Asia, the duration of peace is in direct propor-

tion to the slaughter you inflict upon the enemy. The harder you hit them, the longer they will be quiet afterwards.

"My system is this: To strike hard and to keep on hitting until resistance is completely over. Then at once form ranks, cease to slaughter, and be kind and humane to the prostrate enemy."

When Geok Teppe, the great fortress of the Khivans, crowded with nearly 36,000 souls, was breached by Skobeleff's artillery, and carried by his infantry, the Russian bayonets raged on the rear and flanks of the helpless fugitives for nearly seven English miles. The cavalry and horse artillery kept up the slaughter for eleven miles, and in the fortress itself, no man was left alive.

Said an eye witness: "In the morning after the battle, they lay in rows like freshly-mown hay, as they had been swept down by mitrailleuse and cannon. In the fort, 6500 men lay dead, and there were some thousands of women and children. All the men were killed. There were about 3500 women and children left alive." The loss of the Russian forces aggregated less than 300 killed and 700 wounded against a Turcoman loss of 20,000 killed; there were few or none spared among the wounded. No wonder that Skobeleff is called of them to this day, "Gueriz Kauli," or "Bloody Eye."

It was one Yermak, a Cossack, who in the 16th Century, led six thousand of his people into Asia and defeated Kuchum Khan a descendant of Ghengis Khan, at the fords of the Irtysh. Yermak was himself surprised and drowned a little later, but his example pointed out to the Russian government a road to the conquest of Asia, which they have never ceased to follow. Skobeleff said after his Asiatic conquests: "It will be in the end our duty to organize masses of Asiatic cavalry, and to hurl them into India as a vanguard, under the banner of blood, thus reviving the times of Tamerline."

* * *

In 1881, Skobeleff also wrote as follows: "To my mind, the whole Central Asian question is as clear as daylight. If it does not aid us in a short time to seriously take up the Eastern Question, in other words, to dominate the Bosphorus, 'the hide is not worth the tanning.' Sooner or later, Russian statesmen will have to recognize the fact that Russia must rule the Bosphorus; that on this depends, not only her greatness as a power of the first magnitude, but also her defensive security, and the corresponding development of her manufactures and trade. Without a serious demonstration, in the direction of India, in all probability on the side of Kandahar, a war for the Balkan peninsula, is not to be thought of. It is indispensable to maintain in Central Asia, at the gates of the corresponding theatre of war, a powerful body of troops, fully equipped, and seriously mobilized."

* * *

Since Skobeleff's death, a host of Muscovite officers and statesmen, financiers and engineers have pushed eastward the reflux wave of migration which returns to Asia her civilized and purposeful Tartar children.

No resentment of religious innovations awaken native fanaticism, for while the Russian infantry prays, en masse at nightfall, gaudy ikons display their embossed and gilden saints in every Russian hut, till, in the words of a recent traveler, "No Russian propaganda has been tolerated in Central Asia; proselytism is tabooed, and it is a curious, but significant fact, that we find Russian military writers boasting that their church has never dispatched a missionary to Central Asia or made an Asiatic convert."

Steadily, and without obtrusive haste or idle boasting, the great Russian empire has pushed eastward her Cossack and Tartar cavalry, settlers, traders and officials along the shores of the lakes and rivers, and that great Trans-Siberian railway, which could never have been built merely for the peaceful necessities of a scattered half-heathen, half-savage population of only eight million souls. To-day that line, and the highways that connect it, are

"lines of observation and supply" for myriads of troops who have eagerly awaited the declaration of war with China. When they enter Pekin,—the Kambalu of Jenghiz Khan—they will never go back to the old boundaries of Russia in Asia. Indeed, it is not too much to say that no considerable body of Russian troops, will ever be detached to aid the allied armies now advancing upon Pekin. The generals of the Tzar will, like Skobeleff, extend the national boundaries towards the south, crushing and punishing opposition with massacre and pillage, but repaying all who submit, with a more just and merciful rule, lighter taxes, and incentives to loyal valor and enterprise. No territory taken by her and worth possession will be given up, unless under a pressure of international menace, such as no two European nations will ever attempt, and America can never afford to endorse, except in the contingency of a sudden and vital rupture of the friendly relations which have always existed between us.

* * *

Doubtless, the development of Russia's stupendous policy in Northern China will irritate every nation which is to-day expending blood and treasure upon the allied operations, now progressing. It is never pleasant to be in any sense a cats-paw for a more astute ally, and to feel obliged to "cordially co-operate" with a power, which is secretly rejoicing over the opportune occurrence of great disasters and crimes, which, from the very nature justify the extremest rigor of hostile invasion and military reprisal and punishment.

The power and purpose of Russia, is like the movement of an arctic glacier, grim, persistent, never ceasing, and behind it are the needs of six-score millions of people. They are now occupying lands once the home of their ancestors, and reviving in countries desolated by fanaticism and effeminacy the more heroic ambitions of their warrior-ancestors whom Jenghez Khan himself first styled "Mongol" or "The Bold." No other people can take their place in the assimilation of hereditary barbarism with a military and social civilization, and to them sooner or later, must be committed the control and development of Northern China.

* * *

A Cossack of the Amoor watches by the great river, which, dividing Russia in Asia from Chinese Tartary, has for generations carried the ever-advancing tide of Russian immigration and commerce towards the eastern seas. He is a native of Siberia, perhaps born of a Kirghiz, Buriat, Calmuck, Persian or Manchu mother, but his father's tribesmen have for generations been "soldiers of the White Tzar," and he himself still loves to hear of the far off lands of the Volga Don or Dnieper, whence sire or grandsire set out, long years ago, on the raid or campaign which became the never ending progress of an expatriated people towards the rising sun. His garb is that of ancestors whose tombs he has never seen; his arms the same as those with which Mazeppa and his wild horsemen of the Ukraine charged the Russian cavalry on the fatal day of Poltava. Except for his firearms and a uniformity and discipline which his sires disdained, he recalls the oldest day of that Russian empire of which he is at once the fore-rider and frontiersman; the first to attack and the earliest to rebuild and occupy the tributary lands of Holy Russia.

* * *

At the station not far away a Russian artillery man stands by his gun; stalwart, smiling, obedient, and inured to hardship and fatigue. What his origin was is a hard thing to guess, for scores of races, tribes and hybrid stocks give their best and bravest to fill the armies and do the behest of the Tzar. He may be an unwilling conscript from the unhappy Sarmatian land; the borders of Finland shorn of her old privileges or the forest swamps of Esthonia or Courland once tributary to the Swede. He may be of the blood of some still half-heathen Cheremiss, Chuvash or Mordva, or one of the many adventurers born under an Asiatic sun since Peter the Great first loosed the Russian Eagles on the doomed Knanates of Central Asia.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

By Annie T. Colcock

PART II.—FOR THE HONOR OF CASTILE

AS Senor de Cabrera and his young companion separated themselves from the crowd outside the door of the Cathedral, Don Jacinto presented himself ingratiatingly at the old gentleman's elbow. In that quarter he was sure of his welcome; but it was with considerable trepidation that he glanced across at the fair young face under the folds of the lace mantilla; and, with a sudden sinking of the heart and quickening of the pulse, he observed the cool indifference with which she acknowledged the introduction. Nevertheless, he accepted Don Pedro's invitation to dinner; upon which the shadow on Mercedes' face deepened still more. Seeing this, the young caballero felt considerable pique; for he was accustomed to being sought after by the senoras of Madrid, and welcomed with marked cordiality at those houses where there happened to be senoritas of a marriageable age.

Leaving behind them the stream of people that flowed on toward the Zocodover—once the fashionable promenade of gay squires and fair ladies, hidalgos and beauties of proud Castile, and now the afternoon resort of the little remnant of society that still survives in the ancient city—our three companions turned their steps toward home. Along the way, Don Pedro pointed out to his young guest, from time to time, some old Gothic ruin or the crumbling arabesques of a Moorish arch, about which tradition had woven a fabric of romantic legend. To these tales Mercedes listened with breathless interest; while Jacinto seized the opportunity of studying the almost childish contour of the girl's soft cheek, the mobile curve of the lips, and the upward curl of the long silken lashes, all of which gave to her face its exquisite charm.

To the young man, that whole evening was one of unmixed pleasure. The simple meal—about which Mercedes had suffered keen anxiety—was to him the most enjoyable he had tasted since his arrival in Toledo. Before his overflowing good humor and very evident admiration, the girl's coolness thawed gradually; and when—the dinner over—she observed her grandfather's longing glance toward his unopened newspaper, it was not entirely a spirit of self sacrifice that prompted her to accept Jacinto's offer of assistance in her evening task of watering the flowers in the little patio.

Sebastiano, who had arrived late to the meal, treated the guest with marked avoidance, of which Don Jacinto—attributing his manner to sensitiveness caused by his infirmity—was only half aware. When the light hearted young stranger forestalled him as Mercedes' assistant, a dark scowl gathered on the brow of the dwarf, and his sallow face flushed painfully. With his head resting on his lean little hand, he sat behind the half closed blinds of a window on the upper floor, and followed with furtive, hungry eyes, the movements of the two young people in the patio beneath him. The lithe, well knit figure of Jacinto, moving with graceful activity, woke a passion of envy in his bosom.

"Ah, Dios mio!" he sighed again and again, "for six feet of manhood and a face like that! Dios mio! Dios mio!"

Between Mercedes and Don Jacinto there had been, hitherto, no allusion to their former meeting; but now, as the

*The remainder of this charming story of modern Spain will appear in the October number of "The National Magazine."

young man tilted the great earthen jar over the girl's little watering pot, their eyes met with a flash of mutual understanding.

"Senorita," said Jacinto, with mock gravity, as he set his burden on the tiled floor, "senorita, if I should chance to die to-night, bid them carve this emblem on my tomb," and he pointed to the water jar with a gesture full of meaning.

Mercedes colored, but the soft curve of her lip trembled with suppressed merriment.

"If it be too heavy, caballero," she said, "I will call Sebastiano."

Jacinto laughed gaily, and came a step nearer.

"Dona Mercedes, this is the second time I have entered yonder door," he began, in a low voice.

"Si, caballero," admitted the girl, without raising her eyes.

"But only the first time I have found what I sought," finished the young man, softly.

There was no reply, and he continued, in the same tone: "Where were you that evening?"

She bent over the flowers and broke away a handful of dead leaves from a geranium

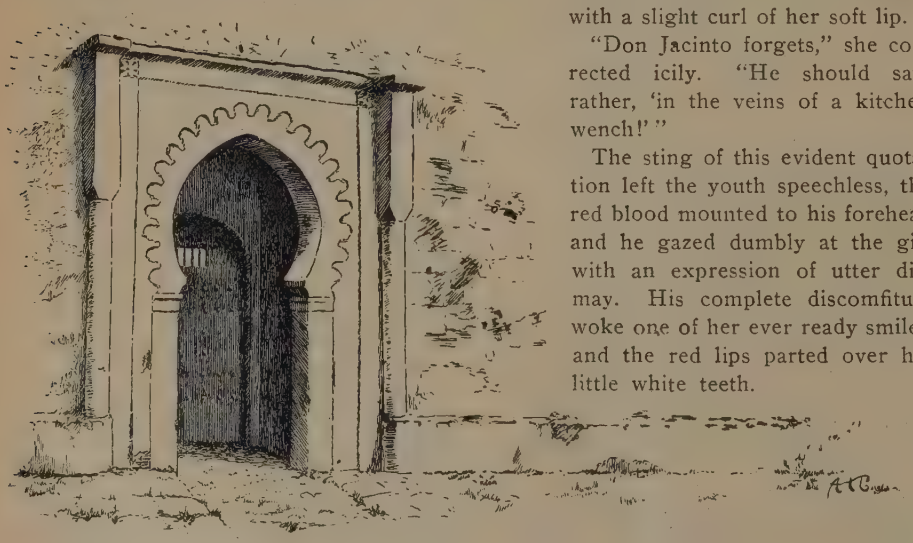
"I was busy," she replied, calmly, after a pause, but there was a little spot of bright color on the cheek turned toward him. "I was busy, and I was tired. Old Josefa, our only servant, was sick, and I had much of her work to do. Our fortunes, caballero," she continued, rising and speaking rapidly, "are, as you may perceive, far from what those of the Senores de Cabrera were wont to be. My grandfather is an old man, and the emoluments of his office are extremely small, but we try to spare him, as far as possible, the narrow economies which would be so trying to a man brought up to wealth. My cousin, poor Sebastiano, brings in a little aid with as much regularity as his health permits, and I, having no means of adding to our income, can at least strive to make it go as far as possible." She paused for breath, her bosom heaving, and her eyes flashing brightly. "Honest labor, caballero, cannot degrade those in whose veins flows the blood of the princes of Castile. Alas! that a noble line should have none left to represent it, save a poor hunchback, and a weak woman!" and, with a sad little gesture, she turned away.

The young man's eyes burned with admiration, as he exclaimed quickly: "Even the blood of princes is ennobled, senorita, when it flows in the veins of an angel!"

Mercedes faced him instantly, with a slight curl of her soft lip.

"Don Jacinto forgets," she corrected icily. "He should say, rather, 'in the veins of a kitchen wench!' "

The sting of this evident quotation left the youth speechless, the red blood mounted to his forehead and he gazed dumbly at the girl with an expression of utter dismay. His complete discomfiture woke one of her ever ready smiles, and the red lips parted over her little white teeth.



"Sebastiano has betrayed you," she laughed, coming to his rescue. "But he never guessed that you had seen the original of the medallion—in her kitchen garb. It was my portrait you purchased, caballero, and my poor cousin is quite heart broken, for he considers it his masterpiece."

"That it may well be," Jacinto replied, his heart beating once more at a normal rate of speed. "That it may well be. But do not bid me yield it up to him, senorita, for it is the possession which I prize most on earth."

"Indeed," she responded coolly, as Don Pedro, newspaper in hand, approached them, "I dreamt not that its artistic value was so great."

* * *

A week passed, a week of long, sunny spring days, which, in the years that followed, were to Don Jacinto a golden memory. Afternoons spent in the patio among the flowers, evenings in the cosy little comedor, arguing with Don Pedro over the questions of the moment—the latest news from Cuba, the attitude of America, the rising in the Filipinos—these were all hours of bliss unalloyed; for it was at Mercedes' side that he carried the water jar, and it was Mercedes, needlework in hand, who sat on the other side of the table, with the light of the lamp streaming over her as she drank in the earnest arguments of Don Pedro and the light word play of his young antagonist.

But those were grave days to all thinking minds; and, at last, even the light hearted Jacinto began to feel, in the fervent atmosphere of that little room, that patriotism consisted in something more than merely shouting, "Viva Espana con honor!"

After listening to Don Pedro's stories of his own young days—tales of Carlist risings and civil war—emphasized by the warm glances of Mercedes, this young gallant of Madrid became more and more conscious that in this quarter, at least, his title to admiration must rest on another foundation than mere social success.

On more than one occasion Senor de Cabrera had broached the subject of his future career, but without meeting with much encouragement. It was not that Jacinto was lacking in ambition, or in courage; but only that, so far, nothing had occurred to break the bubble of his holiday content. For him it was the blue and golden springtide of the sunny land of Spain, and he was in the hey-day of his youth and the first glow of his young love. In his heart of hearts he desired, then, no other occupation save that of making love to Mercedes.

He found her alone in the patio one afternoon, seated beside her flowers and plying her needle busily. Old Josefa—with whom Jacinto, owing to sundry little donations, was a prime favorite—nodded sleepily inside the kitchen door; and, from his little window on the upper floor, Sebastiano—although out of earshot—was able to maintain a jealous watch over the little courtyard beneath. Regardless of the deaf old woman, the talk flowed more unrestrainedly than usual, and neither of them suspected the espionage of the jealous little dwarf, who had become more morose as the week went by and Jacinto's visits were repeated with increasing frequency.

It had been one of the most brilliant days of that cloudless spring, and the patio was still half bathed in afternoon sunshine. The flowers drooped a little in the warm, dry atmosphere, and their perfume rose almost cloyingly sweet. The centre of this sunny picture was the girl's slight figure, gowned in black, as usual, with the lace mantilla—which she had donned for an errand on the street an hour before—still closely pinned about her dark head. In her hands was a strip of linen which shone the whiter in contrast with her gown. A slanting ray of sunlight touched her bent head, and her downcast eyes, fringed by long lashes, recalled to Don Jacinto's mind the Virgin of Velazquez, in the Museum of the Prado in Madrid.

"Old Josefa tells me," he remarked in a lowered voice, as he fastened in his button-

hole a spray of heliotrope for which he had sued a moment before, "that you are endowed, as a gardener, with miraculous gifts like San Isidro himself; and she declares that, at your bidding, even the desert would burst into bloom."

Mercedes sighed. "I would that the blessed Saint would grant us a little rain. My poor flowers are in sore need of it, and my grandfather says the tidings of the wheat crop are more distressing every day. Not a drop of rain has fallen since the seed was put into the ground."

Jacinto made no reply. This was not the turn which he desired to give to the conversation. He waited for a discreet interval and began again.

"I wonder that so many of the senoritas of Madrid have laid aside the mantilla for the Paris bonnet. There is no better setting for a beautiful face than those soft folds of semi-transparent drapery."

The young Toledana drew out her needle with a little gesture of impatience.

"My motive in wearing it, caballero, is not coquetry, but economy. This old lace is an heirloom; and in these days when the price of bread is rising every day, and flour may soon be a luxury which only the rich can afford, I have no money to spend in Paris bonnets."

Don Jacinto sighed, and felt discouraged; while, with a view to proving the purity of her motives, Mercedes calmly removed her mantilla, saying:

"I have just returned from a visit to the Senora Martinez. She has to-day parted with her youngest son, a cadet in the infantry school here, who goes to join his two brothers in Cuba."

"Conscripts?" was Jacinto's unfortunate query.

"No, caballero, not conscripts, but volunteers. Senora Martinez may well be proud, for she has given three willing soldiers to her country. For the honor of Spain, I would that every mother in Castile could say the same."

She paused a moment, and then continued hotly: "Conscripts! ay, caballero, that is our disgrace—that we should need to fill our ranks thus. It is from among the laborers and bread winners that they are chiefly drawn—the ones that can least be spared. The vagabond escapes, and the rich man buys his substitute. Oh! if Spain had now such sons as she has had in the past, this rebellion would have been long since quelled. In what school have our young men been educated, that they can sit content at home when our honor is at stake? Let them come to Toledo, let them stand before the statue of Charles the Fifth in the patio of the Alcazar, and read the two inscriptions that it bears:

" 'O morire en la demanda, o entrare vencedor en Tunez.'

(Either I will die demanding it, or I will enter Tunis victorious.)

'Si en la refriega caigo con la estandarte, levantad a este antes que a mi.' "

(If in the affray I fall with the standard, raise that first.)

The girl's eyes flashed, as she declaimed the words in a voice that thrilled her hearer with a conflict of emotions. "Ah, caballero," she added, "that was once the spirit of Spain!"

Don Jacinto hesitated, then exclaimed impulsively: "Si, senorita, but if his imperial majesty, Charles the Fifth, had spent more time at home in governing his subjects, and less in conducting his foreign campaigns, it would, perhaps, have been better for Spain."

Mercedes flushed with indignation. "That is heresy, he was a great and good king. But apart from that, the present situation is not a parallel one. We are not engaged in foreign conquests, but in the preservation of the last of our colonial possessions in America. We are fighting, caballero, for the jewels of Queen Isabella's crown!"

Jacinto bent forward and regarded her earnestly.

"Dona Mercedes," he said, softly, "in the days of old Castile—for which you entertain such admiration—men fought not for honor alone, but also the favor of fair

ladies. Perchance the hope of that last might still arm the degenerate youth of Spain."

As he spoke, he had a brief vision of the liquid fire in the girl's dark eyes; then, with drooping lashes, she replied:

"He need hope for little favor who could value a woman's smiles higher than his country's honor."

There was a long pause. Don Jacinto felt that he had made an unfortunate beginning; and hoping to create a diversion, he drew out the little dagger that he had purchased at the cutlery.

"Senorita," he began, with an effort to speak lightly, "senorita, will you not look at your cousin's handiwork? This should have some interest for you, even if its owner has no claims to your regard."

The girl took the little weapon from his hand and gravely inspected it. Sebastiano's medallion surpassed her expectations, but she determined to reserve her praise of it for him. Turning it over, she read aloud the inscription:

"Toledo, April, 1896." As she poised it delicately in her slim fingers and the light flickered along the blade, a sudden smile curled her lip.

"A pretty toy," she said, meaningly, "but Don Jacinto should be careful lest he hurt himself with it."

The young man's face flushed hotly. "There are deeper wounds, Dona Mercedes, than even a dagger of Toledo can inflict."

"Perhaps," was the quick retort, "but those, which Don Jacinto has in mind, do not kill!"

At this taunt, the youth rose hastily, and for a few minutes paced rapidly up and down the little patio. The scraping of his chair on the tiled floor had been heard in the little upper chamber, and from the shadowy interior Sebastiano's sallow face peered forth anxiously.

At last, with an expression of fixed determination on his countenance, Jacinto returned to his seat beside the girl.

"Dona Mercedes," he began, gravely, "I pray you spare your taunts until you have heard what I came here today to tell you. What it is you must know," he continued in a suppressed voice. "I love you, senorita, with a heart as true as ever beat in the days of old Castile. Tell me that my love is returned, light of my soul, and thou canst find no task so hard but Jacinto will attempt it for thy sweet sake."

Her face crimsoned; she gave him one passionate glance that was a revelation; then, springing to her feet, exclaimed aloud:

"Think you, caballero, I am to be bought with fair words like these? With vague promises that may never be fulfilled? You know full well what I would demand. Mercedes de Cabrera will never give her heart, caballero, save to him who holds honor dearer than love. Alas, that I am a woman! Alas, that I have no brother in whose veins there flows the same proud blood that flows in mine!" The tears rushed to her eyes, and she turned quickly and left the patio by another door.

Don Jacinto, who had likewise risen, gazed after her a moment in silence; then he, too, departed hastily, the heavy green door creaking angrily on its hinges as it shut behind him.

Old Josefa was still dozing at the kitchen window; but in another moment the little hunchback had descended to the empty, sunlit patio.

Only the girl's last speech had reached his ears. He shook his thin little fist at the green door, his sallow face worked convulsively and his breath came in short gasps as he muttered bitter curses.

"So that is what you have come for, you cursed dandy! You have dared to offer insult to a Cabrera—to Mercedes, an angel from heaven! Ah, Dios! my beloved, you have no brother to avenge the insult to your honor, but there is yet the hunchback. Sebastiano's arm may be weak! Sebastiano's back may be crooked! But that arm is not so weak, nor that back so feeble but that it can defend what he loves best on earth!" As he spoke, his foot struck

against something on the tiled pavement—it was the dagger that Mercedes had let fall.

"Dios! it is most fitting!" he exclaimed exultingly, as he held it up. "Ah, I shall know where to find a sheath for this."

* * *

Mercedes was in her chamber. It was on the lower floor—a little narrow, white-washed room, with a running border of blue and green tiles set in the plastered wall. There was a window at either end; one overlooked the patio; the other, defended by a grating of wrought iron, opened on the street,—not that to which the green door gave access, but a narrow alley joining it at right angles. This window was still further protected by casements opening inwards, the lower halves of which were now closed, while the upper ones were left open for ventilation.

The furniture of this little apartment was only such as one would expect to find in a convent cell—an iron bedstead, a high chest of drawers, a chair and a small table. On the latter stood a tall brass candlestick containing a lighted taper; above this, on the wall, hung a small crucifix; and a rosary of carved wooden beads was festooned above the bed head.

Kneeling beside the little table was the young girl, her eyes shining in the light of the taper, her soft lips trembling, and her bosom heaving with suppressed emotion.

It was after eleven; and, for an hour past, there had been neither voice nor footfall, on the street, to break the stillness of the night. Then, on the rough stone pavement of the narrow alley, rung a man's step—a step that paced to and fro before her window. Presently, in a low, flute-like whistle, sounded the "March of Cadiz."

Mercedes rose to her feet, startled, and leaned against the casement, her heart beating wildly under her black gown. The whistle died away, and after a short pause started afresh—this time it was a melody set to one of Zorilla's love songs. Another pause; then a voice she knew whispered:

"Mercedes!"

At the same moment something was thrown through the upper half of the casement, and fell at her feet. She picked it up and held it close to the candle. It was the fading spray of heliotrope she had given him that afternoon. Again the voice whispered, pleadingly:

"Mercedes!"

The girl extinguished the taper, and partly opening the shutters, looked out into the street. From the low-hung crescent of the moon, shafts of silver light slanted down the narrow alley, and revealed the silhouette of a man's head against the grating of her window.

"What does this mean, Don Jacinto?" asked the girl, in a stern whisper. "This is very unseemly."

"Ah, Mercedes, reproach me not," he murmured sadly. "I saw the light of thy taper, and I have come only to bid thee farewell."

"To bid me farewell!" she exclaimed, catching at the casement for support. "Well, was there not time enough tomorrow?"

"Time enough! when the honor of Castile is at stake? No, senorita, I leave Toledo at daybreak."

"It is too dull for Don Jacinto, doubtless. There are greater diversions in Madrid."

The man flung away in sudden anger; but repented ere she could close the casement.

"So cruel and unbelieving still, Mercedes? Thinkest thou, indeed, that there is but one patriot in Toledo?" She made no reply, and he drew still nearer the window. "By the very next transport I leave for Cuba, senorita. If my father cannot get me a commission—and, truly, I am unfit to hold one—I will enlist as a private in the ranks."

"Why are you going, caballero?" It was asked in a breathless whisper, and Mercedes leant forward till her face shone white behind the grating.

"What a question, senorita! Why should I go, save for the honor of Spain?" He lifted his sombrero with a graceful ges-

ture, and the moonlight touched his uncovered brow. "A poor soldier she is getting, it is true. I can fence, of course, as can every caballero of gentle blood; and I am a fair shot with a pistol; but I am as innocent of the manual as a babe in arms; and I have never so much as laid hands on one of these new fashioned rifles." He laughed gaily. "Alas, for the honor of Castile! I would find it easier to celebrate it in an ode of sounding dithyrambics, or to sing of it in redondillas, than to hit a Cuban at long range. But, if it is just to furnish a target for the rebel bullets—truly, I think I am as fair a mark as any raw recruit in Weyler's army!" and he drew up his lithe figure proudly.

There was silence, and a faint sigh was breathed through the grating.

Jacinto looked up at the shadowy white face in the window, saying tenderly: "Bid me farewell, Mercedes, and wish me God speed. I go only for honor's sake, it is true; but, if I live, I shall come back—for the sake of that which is second only to our honor!"

A slim little hand was thrust through the grating.

"Vaya con Dios,"* whispered Mercedes, with a faint sob between the words.

Jacinto seized the trembling fingers in an eager clasp.

"What! tears, Mercedes? Ah, preciosissima, dost thou love me a little?"

"With all my soul," was the tremulous whisper.

"Then swear it, beloved. Swear thou wilt marry no other man—and trust me, I will live to claim thee."

"Willingly I swear it, Jacinto mio."

"But say the words after me, Mercedes," he insisted. "Swear to heaven that thou wilt marry no man but me."

"I swear to heaven that I will marry no man but thee," sobbed the girl.

"San Antonio be praised!" cried Jacinto, gaily. "Now, indeed, if honor is the magic word that sends me to Cuba, love will be the spell that draws me home!" Then, with a passionate kiss on the little fingers, and a wave of his soft sombrero, he had turned away.

Mercedes gazed after him, as he walked lightly down the dim street, the stirring notes of the "March of Cadiz" ringing out, in his tuneful whistle, on the night air.

From a window on the upper story, another pair of eyes watched also; then, stealthy steps descended the little stairway, and crossed the patio. The time-worn hinges of the old green door gave a warning creak, as Sebastiano slipped out into the street.

In his sleeve he carried the little silver-handled dagger, and his heart was beating with mingled grief and rage. His whole nature, in which there was so much that was intrinsically fine and noble, had been warped as though to fit the little crooked body fate had mocked him with; and seeing the interview at Mercedes' window, but hearing nothing, he was filled with dark suspicions. He felt the edge of his dagger nervously.

"Two honest blows will save her yet! One for that black heart in yonder well-shaped body, and then one more for Sebastiano—the assassin! Ah, Dios! to die with such a sin upon my soul!"

Whistling gaily to keep up his sinking spirits, Jacinto felt his way along the darkening streets; for, though the moon was young and nearly set, the few electric lamps that Toledo could boast were still unlighted.

The hunchback, in stealthy pursuit, gained on him slowly, until, on turning a sharp corner, Jacinto was confronted by a sight, common enough in Toledo, but sufficiently striking to thrill his imaginative and impressionable nature to the core.

Before him, nailed to a great cross affixed to the rear wall of an old Gothic chapel, was a life-size figure of the Christ, with flowing hair that waved in the night breeze; above it, swung a great lantern, from a wrought iron bracket that projected it a foot or more beyond the wall; a pointed wooden gable extended, as a protection, over both. The gentle wind, sway-

* Literally, "Go with God," the most familiar form of farewell.

ing the lantern from side to side on its rusty supports, caused the light to flicker strangely on the face of the figure, so that its expression seemed to change, from time to time, in a manner almost life-like.

Jacinto paused before it, and crossed himself. As he stood there, in the semi-circle of light before the Cristo, Sebastiano stepped aside in the shadow of a recessed doorway, and let his arm fall by his side, moaning under his breath:

"Virgin Maria! I cannot murder a man while he prays!"

With bared head, Jacinto—alone, as he thought, in the sleeping city—murmured a prayer and a vow.

"Senor Jesu," he said aloud, "by the grave of my mother—may her soul rest in peace!—I swear to leave this beloved land of Spain, and never more to set foot upon her shores till the last battle has been fought on Cuban soil; and I swear to bear myself, always, as a Spanish soldier should —" and he squared his shoulders and lifted his head proudly—"for the honor of Castile, and the love of Mercedes!"

As the last words left his lips, a loud cry burst from the shadows behind him; there was a clang of steel upon the stone pavement, and the little silver mounted dagger fell at his feet.

Startled and amazed, the young man swung round on his heel, and discovered the little hunchback crouched upon his knees, his face buried in his hands, crying:

"Santa Maria! Madre de Dios! I might have murdered an innocent man!"

"What in the name of all the devils in Limbo does this mean?" exclaimed Jacinto, sharply, to cover his embarrassment. "Sebastiano, my friend, up with you! Do you take me for St. Iago, that you go down on your knees to me like this? Speak, man! what is all this disturbance about?"

The little dwarf staggered to his feet, and leaning breathlessly against the wall, unburdened himself of his suspicions.

A dark scowl gathered on the young man's face as he listened, then of a sudden his countenance cleared and a peal of hearty laughter rang through the silent street. He picked up the dagger and offered it gaily to the little deformed creature before him.

"Dost think a blow from that arm could kill me? Try it, friend. Strike—strike hard, a good blow! Caspita! there is not brawn and muscle there to hurt a mouse!" and he laughed again.

The hunchback dropped his head, and put up his hand to his throat. The blood surged in his ears and his heart beat suffocatingly.

"Ay," he answered, and his voice sounded far off and strange. "'Tis a poor mockery of a man—and a fool at that; but there's a heart somewhere—inside of it," and he stumbled blindly.

A sudden shame flushed the other's face, and he stepped forward and put out his hand.

"Forgive me, Sebastiano—'twas a brutal speech. In truth, I deserve to feel the dagger's point for such insolence. But it is clearly foolish to waste good Spanish blood on true Spanish steel when there are so many dirty Cubans thirsting for it. So let us cry quits, and part friends. Mercedes has just sworn that she will marry no man but me. Watch over her for me, till I return."

The hunchback hesitated, and then returned the other's grasp warmly.

"Adios," he murmured. "Heaven keep you safe—for her."

A MATRIMONIAL CAMPAIGN

By Minnie Reid French

AFTER the customary exchange of greetings which characterize the unexpected meeting of two people who have seen nothing of each other for several years, Mr. Underwood caught his nose between his thumb and forefinger in a dexterous manner evincing long practice, and closed one eye meditatively.

"Lemme see," he began, "it's been eleven year next June sence I remember bein' at yore pa's house, havin' drove a heifer over to his place, if I hain't mistaken, an' you was jest a little shaver. Eleven year is a mighty long time, an' nachully would seem longer to a man that's berried two good women in that peri'd." Mr. Underwood sighed as he turned his crape-bandaged hat around. "It's a wonder you ain't married," he added suddenly.

"Oh, why—er, I have never thought of it," answered the store clerk. "I am only nineteen, you know."

"That don't make no difference. I married my first wife when I was eighteen, an' my youngest boy jumped the broomstick at seventeen, about four months ago. Of co'se it ain't ever'body that can judge whether or not they're gittin' a good wife, an' good women is as sca'ce as hen's teeth. Yore ma is a mighty fine womern. I reckon yore pa's livin' yit?"

"Yes, and enjoying good health, I'm glad to say. I guess you heard that Uncle Sylvester died last spring?"

"Lord, no. I'm powerful sorry to hear it. I reckon his widder is married ag'in?"

"No, poor woman, she died at least a year before he did."

"I declare it looks like ever'body is a-dyin'," soliloquized Mr. Underwood. "It almost makes me feel like I'd as lieves go as not. Sence my second wife died I jest travel around over the country, tryin' to kill time, attendin' protracted meetin's. I hearn they was one goin' on here, so that accounts fer us seein' each other. I follered one preacher over four deestricks an' he'ped him out. I love to he'p in protracted meetin's, an' allus come out of 'em a new creechur. They're a power in the land, an' between you an' me," he lowered his voice confidentially, "it's the best place on God's earth to meet good women."

"How long has your last wife been dead, Mr. Underwood?" inquired the clerk after a silence of a few moments.

Mr. Underwood laboriously counted his fingers.

"Jest five months to a dot," he announced, "five months an' one day, I b'lieve. You never saw her, did you? She was a mighty fine womern. They's not many like her, I tell you. She kep' her senses up to the end, an' the last thing she says to me, says she: 'Warren, them Hawkinses borried a gallon of meal six weeks ago an' hain't never brung it back.' I doubt if I can ever find another one that'll take as good keer of what I've got, but it's mighty lonesome livin' fer a man that ain't got no home."

"I imagine so," said the clerk, sympathetically, at the same time slowly removing himself from the counter as some one entered the store.

"I could live with my children," went on Mr. Underwood, "but them bein' all married makes 'em of no comp'ny fer me. An' it seems like ever'body else is married where they live, too. They ain't a widder womern in the place, unless some of 'em has been left widders sence I was there."

"Talk about widows," whispered the clerk; "here comes one now, and I'll bet she gives me down the country for selling that dress pattern she wanted laid by."

A feeble smile flickered across Mr. Un-

derwood's countenance as he hastily gave a tug at the stiff collar he wore, and wallowed his head about something after the fashion of a choked fowl. The clerk was all smiles, and evinced a degree of alacrity and volubility which astonished the widower not a little.

"Good morning, Mrs. Mays," was his affable greeting. "Walk right in. Let me make you acquainted with my old friend, Mr. Underwood, who is interested in our protracted meeting."

Mrs. Mays' features relaxed their severity of expression as her practiced eye took note of the crape bandage, stiff shirt bosom, store tie, and other little marks of grief which proclaim the widower, and with a smile and sweeping curtsey, she said she was glad to meet Mr. Underwood, and so pleased to hear he was interested in the meeting. They had received a great deal of encouragement, but some of the people were yet cold, and they needed all the help possible.

"I just stopped to ask you to come out to-night, Mr. John," she continued, turning to the clerk. "I haven't seen you there yet. Don't you think you could get off?"

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Mays," returned the diplomatic John. "I have to stick to the store since my boss got sick. I'll try to get out sometime, though. Are you going so soon, and you, too, Mr. Underwood? Well, drop in often, and let me know how you are enjoying yourself. Where are you stopping? No place yet? Well, now, there ain't a better boarding house in town than Mrs. Mays'."

With appreciative smiles, the widow departed, taking with her Mr. Underwood, while John, chuckling delightedly, tipped back his chair against a barrel, hoisted his feet to the level of the counter, and lovingly took up a battered yellow-backed volume.

Two days passed, during which time he saw nothing of Mr. Underwood; but on the afternoon of the third, the widower came in, looking extremely cheerful, and shook hands in a cordial manner. John expressed delight at seeing his friend so much improved, and the latter replied that it was the effect of the meeting.

"John," he said impressively, "I never have been so revived in my life. It's a sight to the world to look at that preacher an' them women a-workin' amongst the sinners. I never seen so much power before. Why, the first night they was a feller that set back in the crowd an' laffed when anybody went to him; but Mis' Mays she jest kept at him till last night I'm swamped if she didn't haul him up to the mou'ner's bench, an' realizin' his lost condition he jest howled fer mercy. That womern is a wonder. I'm boardin' at her house, an' while I can't say 'at her vittles is what they ought to be, it's because of the meetin' work she does. I tell you she won't let none of 'em outdo her. She gits out to the six o'clock prayer meetin' ever' mornin', back again to services at ten, goes to the women's meetin' at three p. m., an' is ready fer reg'lar services at seven o'clock, in the meantime goin' 'round to different houses, holdin' prayer with the people, an' exhortin' 'em to come to church. As I said, I won't deny her meals air slapped up in a fashion that don't set well with a man of my stommick; but nobody could lay it up ag'inst her. You may gimme a dime's worth of crackers an' cheese, John," Mr. Underwood produced a dingy purse and extracted therefrom a worn ten-cent piece; "fer I promised to go with her about two mile out in the country at four o'clock to see old man Gowans, who ain't expected to live an' jest dares anybody to come nigh him about religion, an' I need somethin' to stay my stommick."

He spread a piece of brown paper on the counter, placed the crackers and cheese on it, and proceeded to a lively enjoyment of the lunch, pausing between mouthfuls to impart some information concerning the revival. "They's a sight of good people in this place," said he, brushing the crumbs from his coat sleeve. "I never was better used in my life. Mis' Mays is mighty kind. I don't know as I ever saw a womern take more pains to make a feller feel at home than she does, an' there's more sat-

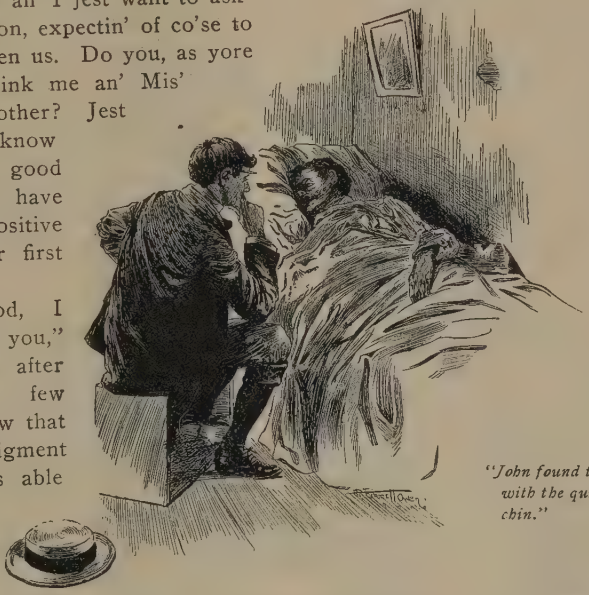
isfaction to be took in her conversation than anybody I've met in a long time. I believe that womern knows the Scripters by heart. If anybody wants to find a verse, she jest ups with her Bible, rips through it, an' there you air. John," Mr. Underwood wiped his mouth with a handkerchief which showed hard service, and held out a forefinger solemnly, "I don't know anybody here but you, that is to be free to talk to 'em, an' I jest want to ask you a plain question, expectin' of co'se to have it kep' between us. Do you, as yore honest opinion, think me an' Mis' Mays suit one another? Jest wait. Do you know that she can git a good meal's vittles, an' have you ever hearn positive how she used her first husband?"

"Mr. Underwood, I don't like to advise you," replied the clerk, after hesitating for a few moments. "I know that a man of your judgment and experience is able to form better opinions than I am. I haven't been here very long, so I can't tell you much about the people. You remember cousin Sam Ewall who used to live in the same neighborhood with us? His son Jim was staying here in the store, but had to give it up on account of his health. He is very low with consumption."

"Married Lem Morgan's daughter, didn't he? Well, she will be a young widder."

John was congratulating himself upon having evaded his friend's questions when Mr. Underwood again renewed the subject.

"I must say I am pertic'lar about what I've got to eat," he said; "but what else could you expect of a man that's been used to good vittles fer up'ards of twenty-five year? For nearly six months, now, I've et jest anything you might say, sometimes strikin' a good meal, but not often. I could bear my lone condition better if I had good vittles, an' sometimes I feel like I'd be more resigned—John, I say it without meanin' any disrespec'; Lord knows I wouldn't be guilty of it—but as I was sayin', I'd feel more resigned if Sallie or Mariar either, I wouldn't keer which, could be permitted to come back an' git me one more meal."



"John found the widower in bed, with the quilt drawn up to his chin."

The widower brushed away the last remaining crumb of cheese, wiped his eyes. and returned the handkerchief to his pocket.

"Mr. Underwood," said the clerk, taking out his own handkerchief and blowing his nose vigorously, "I have always heard it said that Mrs. Mays set a good table. I feel sure that she can cook well; but if I were you, I'd—er—look around a little. There's lots of other ladies here. Have you seen the two old—the two Miss Allens?"

"Yes, they're mighty good workers in the church, an' I don't know's I ever seen women enjoy shoutin' more than they do; but they're old maids, an' I tell you a old maid ain't a widder when it comes to takin' keer of a man, 'specially one that's

been married twice like I have. They don't appear to understand 'em. I hain't doubtin' they air fine women, but I hearn, that is, Mis' Mays kinder hinted that they're cranky, an' that's the way of all old maids. Now, I don't deny that Mis' Mays has her drawbacks, one of which is that boy of hern. I don't like to say nothin' ag'in so good a womern, but he's the worst young one I ever laid eyes on. She says he takes after his pa, an' I am shore of it; but it seems to me that she don't use the rod as often as she might. Sometimes I can't hardly keep my hands offen him, an' don't know as I can much longer. That boy needs a strong hand to check him. He needs a pa if ever anybody did, but it would take a sight of grace to live with such a young one. Well, I've got to go. Don't speak of what I've said, John, an' I'll come back in a day or two an' let you know how I'm gittin' along. Say, have you any sardines, but no, never mind. I guess I can make out, an' it's nigh four o'clock, anyway. Goodby."

The next time Mr. Underwood put in an appearance he wore a complacent air the cause of which was soon explained.

"John," he said, "I have jest et one of the best meals I've set down to in many a long day. Them Miss Allens ast me an' the preacher home to dinner, an' I hardly ever saw such a table. They had ever'thing from chicken an' dumplin's on down to all kinds of fixin's. I declare they must 'a' had seven different kinds of pie. I et from one o'clock to two, stiddy, an' sence then I've felt like a new man. Them women beat anything I've seen lately, but I don't know which un I like best, an' I' be afraid to speak up to one of 'em for fear of the other. They both like me," he added.

"How about Mrs. Mays?" inquired the clerk.

"Mis' Mays? Oh, she was powerful mad because I went home with 'em, but I don't belong to her, an' don't know's I ever will. I'm goin' to walk home with one of the Miss Allens tonight, an' tomorrow I'll walk home with the other'n. They couldn't say I was partial, then, an' maybe I can tell which I like the best."

"You are still having a big meeting, I hear," said John. "It seems like I can't get away from the store long enough to go."

"Wish you could. Yes, we have been blessed with a big revival. I never seen a bigger one, an' you know I'm a judge of such meetin's. But I hate it like ever'thing that the women have got to quar'lin'. They took up a collection the other day, an' the Miss Allens wanted to lay it out in Bibles fer the heathens, but Mis' Mays says no, it's got to go to buy hymn books. They nearly fit over the money, but Mis' Mays she got a-holt of it an' says she's goin' to buy them hymn books if she has to die fer doin' it. That womern has lots of grit, maybe too much fer a feller to have to live with."

"I expect you're about right, Mr. Underwood. Why, here she comes now. You don't have to go already, do you? Yes," in reply to a nervous question, "there's a pump out in the back yard. Just go out that door, and you'll find it."

Several days passed, and John was wondering what had become of Mr. Underwood, when a red-haired, freckled-faced urchin walked into the store, stumbled over a keg of nails, and wrung the tail of the store cat.

"Hi," said Johnny Mays, for it was he. "That old feller up at our house gimme a nickel to come an' tell you to hustle up there jest as soon as you can. He's suffer'n awful."

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"I'd'no. Ma an' the preacher set up with him last night. I guess he's got the rheumatiz. Anyway he can't walk about none, an' jest groans an' goes on fit to bust. Gimme five cents' worth of firecrackers. I'm goin' to set 'em off under his chair, an' see if he's possumin'."

The clerk was troubled. He sent the suffering Mr. Underwood word to the effect that he would come as soon as he possibly could, but did not know when he could find an opportunity. However, as

good fortune would have it, his employer, who was able to be about, managed to get down to the store that afternoon, and stating the case, John obtained leave of absence. Hastening to the residence of Mrs. Mays, he asked to see Mr. Underwood, and was at once shown upstairs. When he entered the room he found the widower in bed, with the quilt drawn up to his chin.

"Shet the door, John," he said, "an' thumb latch it. An' while you're up, jest look under the bed an' behind the bureau. I never know when they's somebody hid around, an' bein' held here by the rheumatiz, I'm powerless to he'p myself."

"Why, Mr. Underwood, what in the world is the matter?"

"Set right down here an' I'll tell you," was the reply in a low, mysterious tone. "John," he demanded, "do you know anything about the law?"

"Well, not much. Why?"

"Do you know if they's any law that will force a man to marry two or three women?"

"No, I know there isn't. But there's a law against it, and I believe one can be sued for promising to marry two or three."

"Oh, Lord have mercy!" groaned Mr. Underwood, "for I am a lost man."

He reached down and rubbed his leg.

"I don't know what will become of me," he said. "I reckon I've ast at least two of them women to marry me, but Heaven knows I'm innocent of any wrong. I didn't know when I done it. Comin' home from church the other night, I said to Miss Allen I wisht I could have the oppertunity

"Mr. Underwood suddenly grabbed a handful of Johnny's red hair, with a hoarse, frantic 'Wow.'"

of eatin' her pies ever' day of my life, an' she jest whopped over ag'in me an' hugged me, sayin' it took her all of a heap an' she didn't know what to do, but she reckoned she'd have to say yes."

"Well," said John, "that is not so bad. She'll make you a good wife, I'm certain, and—"

"Sh-sh! Don't talk so loud. Well, but you see that ain't all. I felt tickled over it at first myself, but lo an' behold, when I got back here, what must that Mays womern do but light into me fer mistreatin' her like a dog, an' says she, 'You know you've ast me to marry you a hundred times, an' I can prove it.' John, I can't see through them women. Askin' a womern to have you is different from what it used to be. A feller don't know when he's safe nowadays, an' I've hardly dast say anything since fer fear of gittin' in deeper. That very night I was took down with the rheumatiz, an' have jest got able to hobble a few steps. Oh, John, you don't have no idee what I've gone through sence you saw me. That widder jest ha'nts me, an' she's honeyed around me an' nussed me till I'm plum wore out; an' John, you never saw such messes as she brings up here fer me to eat. It has turned my stommick so I can't swaller a bite, an' anybody can see I'm as holler as a gourd."

"Hasn't Miss Allen been here, or sent you any message?"

"I was jest fixin' to tell you about that. She's been an' been, but they won't let her come upstairs. Lord only knows what they've told her. Yesterday she sent the little gal they have stayin' with 'em over with a big waiter full of ever'thing to eat, an' she must 'a' got in unbeknownst to any of 'em fer she was sca'cely in here before Mis' Mays come a tearin' up the steps. I had jest caught sight of a chicken leg with dressin' an' gravy, half a cherry pie, an' some biled custard, when that old shedragon jerked it out'n the gal's hands, took it to the winder, flung ever'thing out an' sent the things back with the word that next time she'd fling out dishes, waiter an' all an' break ever'thing that was sent. I'm a God-fearin' man, but it was all I could do to keep from bustin' loose an' tellin' that womern what she was right to her face."

"I wouldn't stay here another hour!" declared John. "I'll help move you out if you say so."

"You see, she's got my clothes," replied Mr. Underwood dejectedly. "That is, she's got my coat an' weskit an' shoes, also my valise; an' knowin' the way she hung onto that church money, it would be shore death to anybody that tried to take 'em away from her. She wouldn't let me leave nohow."

"But, Mr. Underwood, she can't keep you, and as you are going to marry Miss Allen, I'd just move over there and the matter would be settled."

"John, you don't know all about it yit. I can't marry Miss Allen. I couldn't live in this town in any comfort with all the church members an' the preacher down on me. Miss Mays is powerful pop'lar, an' I've been give to understand that it won't be good fer me if I go back on her. An—an', John, if you could 'a' heard them two women, her an' Miss Allen, that day after the gal went back with the waiter an' things, you'd 'a' seen that neither one of 'em would let a man have any peace in this life. I could hear ever' word of it from down in the hall where it took place, an' though I ain't no coward, I did think I was in danger of bein' tore to pieces. John, fer God's sake git me out of here, an' if I live long enough I'll reward you if it takes ever'thing I've got."

John pondered quite a while, and recalled many desperate situations of his favorite heroes between the yellow back covers. At last he was struck with an inspiration. He could scarce repress a shout of triumph. A plan was at once unfolded to Mr. Underwood, who groaned but brightened a little, and said he was willing to do anything, no matter how hazardous if it only offered the barest possibility of escape. After a few minutes' further conversation, John went down stairs and sought Mrs. Mays. She looked extremely

forbidding, but paying no attention to this, he at once began by telling her that he had something very important to impart to her alone; and after she led the way into the sitting-room and closed the door, he opened the conversation by asking her if she had noticed anything queer about ——. He completed the sentence by pointing upward significantly. His whole manner betrayed so much excitement and mystery that Mrs. Mays gasped.

"Lord, no," she said; "is he about to have a stroke?"

"Not that," returned John. "I—er—hate to tell it on him, but I don't suppose you've heard he went crazy once and was confined six years in an asylum?"

"Merciful heaven, no! Is that so? Oh, what will become of us in this house? Mr. John, what can be done? Has he showed any signs of craziness this evenin'?"

"Have you some pieces of good stout rope handy?" asked John. "If he gets violent, he will be hard to handle. Six men couldn't hold him."

"Six men! And me a lone woman with nobody but Johnny! Oh, Mr. John, tell me what to do!"

"He will have to be moved," replied John. "I think unless he grows much worse, I can get him away myself. Mrs. Mays, don't speak of it, but from what he says I think he's asked Miss Allen to marry him. Some one ought to break it to the poor woman, and warn her in time. I don't suppose he has said anything to you?"

"Poor man, no. Dear me, I'd hate to be in Miss Allen's shoes. Think what a scandal, that is if it was to happen to get out. Mr. John, I wish you would tell her. She don't speak to me, though why, goodness only knows. I reckon she thinks I wanted the poor old demented creature, myself. Mr. John, don't leave till he's locked up, for pity's sake. When can you get him away? Tonight?"

"Yes, I'll come with a horse and wagon as soon as possible. Better not go near his door or make a noise. It usually stirs 'em up. I don't think he will get violent for several days. He foams at the mouth some, and rolls his eyes, but I think I can manage him."

"Oh, Lord have mercy! Mr. John, what would I have done if it hadn't been for you? Say, hadn't you better stop in and tell Miss Allen? She wouldn't believe Johnny or any of the rest if I was to send 'em over."

The news spread rapidly over the village, in spite of John's efforts to keep everything quiet; and much to his embarrassment, there was quite a crowd collected about Mrs. Mays' front gate as he drove up.

"Going to marry me, indeed!" he heard the voice of Miss Allen saying. "Why," with a shrill titter, "I'd as soon think of marrying my great-grandfather. And more than that, I saw all the time there was something wrong with him, and just humored the poor old thing. I declare that Mays woman is a sight. She'd tell anything. She knows she thought she was going to marry him herself. Goodness knows she ought to be thankful she found out he was crazy this soon. Well, I hope they'll have him tied good. He might take it into his head to give me trouble, some lunatics act that way, you know."

These cruel words were plainly audible to Mr. Underwood, who was miserably endeavoring to don his coat upstairs. At sight of John, he fell back limply in the chair, and passed his hand over his clammy brow.

"John, I'm tempted to swear if I git out of this I'll never lay eyes on another womern," he said. "But I mistrust if you'll ever git me into that wagon alive, with all of 'em out there a stretchin' their necks an' p'intin' at me. I hain't got the stren'th of a sick kitten."

He rose to his feet and felt around for some support in a wavering, uncertain manner.

"They's no use talkin', I can't do it," he exclaimed. "John, my knees air jest knockin' together till I can't walk, an' I'm in a cold sweat all over, fer all the world like when I stood up to be married the

first time. Oh, Mariar!" He rolled his eyes reproachfully toward the ceiling. "If you hadn't 'a' died I wouldn't 'a' been in this fix."

"Cheer up, Mr. Underwood," said John. "I'll have you out in a jiffy. Just lean on me, and—and act like you're crazy if you can, so it will appear real."

"Well, the good Lord knows I can do that," said the widower pitifully, "fer it would take mighty little more to drive me beyant all reason. John, it does seem strange that a man as pious as I've allus been should be caught in such a snap. I've been in a good many tight places in my time, huntin' bears an' painters an' the like, when all I could do was to shet my eyes an' trust to Providence, an' He hain't never failed me yit; but—but I wish I was shore of gittin' out of this."

With much difficulty Mr. Underwood was assisted down stairs, then began a slow and painful progress to the gate. Seeing him apparently docile, several pressed forward, foremost among them being the active Johnny; but Mr. Underwood, remembering the part he was playing, and at the same time seeing a golden opportunity, suddenly grabbed a handful of Johnny's red hair, and with a hoarse, frantic "Wow!" tumbled back into the crowd, knocking down several spectators, who, as quickly as possible, scrambled to their feet and fled shrieking.

With a great show of alarm, John seized his charge and hustled him into the wagon, then springing upon the driver's seat, cracked his whip and was off. Once clear of the village, Mr. Underwood's spirits began to revive, and more and more cheerful he became until upon reaching the railroad station, five miles distant, he was positively jubilant.

"John," he said at parting, "I'll never fergit you, no, not to my dyin' day. I feel fifty years younger sence I got out of that place, an' I'll be swamped if the rheumatiz hasn't about gone out of my leg. It all jest seemed to leave me when I knocked down them women, an' got a good lick at that outdoin' little villain. Immegiately, I felt as stout as old Goliar, an' I've been gittin' better ever since. I'm bound fer home now, an' reckon I'll stay awhile. Jest a while ago a feller 'at come from over there told me that Sam Barnett fell offen the stable he was roofin' an' broke his neck. His widder is a womern amongst a hundred. I'll never fergit takin' dinner there once when they had a big house-raisin' an' a quiltin'. I'd tell you all about it if the train wasn't comin'. Goodby; God bless you, John. You've done as much fer me as ary son I've got, an' more, too, havin' more sense than any of 'em. If you ever happen down our way," he thrust his head out of the car window at this juncture, "jest remember you're welcome, an' John,—"

But the train carried the rest of the benediction, together with Mr. Underwood, rapidly around a curve.

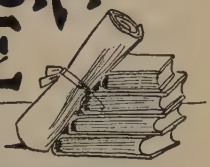
COME, GENTLE MELANCHOLY

COME, gentle melancholy, at the eve,
Sit with me at the dusk and let us weave
Such fancies as the wayward poet breeze
Whispers unto the spirits of the trees.

Let thy wings droop, and let thy gaze be lifted
Where o'er the smiling moon a cloud hath drifted.
Lulled by remembered music of far streams,
Silence be on us, and the spell o' dreams.

Frank Putnam

SELF SUPPORT IN COLLEGE



BY LEONARD K. SMITH

DRAWINGS BY R. EMMETT OWEN

A RECENT article entitled "Through Harvard on Fifty Cents," published in the "Saturday Evening Post," has probably done much to dispel the old-time and mistaken notion that Harvard is a "rich man's" college. If the easy-going undergraduate of semi-sportive tendencies, who slides through his courses with the aid of a tutor, and devotes the bulk of his time to the patronage of athletics, to dress, actresses, etc., is to be taken as the representative of the modern college student, perhaps the old idea is the right one. But the public, standing across the inevitable gulf that separates it from the college world, is prone to judge very largely from appearances, and these are as usual deceitful, and in no way indicate the real spirit of college life.

The recent article emphasized with telling force the fact that beneath the appearance of contented ease there is found sometimes dogged resolution and strenuous aspiration. It would be a mistake, however, to regard the experiences of the writer of that article as particularly exceptional. There are, indeed, few instances where the student is endowed with such versatility, or achieves so great success. But one acquainted only superficially with the ins and outs of life at Harvard (I presume the case is the same at other universities) can doubtless point out many, many instances of like character.

My own capital at my entrance to college was $500, the gift of a distant relative whom I had never seen. I reached Boston a raw youngster of seventeen, absolutely inexperienced in life, two thousand miles from home, with twenty-eight cents in my pocket. I made a capital breakfast of a huge cup of coffee and a plate of baked beans at a cheap restaurant (cost, ten cents), went out to Cambridge and engaged a room, and spent my last eight cents in a ride to the suburban home of my relative (if I could find it). I took a wrong car, of course, and had to walk some two or three miles; but arrived safely at last, found him at home, and went back to Cambridge with $25 and a relieved mind.

Of the story of that year, beyond a somewhat too close application to books (a point I shall speak of later) little need be said. I was not aware of the necessity of making friends, and lived mostly to myself. I was successful in obtaining in January an allotment of Price Greenleaf Aid to the amount of $150, in return for which I addressed envelopes and folded circulars four hours a week in the college office. I finished the year with $225 left out of my original capital. Meantime I had the summer to provide for. I was fortunate enough, after writing some thirty letters of application, to get a place as bell-boy and porter at a small hotel on the Maine coast. Here I was on duty from seven in the morning till eleven or twelve at night. Besides answering calls for about forty guests, and handling baggage, I had thirty hanging lamps to care for, five gallons of ice cream to freeze daily, water coolers and meat boxes to fill with ice, and during the August rush, the by

no means congenial task of scraping dishes in the kitchen. But it paid. I received $5 a month extra wages, and with some $35 in tips managed to save $90. Nor was I treated altogether as a servant. Meantime, I had been awarded $150 scholarship for the coming year. With what was left out of my capital, I still had $465. That is, my first year cost me just $35.

The next year I boarded at the Foxcroft Club, a co-operative institution where one pays a la carte, a cent for butter, a cent for bread, ten cents for meat, etc., and for the first term did it on $2 a week. But this got tiresome, and later I ran up to $3.50. I waited on table at the same place (the waiters are all students) and made $2 a week. This all went for pocket money —about $60 during the year. I had moved into a domitory, and gone to the alarming expense of $50 for furnishings. I made a few dollars getting subscriptions for one of the college papers, and a few more soliciting advertisements for another. I had become a theatre-goer, joined the boat club, and had enough on hand to lend $40 to one of my friends. I ended the year with $50 still left of my capital and $300 scholarship.

That summer I worked as bell boy in a large hotel near Gloucester, at the munificent salary of $10 a month, out of which I paid $12 for a uniform. I was on duty 12 and 18 hours a day alternately. But it was a fashionable place, where I could render many services beyond those merely compulsory, and I made $150, and many good friends.

At the beginning of my third year in college I had just $500 to look forward to. I had lived two years for nothing! My expenses meanwhile had increased. I dressed better, boarded better, and had accumulated a very fair little library.

The next two years were practically repetitions of the last. I led a comfortable life, knew how to study economically, and had plenty of time for recreation. I managed to have a little spread for a few of my friends (a very few) on Class Day, and found myself at the end of four years with a clear record, an honorable degree, and no debts to speak of. My total expenses were in the neighborhood of $2500. Out of this I had received from scholarships and other loans and aids from the college, $1050; $500 I had to start with; the rest I had gathered by the wayside.

But mine was a commonplace history. Naturally my friendships lay mostly among the poorer students. One whom I knew well came with $50 of debts behind him, a very shabby cutaway, a tiny satchel of other clothing, and a very battered typewriter—his stock in trade. He found work almost at once, as a sort of secretary to one of the professors, remained in Cambridge during the summer at the same work, and in his second year with debts paid, new clothes, and a scholarship of $150. His typewriting work increased, and he bought a new machine. Often in the stress of work, or when the time for the payment of term-bills drew near, he had no time to attend recitations and frankly said so when called to account for cuts. Once I knew him to work for forty-eight hours with only two hours of

sleep, until his fingers absolutely refused to work longer. When or how he managed to study enough to pass, I never knew—nor he either. It was often at mealtime, and very frequently by deft conversation with his fellows. Facts put away in the memory under the stress of excitement usually stick. He was shabby; he was also well, cherry, and fond of fun. In his third year he published with the consent of the professor, a series of valuable type-whitten notes on medical school lectures, and thereby gained a steady income of several hundred dollars a year, which will last for some time to come. In this work he hired two assistants to do stereotyping. Together we got out a set of questions in chemistry covering the examinations for ten years back, with answers. This netted us $40. The last year of his course, he went into other advertising and publishing schemes, and graduated with high honors and nearly a thousand dollars in bank.

Another friend, who was too slow a student to take any but small scholarships, waited table twenty-one hours a week at Foxcroft, at 25 cents an hour. Later he became president of the club at a salary of $100. A second had a laundry agency that paid nearly all his expenses. A third found a tailor who would press trousers at reduced rates; they went into partnership and were so successful that my friend gave up the work of soliciting trade and confined himself to general management of the company. They had nearly a dozen employees. One fellow of means made from $200 to $300 every summer canvassing. He had special qualifications, and succeeded where most failed. Then there was a student who reported for a Boston paper and cleared nearly $500 a year; another who bought up the college baseball program and made a hundred or so; but he was too sanguine a speculator, and went to pieces, though he managed to graduate. He used to make Fourth of July and Decoration speeches up in New Hampshire at from $10 to $25 each.

But why enumerate? There were in my time about 3000 students in Harvard. If I were to make a mere guess I should say fifteen or twenty per cent. of these were more or less self-supporting,—let us say, for the sake of moderation, ten per cent. Very many of these, too, pass as the well-to-do men of the college, are taken into the Hasty Pudding Club and others, and are elected class marshalls on Class Day, though of course these latter instances are not usual. On the other hand, some fail. This is usually due to morbidness of disposition, ill health or other constitutional failings. None of those who thus assist themselves go out into life with the proverbial uncertainty and inexperience of college graduates. The young business man cannot pursue recreation, athletics, history, politics, fine arts and poetry on a salary of $50 a month; the young college man can, and he can make the salary also. But more than this, the college is the place of opportunities, where young men learn to expect much of life, and to get it. The student who neglects his studies for other matters is certainly making a grievous mistake; but those who make books and study all of their college work make a greater. Study brings knowledge; the other things bring self-reliance, tact, experience. We do hear of college men who are failures in life; I believe that usually they have themselves to blame. The chance for success is there.

THE WIFE OF THE SPORTING EDITOR

Elizabeth Cherry Waltz

I.

THE CUB'S STORY

THE "Chronicle" was a new paper in the winter of '96. Whether it came at a time and season to supply a long felt intellectual want, or not, it was strangely successful. It was audacious without being coarse, and aggressive enough to make the boss element of the city tremble as they wondered what expose would come next.

There was no sporting editor at first. We never thought of having one until the little old president of the company put his head in at the door of the local room one night and asked for the sporting editor.

Stevenson was sitting nearest. He was our smartest man. He looked up from a Sunday feature with his young, proud eyes and said he did not think we had any.

I regret to say that the president had a millionaire's habit and privilege of doing odd things. He greeted this announcement by jumping up and down from one foot to the other.

"Ain't got any? This is a fine metropolitan sheet. Well, we'll have one!"

The next thing we heard was that we were to have a sporting editor. We had great hopes of him. He was a down-east man, he knew everything and everybody, he was going to do this and that. We all had a mental picture of him, a cross-vision between a hotel clerk and a gambler. He was big and had flashing eyes and wore a diamond stud. Our ideas were so unanimous on the subject that when little Pensinger brought in a lithograph portrait one day, to express his idea of what was coming, we arose in a body and tacked it over the waiting desk with a number of horses' heads and heroes of the diamond.

One day the next week, I bounced in, after an exciting scrap with a fellow of the "Tribune." I was eager to tell our city editor how I'd swiped a news item of some importance. I saw some one standing at the desk of the sporting editor and he was, by all odds, the most insignificant looking man I ever saw. He was little, stooped, had a shifting eye and a slouching movement. His clothes were loose, ill-fitting and cheap.

The editor had a dazed expression and listened to my story with less attention than I liked. When I had finished, Pensinger whispered:

"That's the sporting man outside!"

However insignificant he looked, the man knew his business. He mapped out his work in an hour, reported to the business office for expenses and was out on a route before we had swallowed our disappointment. The atmosphere was thick the entire time with horse talk, baseball, prize fights, cock fights, rat-catching, everything that made amusement for the sports of the city. Not one of these did Ferris miss and the paper took a tremendous boom at once for its spicy and correct sporting page.

When the president of the company, in person, expressed to Ferris his appreciation of his services, we were much impressed. The mean-looking little man rose to the occasion. He would need an assistant a little later. His wife was thoroughly capable, she had helped him before. He hoped she would get on at ten dollars a week. And, as he struck while the iron was hot, he got the promise on the spot.

It would have done your heart good to have heard that man tell about his wife. I've often wondered since if he really did believe all he said, if love saw her as he painted her. He spoke slightingly of the society editor's height, for his wife was a

Juno. He would not grant that the assistant Sunday editor, a beautiful and intelligent woman, was a circumstance in beauty, bearing and ability to his wife. And dress? Why, Mrs. Ferris was the finest dresser from New York to San Francisco. We must just wait until she came, to see good, really good dressing.

We waited, as there was nothing else to do. The day she came I was out much. As I stopped at the corner drug-store to take a soda on my way to turn in copy, I met Pensinger and Gil Wilson. They were wild-eyed.

"The wife of the sporting editor has arrived!" gasped Gil. "The Juno, the Diana, the dresser, the beauty! O! O!

Pensinger grasped me.

"They are coming down the street. Wait, and see them go by."

Ferris sneaked along in his most insignificant fashion. Beside him walked a tall, raw-boned Vermont woman with bold, protruding eyes, a spot of high color on each cheek bone, upper teeth forward, full red lips and square jaws. She wore an exaggerated black hat, plenty of feathers, a red and white shirt waist and a black satin skirt. She reminded me of one of those unsightly horses that are put on the race track seemingly to be jeered at, but whose staying powers are little less than marvellous.

One cannot go to a man and tell him he is a blind and driveling idiot about his wife's looks. We kept still and waited for developments. Never will I forget the president's face when he saw her. He had expected an ornament to her sex. The cubs rolled all over the table when he scuttled off after his introduction to her. Ferris looked at them suspiciously.

"What ails you over there?"

"Reading Jerry an account of Doncaster Joe's rat bait," promptly responded Pensinger. "I don't see how you do it, Ferris."

Mrs. Ferris caused no end of a sensation in the sporting circles of our city. She was well up to the work and work came first with both of them. They did not have time for much nonsense. Both jumped from morning until midnight and earned every cent they got.

Mrs. Ferris was on speaking terms with the women, but she confined her conversation to the men and many lively, even racy tales she told right well when the copy was all in and the tobacco smoke thick in the local room. She treated her husband exactly as she did any one of us, no more warmly, no less friendly.

II.

THE WOMAN'S VIEW

I, the assistant Sunday editor of the "Chronicle," have been asked to write the women's article in the symposium on the wife of the sporting editor. We have all been asked to write the plain, unvarnished truth.

This is a rich topic. I was not much in the local room, but I had a share in the excitement about the sporting editor himself and afterwards about his wife. Mr. Ferris was such a contradiction, so good-for-nothing in appearance that, despite the fine letters of reference sent the editor-in-chief, we could hardly believe in his instant success. Result, too much confidence in him and his praise of his wife. Result number two, our president's bitter disappointment and disgust at her real personality.

I must explain the character of the president of our company. His popular name on 'Change and in the "Chronicle" office was "Uncle Philly." I knew this old man, knew his cranks, his thorough shrewdness, his warm and honest heart. He was a sly old fox, but he was as true as steel to the unfortunate.

Uncle Philly was the money, brains and developer of the "Chronicle." He did not know anything about newspapers when he started in but he proceeded on the plan that, in whatever line one of the other papers failed, in that the "Chronicle" must succeed. The "Chronicle" was his fetich. He was there morning, noon and all night. He had an office in the building and in it a reclining chair. When he

became thoroughly exhausted, he snatched a few hours sleep in that chair. He was sure to be on the scene if anything went wrong and woe unto the unlucky wights who could not clear their skirts.

But he was the best-loved man any newspaper office ever had as a head. He had a way that invited every one's confidence and he got it. He fathered every soul in it from engineers and stereotypers in the basement to the editor-in-chief. He loaned everybody money in trouble and exacted it like a usurer in prosperity. His eyes would fill at a tale of woe quicker than a woman's yet we all knew his agents collected rents for filthy tenements that even the city missionaries avoided. In person he was little, old, keen-eyed, white-headed and white-bearded. His wife shut up their house and went east to visit her married daughter. She said Uncle Philly was so much in love with the "Chronicle" he had no time for family ties. Many a night I saw her come at midnight after the ball or opera, usually with a gay party, and beg him to go home with her. He would be asleep in his chair, the door locked, and he would tell her, through the keyhole, to go home, that he was just going to begin an editorial on the money question.

With all his other good qualities, Uncle Philly was a great admirer of smart women. He believed in giving a woman her chance the same as a man. Ferris made him both curious and expectant about his wife. She was to be the queen of the office if she was all her husband represented and which goes to show that Uncle Philly's fancy was fickle, as it was.

He was furiously angry when he saw Mrs. Ferris. He suspected it was a trick put upon him. But I, who had heard the sporting editor's blatant phrases, tried to convince him otherwise. He called me a fool for my credulity and at once conceived a violent prejudice against Mrs. Ferris.

I tremble to think what would have happened had not those people done such indefatigable, good, reliable work on the paper. As it was, there was so little room for complaint that Uncle Philly had to hunt hard for any grounds. He had no mercy on them as regarded hours or praise, after a time, nor for brilliant scoops or almost supernatural prophesying regarding winning horses. Ferris and his wife both knew it. There was a larger spot of the burning color on her high cheek bones when Uncle Philly came into the room. In spite of my own antipathy to the woman, I felt sorry and less unfriendly to her.

One day Uncle Philly called me into his office in a ruffled mood.

"What do you suppose that horsewoman has locked up in her desk? It's somthing she don't want seen. She shut it up quick enough when I came in."

"Nothing very precious," I said carelessly, "none of us think valuables would be safe around here."

"Go and ask her, Betsy," he said, opening his paper.

I was used to his demands, so said quietly:

"I have no right. If you want to exercise the right of an employer, send for her. Ask her yourself."

I heard the next day that he had lost sixty thousand dollars in stock speculation that morning.

"I will ask her," he growled presently, "just ask her to step in here. Come back yourself."

I did not like my errand at all. I think my voice took a softer note as I told her the president wished to see her. She had been making out a form-sheet. I saw her hands tremble as she covered it carefully. I waited and walked in with her.

"Now, Mrs. Ferris, all my employees are open and above board with me. I saw you hide something in your desk and lock it when I came in."

I never saw such an awkward, unattractive woman in my life as she was that minute. Her color fled, her eyes lost their light, her lips twitched. Finally she stammered out:

"It was just a little box of mine, Sir. I

was afraid to leave it at our rooms, we are so much away. That's all."

"You may go," he said in cold disgust.

A day or two afterward I received an assignment from Uncle Philly himself. He insisted that, as an unsophisticated female on the subject of horse-racing, I must visit the afternoon races, bet away five dollars, win or lose and write up my sensations. I at once declined to do this on my salary and was given a bill by the old gentleman with the strictest injunctions to account for it, win or lose, before I went home that night.

The summer meeting was on at the Alta Downs Track. The air of the office was thick with horse talk, tips, bets, losses. Every night the local room crowded up with horse-owners, jockeys, bookmen, everyone following the horses so that a separate room downstairs had to be found for the sporting people or the force would have been disorganized. To this sanctum I bent my steps to find Mrs. Ferris and beg her to take me to the races. When I saw her, I groaned. She was evidently arrayed for the occasion and Solomon would have given up any idea of vieing with her as to glories.

"I want to go out with you to the races," I said rather humbly, then told her my errand.

She looked at me regretfully.

"It's a pity you're not dressed up," she said, "it's Ladies' Day."

To describe that day has a bearing on the understanding of Mrs. Ferris' character. The sporting editor, his wife and myself went out on the street cars, and secured a good seat in the grand stand. He left us for the press table below. Mrs. Ferris fastened her parasol, took out an opera glass, stood up on the bench and began scanning the field and the horses moving about below. Presently she uttered an exclamation, dropped the glasses and waved her hand to her husband. I heard some unintelligible jargon about "hedging on Day Star" and "Aimee Goodwin's fore-leg." After he went down, she stood up once more and placed several bets as fast as she could find messengers.

Finally she condescended to notice me and instructed me how to put some money on a big bay horse for place. By this time, there was quite a crowd of sporting men about her and she gave cool and confident advice with an audacious brilliancy that convinced me she was indeed what one of the cubs had dubbed her, "an old stager at betting."

Mrs. Ferris gave advice freely, laughed, placed more money and told me to put on my "pile," as here was a sure thing. I saw my five dollars depart and, with the wildest emotion, saw it return again, doubled, ten shining dollars. All below us were groans and execrations. I saw Mr. Ferris' face as he leaned over to a Jew bookmaker. It was absolutely rat-like.

I went home with twenty dollars. I have no idea how much the Ferris people had. It was a large sum. He slipped quietly off the car at a corner and she asked me please not say anything about her betting to the office people.

"They probably know it," she said lightly, "but your saying would be worse. I'm trying to save money for something. Never mind what it is. When I get enough saved, I'm going to quit betting."

My emotions on the betting question were duly expressed in the Sunday issue. Uncle Philly pocketed the twenty dollars without a question. I never told of Mrs. Ferris' "lucky hand," as her husband called it, but I heard, afterwards, that she earned enough in three years on the race-track to pay off a mortgage on her old parents' Vermont farm and keep them alive and comfortable.

III.

STEVENSON'S STORY

Without warning the tragedy of the "Chronicle" was on us.

We had grown with it. We had poured into it our best aspirations, enthusiasms, wild hopes. It had put us before the public, it had fed us, soul and brain, mentally as well as physically. Its success was our

success. We were indignant at its enemies, we loved its friends. We took our salaries thankfully, we rejoiced that we were of the little band who had started with the paper and had contributed plenty of good, hard labor toward its glory.

Uncle Philly we had always with us. I think we had him in mind whenever we wrote a good feature, article or got in a tremendous scoop. His word, we all knew was law. It was also a case of, "He spake and it thundered." His wrath devoured everything in sight, when occasion came.

When the rest of us, in the small hours of the night, left the littered local room to the electric lights and the cats, we were sure that, in his dark and dusty back room, Uncle Philly was doing one of two things. He was either writing something at his desk, slowly, in his little cramped, old-fashioned writing or he was asleep in his leather chair, his little white head sidewise on his shoulder, his expression that of an overtired child. He assured me once that he locked the door and showed me a pistol in the top drawer.

There came a tremendous week's work on us. We started in on Sunday with a murder and two ten-blow fires. By Thursday the whole staff was tired of sensations, irritated and ready to get sleep at any price. I never saw the place cleaned out any earlier than on that night. In addition, Uncle Philly had a row with Mrs. Ferris, the wife of the sporting editor and ended by discharging her.

It seemed that some one who had lost heavily at the Brokely Park Meeting blamed Ferris and his wife for it and told Uncle Philly how heavily they had been plunging. The little old man came into the office white hot. It was about eleven o'clock and, luckily, there was less of a crowd than usual in the room. But there was enough left to feel sorrier for that woman in ten minutes than they had ever felt for any one before.

She stood before him, absolutely speechless. She listened to everything he had to say without a word. If she had known it, had plucked up spirit and answered him, he would have forgiven her. He liked women of spirit. But she stood still, still. He went on from bad to worse and finally told her to get out.

Ferris himself had risen. She stepped in front of him looking twice as big and put back her hand with a peculiar forbidding gesture. He looked furtively out at us, strangely, dangerously. I finally took courage to go up to the old man and tell him some one wanted him. When he got out into the hall, I begged him to say no more, that my blood was cold in my veins.

He patted me on the shoulder.

"Good boy you are, Matt. All right. Go home."

I heard him bolt his office door after he had slammed it until the thin partition shook.

I had not the courage to go back and see that woman's face. So I went down the other stairs and homeward. A strange premonition of danger held me in thrall. I could not forget Ferris' insignificant face behind his wife's arm. After walking three blocks I returned, stole upstairs and found the local room empty. There was a light in Uncle Philly's office and, as I stood outside the door, I heard his short, even snores. I laughed at myself for my fears.

While I was still up, the fire bells rang. I counted the strokes. It was in the "Chronicle's" district, not many blocks away. In the stillness of the night, I could hear the engines, reels and ladder wagons. Presently the bells rang again. I hurried on some clothing and, as I fastened my collar, I heard one man cry to another as he ran past:

"The 'Chronicle' office, they say."

I was paralyzed with fear as I ran. I remembered Uncle Philly snoring away in that locked room.

There was already a great crowd. I forced my way in. The back of the office was already a seething mass of flame. The fire ropes were being stretched. I broke through, I do not know how, plunged into the hallway and was half way up when the smoke forced me back. It came

rolling forward in great puffs. I turned about, mad with sick horror. I was about to go back when up, beyond, I heard a wild mad cry, and surely it was a woman's voice:

"Help! Help! Help to save a man!"

I ran, no, stumbled forward. I held my breath, I felt the way. I was up in the local room for I could see the lights still burning through the thick smoke. I stumbled over something. It was a desk drawer under my feet. Still that cry.

"Help! Help! Help to save!"

I heard a terrible yell behind me. It was the boy, Pensinger, who had struggled upstairs as I had done.

"Pensinger!" I cried, "Go back for the firemen. I believe Uncle Philly is locked in there. I will go on, you go back."

"There is no time," he screamed, "Go on, Stevenson, I'm with you."

We were fighting, fighting on, down the narrow passage. Pensinger kicked in a window.

"That will give us air," he said.

It helped us wonderfully. The smoke blew aside. It left us a view forward. Then there came a terrific crash. We had seen, in that one moment, the wife of the sporting editor with an ax chopping at the wooden partition of Uncle Philly's room.

We knew she had gone into the room. There was such determination in her face, we never doubted it. The whole back wall was already a mass of creeping flames but I found the leather chair and it was empty. There was nothing to do but to fight back down the stairs and stagger out, sick and faint, into a crowd who welcomed us with cheers as rescued from the jaws of death.

I anxiously inquired for Mrs. Ferris and Uncle Philly. No one knew anything, had not seen them. Suddenly there happened a strange thing. The counting room floor was still dark, smoke pouring out at the open doors. Out of these came, nay staggered, a figure, plunging, reeling. It half-held, half-dragged another figure, that of a man. It was a tall, raw-boned woman smoke-blackened, burned, insane with fear. The man was Uncle Philly, the millionaire president of the "Chronicle" company. She had carried him down through the cellars, up to the office floor, through fire, through smoke, helpless, half-suffocated, every step a risk to her life.

I helped to carry her to the ambulance. I could have covered her poor face, her poor feet with kisses of admiration. She had fainted, her hair was burned off, her dress torn. They laid Uncle Philly beside her, senseless and terribly smoke-begrimed. We were off to the hospital at a death's gallop.

They laid both on cots in the receiving ward. As they put Mrs. Ferris down, her clothing was disarranged and a small brown box fell from her bosom. I picked it up. The lid was broken off by its fall on the cement floor. There was in it a long light curl and a baby's picture. Underneath was written three words, "Dear, dead baby."

* * *

Three hours later, Uncle Philly was able to hear from our lips the whole story. Mrs. Ferris would live, they said. Her husband had come to her and she would be cared for in a private room by his orders. Uncle Philly said very little until I laid the broken box in his hand and he looked at the curl and saw the words. Then he turned his face to the wall and said in a broken voice:

"All right, boys! Tell the rest I'm all right. Go home now, please."

* * *

The "Chronicle" is no more. It was not revived, although the goodwill was at once bought in by one of its old rivals. Uncle Philly is the nominal president of the new company, but takes no active part in its management. The sporting editor and his wife have gone from our midst. Some one said that they went back to Vermont and abandoned newspaper work. It has always been a subject on which no one, I know, ever cared to question Uncle Philly.

FRANK PUTNAM AND HIS POEMS

THE poets of all times can be separated into two distinct divisions: the singer of beauty, and the singer of humanity. To the second class belongs Mr. Frank Putnam, who can rightly be called a poetic philosopher. His is not the Muse inspired by a floating cloud or a sapphire sea, but rather by the tangible sorrows and joys of his fellow beings, thus constituting him a portrait painter in verse.

To a strong sympathy for all humanity Mr. Putnam adds a poetic vision of commonplace things and an ear ever open to the heart cry of the average being. He is a poetic product of city life; a singer of the people. In a direct line from Thomas Hood the Chicago poet inherits a rhythmic feeling for the eternal tragedy of the masses, which he expresses by means of a pen dipped in human experience and trained to express with ease and authority his varied observations.

After reading Mr. Putnam's more philosophical verse one feels delightfully intimate with an earnest, unaffected, courageous mind and fancy. The freedom from affectation in whatever he does persuades the critical eye to look with hope upon Mr. Putnam's future as a poet. Occasionally there is slight straining for simplicity in his verse, resulting in an unnecessarily commonplace turning of a phrase, which is the one hint of affectation apparent in the very interesting volume of verse called "Living in the World and Other Ballads and Lyrics," which Mr. Putnam's publishers have given out.

Illustrative of the unaffected charm and tender strength Mr. Putnam shows when handling human beings, I quote here his lyrical epitaph written after the death of Eugene Field, the singer of childhood:

"The magic pen is rusting, and the page
Awaits a touch that it shall never know.
The gentle hands are folded on his breast;
The shadowed chamber somber silence keeps;
Tread soft without, speak low — the singer sleeps.
Fair fall what dreams illuminate his rest,
The chosen friend of childhood and the sage,
Through all the tireless years that come and go;
And in God's time be his the tender joy
To be awakened by a Little Boy."

Mr. Putnam's own feeling for childhood is intimate and comprehensive, but his children's verses indicate his attitude towards youth to be more that of a philosophical, sympathetic observer than a literary playmate.

Again I find this poet interesting, but not yet standing on his pinnacle, when we approach his songs of romantic love, which I find unequal in strength, originality and depth of passion to his more thoughtful, contemplative verse. Possessing much of Robert Burns' gay freedom in his touch upon the tender passion, Mr. Putnam lacks his model's fire and humble genius.

"Love is like the violet that ushers in the spring,
Love is like the melody the birds of summer sing,
Love is much too delicate and beauteous a thing
To bide with us forever and a day."

Between these lines one reads the text of a doctrine which needs must be treated with a passionate gayety and tearful fascination sufficient to overcome the reader's native prejudice, but in Mr. Putnam's highest moments of romantic versifying there is to be found a thought uplifted and inspired by a totally different mood.

"In the years to come shall the tale be told
Of a man and woman in times of old
Who loved with a love so deep, so vast,
That death with reverent footsteps passed,
Forbearing to hide in oblivion's night
The rose-red blossom of their delight,
That men grown sad with the years might know
How sweet was love in the long ago —
How sweet was love in the long ago."

Grace and beauty run through the poet's lines to his favorite river and its accompanying natural charms; then, too, in the humorous trifles interspersed throughout the book there are moments of robust, jolly good-nature and a friendliness natural and winning; but not until we reach the reflective thoughts of the poet have we

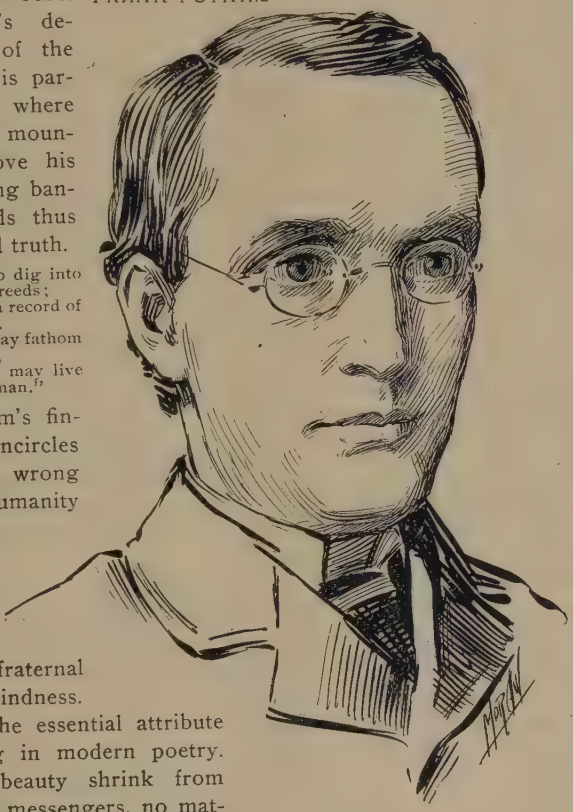
attained the heights from which his art reaches down into human depths for its finest, strongest revelations. In the "Ballad of the Rebel" Mr. Putnam declares the character of his own best verse.

"The weapon I forge is a rough-wrought-song;
It may die soon, or it may stay long
To rally the right and to harry the wrong,
But whether it die or stay
Is of little concern to the man who sings,
For he sees the finish of serfs and kings.
And he knows that deep in the heart of things
Is the seed of a better day."

This poetic rebel against man's demoralization of the laws of God is particularly fine where with courage mounted high above his head, a floating banner, he stands thus for justice and truth.

"'Tis but folly to dig into
moss-covered creeds;
Let your life be a record of
generous deeds.
Not the wisest may fathom
Futurity's plan,
But the weakest may live
as becometh a man."

FRANK PUTNAM



Mr. Putnam's finest ardor encircles the pitiful wrong of man's inhumanity to man, and his voice rings true and clear when he calls for fraternal peace and kindness.

Ardor is the essential attribute most lacking in modern poetry. Truth and beauty shrink from cold-blooded messengers, no matter how finely polished may be their musical instruments. The Toledo dagger of exquisite workmanship is harmless as a blade of grass unless moved and directed by passion. Modern verse grows every day more correct in form and less powerful to move the imagination whose language it should be, and mere words well shaped cannot answer the purpose of a poet's brain composed as it is of emotions laced together with strands of human experience and divine aspirations. In Mr. Putnam's work there is plainly seen and felt crude power and the convincing passion without which there is no poetry, and when once this poet has trained his hand to a firmer touch, balanced and refined into greater beauty, the brain behind will sing its worthy songs to smoother, fuller, more exceptional tunes.

In the extracts given above there can be merely indicated the variety and interest of the verse contained in the volume "Living in the World," but Mr. Putnam has something to say to every one attracted by thoughtful, human verse.

Anna Farquhar

In the Dawn of His Career

It does not seem so many years ago that I sat beside a small, delicate featured, blue-eyed boy at school. And yet over a score of years has slipped between the first time I knew one of America's brightest young poets, and to-day. There was an old calf-bound set of Chamber's Encyclopedia in one corner of the school room, and the one liberty which we were granted without first raising our hands and snapping fingers to obtain the permission of the teacher, was to leave our seats and secure one of the ten volumes of that encyclopedia.

* * *

Frank Putnam was a timid, shrinking little fellow—but a fighter. The school bully found this out to his sorrow one day,

when he was taunting a poor girl because her mother was compelled to "take in" washing. On the desk of this young dreamer at any time of day was a volume of the encyclopedia. Poring over the feast of biography and munching an apple — reading— reading—thinking—dreaming —was this early poet. He was not noted as the brightest boy in school, but he nearly always had his lesson. I recall the twinkle in his eye—the sparkling delight that rippled over his countenance when the teacher announced a botany excursion—for this boy loved flowers and the woods. How proud he was when the teacher would give a place of honor to his floral tribute on her desk. That teacher had a hold on "her boys" as she called us, which even few mothers possess, and she was an inspiration to more than one shocky-headed lad in that school room. One by one the schoolmates drifted away in life's current from the old red-brick school house under the cottonwoods. Happy days of youth! What air castles were builded, what ambitions formed, what secrets whispered in the plum-tree thicket on the playground. Seated in a favorite corner near a tin water-spout, this boy sat munching and reading while other boys played pull-away, shinny and crack-the-whip. Only when recruits were needed by "Old Sixty" or in the battle between Russian and Turks, was the young book devotee near the water spout called into action. With a huge cornstalk tipped with a mudcovered butt bigger than his head, this quiet young dreamer was soon in the thick of the fight.

* * *

In the incidents of early days, though long separated. I can now see mirrored the man of to-day. Essentially and by nature a reformer—one whose sympathies are collective rather than individual, Frank Putnam strikes a clear note every time. He had no particular chums, we were all chums to "Little Put," and used to fancy him a descendant of the revolutionary hero of the wolf cave.

Then came the young reporter, and the way he could marshall words was a wonder and his "stuff" always went flashing over the wires because he has a graphic and picturesque way of telling the most prosaic events of an inland prairie farming town. Afterwards he learned the cooper's trade—became a journeyman—just like the rest—jolly, devil-may-care, with a touch of Bohemianism. Later on in metropolitan newspaper work—his verse began to be widely quoted. Serious, sincere, and yet with an occasional touch of humor, he never relapsed into jingling. One prominent newspaper in Chicago retained him to write poems, but they came at alarmingly irregular intervals. One day a bouquet of gems—then a famine for weeks. In these days on a small salary he lived the real life of a poet and scholar. He grappled with the larger questions of life in a comprehensive and thoughtful way.

His first book of poems—how well I remember it—and copies of that meagre edition are already prized. It was the message of the young Launcelot who had arrived at the joust and was ready for any black-helmet knight of wrong and deceit. The incidents connected with the publication of his first book of poems are interesting.

He made just one visit to a publisher. The publisher, unimpressed by his hesitating manner and severely economical attire, was still less interested in his explanation that the verses he offered had won a newspaper success.

"A newspaper success is worthless; the people who read newspapers do not read —or at any rate do not buy books."

"Then you do not care to read my book?"

"O, you might leave it; there is perhaps one chance in a hundred that we might accept it."

"Better call the one chance off."

Then the young man scraped together eighty dollars and published eighty small pages of the verses that had travelled farthest in the daily press, binding the collection in rough paper. This he sent to

the literary editors. West and south, some of the newspaper men who had copied the verses from the Chicago Times-Herald recognized them in their new coat and hailed them pleasantly. Thus encouraged to hope that his writings were not wholly bad, and having no desire to earn money from them, the young man issued, at intervals during the next half dozen years, small privately printed collections called: "Songs of the Cedar," the Cedar being the river that ran through the town where he was a boy; "The Banquet: Songs of Evolution," the fruit of a hospital bed incident that permanently abated his physical activities and led him perforce to do more thinking than he had done theretofore; "A Battle Call for Cuba," being fiery, long-swinging rhymes expressing indignation at the inactivity of the national administration during the time when the Spanish governor-general was starving hundreds of thousands of Cubans at our door, in Cuba; and "Frank Putnam's Love Lyrics," including, as he believes, the only part of his work that has a chance to be preserved in American anthologies, and of which William Marion Reedy, the editor of the St. Louis Mirror and one of the half dozen real masters of English in America, wrote: "His is the true, the divine Eros—and she is sung rapturously, not sensuously."

Presently Rand, McNally & Company of Chicago, acting upon the suggestion of one of their profitable authors, obtained and brought out a collection of two hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Putnam's verses, under the title, "Living in the World, and Other Ballads and Lyrics."

Asked one day how the book was "going," Mr. Putnam replied cheerfully that he "believed the publishers hadn't lost anything on it."

Being invited to write an ode to be read upon the occasion of the unveiling of the American school children's monument to Lafayette, in Paris, he urged that the invitation be extended to some one better known and more capable than himself. Months afterward, having been suddenly inclined to attempt the ode, he completed the work and handed it to the secretary of the commission. Came then "The Man With the Hoe," and Mr. Edwin Markham cast the spell of his power and majesty over the young Chicagoan. The latter again urged that another, this time indicating Mr. Markham, should be chosen to write the Lafayette ode. At this time Mr. Markham came through Chicago, and Mr. Putnam took him to call upon the secretary of the monument commission, there renewing the suggestion that the famous Californian be asked to accept a commission for the ode. Mr. Markham, learning that an ode had already been written, generously declined further to consider the matter, though there is no doubt that the subject and the occasion powerfully appealed to him, nor is it doubted that in this instance he would have produced one of the most masterful of his poetic utterances.

Being too poor to go to Paris to read the ode, Mr. Putnam remained at his desk in the telegraph room of the Times-Herald and on the evening of July 4 had the unusual satisfaction of "reading copy" on his own verses, that day recited in Paris by a stranger. The ode, by the way, was a free gift to the occasion—a tribute of love to Lafayette and an invocation to the spirit of liberty, warm from an overflowing heart.

* * *

All human life is pretty much on the same keel and when I say that connected with those happy, almost forgotten, poetic dreams of childhood is the young poet, Frank Putnam, it brings up the query, do we realize how much of life and destiny is determined in these early years? Are we not prone to think that our childhood was a bit more advanced than later generations? Do we realize that in these boys and girls about us every day are the making of the future? Do we appreciate and keep in touch with the real spirit of youth and childhood as we should in these days of engrossing specialized activities?

Joe Mitchell Chapple

A SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

By A. G. Kingsbury

A Sketch of Dutch Harbor, the Half-way House to Nome; and of Summer Scenes on the Alaskan Beach. Adventures of "The National Magazine" Correspondent on His Tour Farthest North

Corwin Trading Co.'s S. S. "Corwin," July 14, 1900

NOW that all the world is interested in Nome, and it seems as if half the world is going there, a name hardly noticed in the annals of the day begins to loom up and catch the attention of readers. Dutch Harbor is the half-way house to the wonder land of the far north, where people are flocking by the ten thousands in the wild rush for newly discovered gold fields. Here, going and coming, the fleets stop—for Dutch Harbor, or Unalaska, sits at the gateway to Behring Sea, and few are the vessels that go or come but pay tribute to her. Here call the big steamers for coal at the wharves of the big trading companies whose rivalry keeps the price of goods within reasonable limits. Here stop the schooners for trade at the same stores, and the whalers come and go for water and supplies and help make the port populous.

As you come to the port from the south you are likely to see by day a pillar of smoke, by night a flaming torch over in the east, where on the western end of the Alaskan peninsula an active volcano rears its head into the clouds. But after you enter the Akutan pass through which you must go to reach Behring Sea, you will not see the sign by day or night, for the squalls draw through this pass as through a funnel and bring down swirling clouds that often shut out sea and land. Then you round the stately column of Priest Rock, thread a winding land-locked bay between snow clad mountains, tie up to a well built dock that is backed by well built modern houses, and you are at Dutch Harbor. Goods of all kinds can be bought here, but because of lack of competition prices are naturally higher. Coal pockets are here, and the swarthy Aleuts roll the coal cars down the wharf unceasingly. That is all of Dutch Harbor proper. It is a commercial creation, has good depth of water, fine docks and plenty of room for more, and a future. It is the half-way house to all northern Alaska, but it is more than this. It is the half-way house to the Philippines as well. The transports are going and coming this way now, for the distance is less by many a hundred miles. One of these transports was loaded with horses last fall and put them off here for a few days outing. A dozen or so of them are said to have wandered up the white mountain that overtops the harbor, stampeded there and went over the cliff that drops sheer a thousand feet to the beach.

Unalaska, alas, will soon lose its quaintness, for it is in the incipient throes of a boom. It is Alaska in general and Nome in particular that is doing it. A big dock is going up. House lots are being staked, saloons breed, and restaurants multiply and thrive. The yankee pours in and the wide eyed Aleut smiles his good natured smile and wonders at it all. The Aleut is passing and passing rapidly, but he goes in peace and with a smile. He is already half-Russianized and speaks a language that is a compound of that of his fathers and the Russian. Now comes the American, who will not Americanize him, but

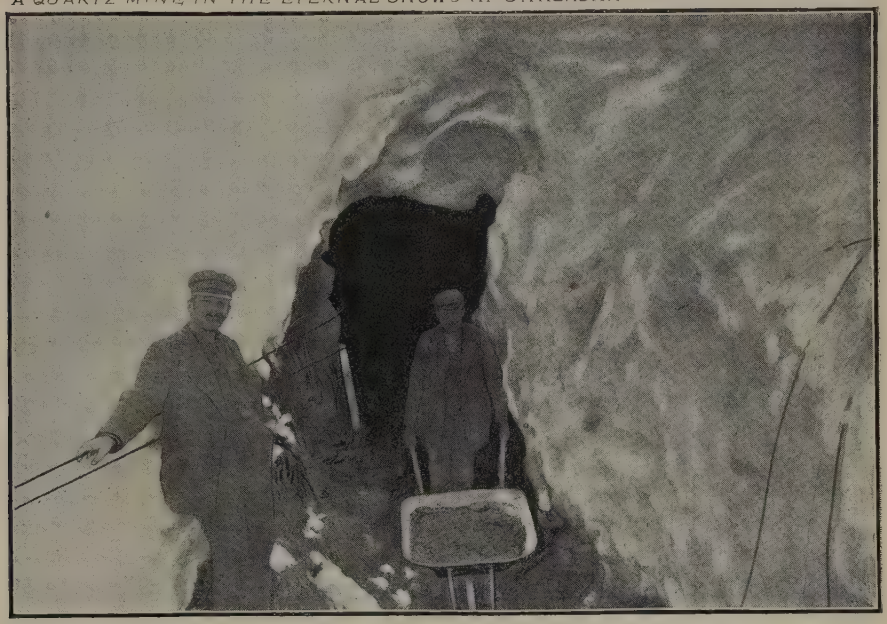
before whom he will pass from the face of the earth as many another poor barbarian has done.

The company's houses encroach upon his sod huts where they cluster about the Russian church, and only a little of the village is the old Unalaska that was in the early days the chief Russian town of the Aleutian archipelago. The big white church stands as of old, however, picturesque and imposing with its white walls,

Methodist Church twelve years ago and has since done and is doing a noble work in the succor of these orphaned little ones.

Last fall when the weary miners were homeward bound the fever stricken found an asylum here and the large upper rooms of the house were turned into a hospital ward where nursing and medical attendance was furnished to all so far as the accommodations permitted.

A QUARTZ MINE IN THE ETERNAL SNOWS AT UNALASKA



red roofs, and two tall Byzantine towers crowning the whole with bulbous green.

Near by the Russian church is the mission school of the sect, supported by the church and managed by the pastor, Alexandria Kedrovsky, where the Aleut and half-breed children are brought up in the strict tenets of the faith.

As large as the church but in no wise so beautiful and dignified in architecture, is the Jesse Lee Home for Aleut and Esquimo orphans, a commodious and well furnished three story building managed by Dr. A. W. Newhall and Agnes L. Newhall. This home was established by the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the

In the latitude of Labrador though it is, the thermometer at Dutch Harbor has never been known to go below 15 degrees above zero Fahrenheit, and though the snows are deep in winter cattle have been known to thrive on the range, and in summer vegetable gardens are possible. But the possibilities of the place do not lie in the way of agriculture. As a trading point it has a growing and stable value and the future of Northern Alaska is the future of Dutch Harbor. If, as it now seems, that future is a great one and near at hand the boomers who are beginning to rustle about the town are justified and will be wealthy. If the north camps fail

the trading posts will continue to do well, but the boom will fail or at least be postponed. But there are other chances and large ones for the islands of the Aleutian group, and perhaps Unalaska in particular. Many an old miner will tell you that there is no possibility of mineral in a group of volcanic islands. They will argue this earnestly and believe it too.

But the great interest of the place today centres in the ships that come in by day and night and poise a little in their flight to Nome. They are of all sorts and conditions and some bring tales of comfort and peaceful passage and others are woeful with disaster and buffeting. The passengers have been eager to come and the companies have been eager to have them. Hence, as was to be expected, ships have been overloaded and there are sad tales of misery. Ships have started early in April, the officers knowing well that they would have to wait weeks before the ice would permit them to land. Then, short of coal, of provisions and of water they come cramped, bruised and sick to Dutch Harbor to recoal and recuperate, but the "Corwin" made the harbor in less than two weeks with her people as well satisfied as if they had been on a yachting trip.

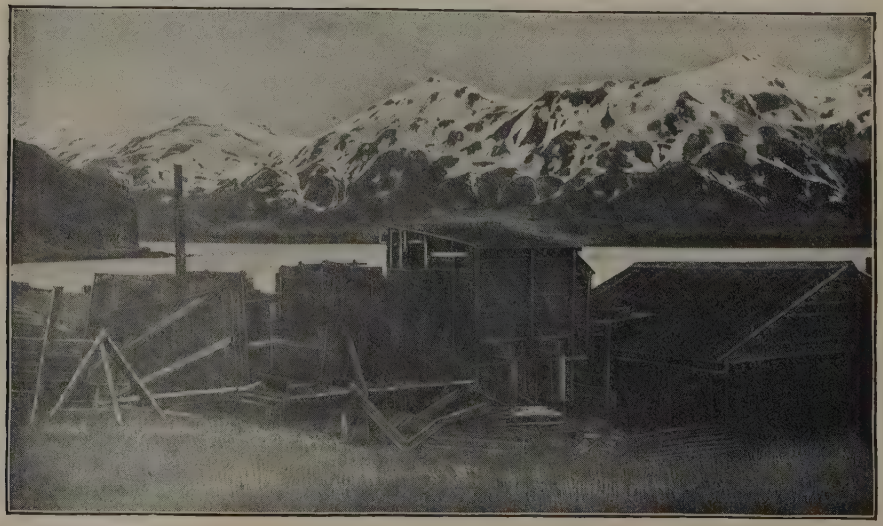
The day that we left Dutch Harbor there were a half dozen steamers shouldering one another for room at the dock, and over at Unalaska as many more were at the smaller wharf there or swinging at anchor in the narrow bay under the snow-clad mountains. They were coming in at the rate of four or five a day and a dozen or so were already come and gone.

And this was not the crest but just the fore froth of the wave that was sweeping northward to the waiting winter-bound city of the golden sand. The head winds and heavy seas that we had breasted all across the north Pacific were lulled and we slipped along over pleasant waters to Cape Cheerful, just outside the bay.

For two days we sailed over smiling seas, northward into the sunset. I say northward into the sunset, for the sun rises in the extreme northeast, sets in the extreme northwest, and leaves the northern sky suffused with crimson sunset glows during the three hours or so that it is below the horizon. Night there is none. At midnight in cloudy weather it is as light as on a cloudy day at home.

We struck the ice a little north of Nunivak Island on the evening of the second day. It was in scattered floating fragments at first, but these grew into small floes and

A PRIMITIVE QUARTZ STAMP MILL ON THE SHORE OF CAPTAIN'S BAY, UNALASKA

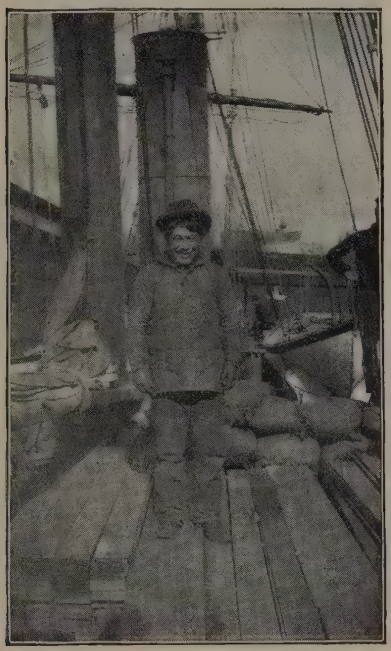


THE JESSE LEE HOME AND ALEUT ORPHANS

then into large ones and by midnight we were in the thick of it. The morning sun shone clear upon a scene of unexampled splendor. All about the ice fields spread to the horizon, here level as a floor, there jammed and crowded into fantastic ridges and mounds that simulated quaint dwellings and castles of enchantment raised by frost goblins. Here the good ship "Corwin" showed her metal and proved what the revenue people say of her, that she is the staunchest and best craft in arctic waters. Now she threaded the narrow leads where the jamming floes had separated and left tortuous channels of black water, then she charged the solid floes and ripped her way through them as a plow tears through the green sward, turning the white cakes to the right or sending them plunging forward into the pale green depths. Two, three feet of ice she broke this way, grinding steadily forward under the thrust of the great bronze propeller and it really seemed as if the way to Nome would be opened in spite of the hundreds of miles of it that lay glaring under the spring sun.

Thus for a day, but as we plowed north the ice grew heavier. It piled in hummocks twenty feet high and extended to unknown depths below the water. Here too the sea was full of whale food. Joe, the Esquimo boy who is going back with us to his arctic home, nudged my elbow as I stood by him looking at these ropy, brown, mother-of-vinegar looking masses. "Avudluk koko," he said: "Whale, he eat." He is a simple, good natured fellow, is Joe, not a bad sailor, and a good worker. He wears Carbaloona clothes and smokes a Carbaloona pipe like any other white man, and he will be a great man when he gets back to his native village. There were miles of this whale food and in places it made the sea look like a vast sewer, brown and dirty in the open leads and showing the same stuff frozen in layers into the broken ice. Seals looked at us with mild and beautiful brown eyes and ducked in the icy water as we went by. Once or twice we saw the unwieldly bulk of a bull walrus stretched in the sun on the ice. Very fierce they look, these bull walruses with their spreading whiskers and their

JOE, A PT. BARROWS ESQUIMO, ABOARD THE "CORWIN"



long tusks, but as the ship approaches they waddle backward in ludicrous fashion and back an ungainly ton of bulk and blubber into a nearby opening, duck, and disappear. When the floes were not too heavy the spunky little steamer would buck at them under full steam and jam a triangular hole in them, back off and try it again. Often very thick ice would split at the second or third blow and the floe shoulder slowly away on either side. But there were times too when the good ship could penetrate no further and the arctic pack stood high in front and all sides. Then we tied up to a hummock, made the ice our dock, and waited a few hours or a day for the ice to open and new leads to show in the shifting turbulence of the pack. We could, and did, take long walks on the ice at these times, ferrying across open leads on a floating cake, and climbing among the cakes of the fantastically piled hummocks.

MOORED TO THE ICE

* * *

An open roadstead in which no ship shall find shelter, a long stretch of level sandy beach, a brown-gray tundra that rises in pleasant sweeps to low ranges of rounded hills: that is the foundation on which the new city of Nome is built. That at least is the foundation that is of the earth earthy. It has another foundation that is made of hope, of enterprise, of daring, a foundation of dreams and aspirations, such as lured the argonauts of old, such as went to the founding of Troy and the building up of ancient Rome. It is a foundation built of the desire for self-betterment, sordid no doubt in the rough form of its prompting, but a desire that has gone to the making of civilization in all climes and in all ages, the "auri sacra fames" of the Aeneid, the cursed—or sacred, as you please to read it—thirst for gold. Under all the sands of this level beach, under the rough water of this open roadstead, in the gray-green tundra and in the rounded hills the yellow metal is found everywhere. There are places where it is very rich, and hundreds of thousands may be taken out with brief labor. In other spots it is sparsely scattered, but you can scarcely take a shovel full of sand anywhere that does not contain traces of it.

As I write, thirty steamers are in the offing and have let loose upon Nome ten thousand people, landing them on the beach and with them a million dollars' worth of stores and machinery all piled

THE WRECK OF THE 'CATHERINE SUDDEN"

upon the beach in inextricable confusion. The tumbling surf of high tide snatches at these goods and carries some of them to sea before they can be rescued and wets people to the waist as they spring from the lighters to land. Tents grow up like mushrooms in all the vacant places, and the people who wintered here in the vain hope to hold down town lots quarrel with the newcomers who must needs jump these lots to find a place to lay their heads. It snowed last night, and thousands of people wandered about shelterless or lay on the bare sands and shivered through the dull arctic twilight. Hundreds of horses stood tethered with their backs to the storm and bore their misery as dumb brutes must.

Nome did its best. There were hotels, there were lodging houses, there were kennels, but all were full to the limit and the overflow stood their ill luck as best they might. As the freight gets sorted and people find their tents and cooking utensils this misery abates: and then another half dozen steamers arrive and a new lot of pilgrims goes through the same slough of despond. Of course there are wise virgins who have kept their lamps filled. These go up the beach in streams, loaded down, bowed to the earth and toiling terribly, with the weight of lares and penates which they set up farther and farther from Nome,—one mile, two miles, three miles up the beach on the fringe of the ever rolling surf of white tents that spread like a rising sea.

But many others came to the beach in advance of their goods and wait a day or many days as fortune has it for the lighters to deliver their goods. More than one Mariana looks out across the water as did she of the moated grange, and like that other the burden of her refrain is: "He cometh not; he cometh not." Freight is landed however from lighters and surf boats by the hundred tons, and men who are willing to hustle it back and forth along the beach earn a dollar an hour.

In the time that should be night, or in stormy weather when the work is harder, they often ask and get a dollar and a half or two dollars an hour. At the same time the street up town is full of idle, discontented men who curse their luck in coming here, and declare the camp a swindle.

A noteworthy thing in so great a mining camp and where there is undeniably so much and so widespread a gold bearing surface, is the absence of miners. You count the people who have any idea of mining by the hundred and a few hundred at that, those who are rocking and wash-

AT THE MOUTH OF SNAKE RIVER, NOME

ing systematically by the score; but thousands are dickering and wrangling about town lots and business sites, and little stores spring up like the mushroom tents. Two little papers bearing all the ear marks of the country weekly are published at two bits, twenty-five cents a copy. They are not without enterprise, however, for when the other night two gamblers shot and killed one another in a saloon, extras with a full account of the affair were on the streets in a short time. Church services were held last Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening, but the other business of the town went on without a break in the even tenor of its way. At the roulette tables the little ball rolled and dropping in the black or red made winners or losers of the crowd that staked upon it. The wheel of fortune turned alike for the rough miner in overalls, for the painted lady, or for the Esquimo. The intricacies of faro, the seductive craps, and the nerve-testing fascinations of stud poker stood side by side, and the games ceased not from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. And that means twenty-one hours out of twenty-four broad day and the other three just the edge of the evening.

It is not only the land-needy newcomers that jump town lots. It seems to have been the principal amusement of those who wintered here, and weird and amusing tales are told of these adventures under the frosty glare of the aurora. In the town were two widow ladies, each with a coterie of firm friends and each a claimant to the possession of a certain town lot. Whenever it chanced that the one in possession went down town for a social call or to buy groceries the friends of the other would get together, tear down the cabin on the lot and scatter it to the four winds of heaven and build in haste the habitation of the other on the site and install her as owner and possessor. Then when it chanced that the new owner was away the first would regain possession in much the same way. Thus the merry war went on and added much to the gaiety of an otherwise dull and uninteresting existence. But these wars were not in the main so merry. At least one man lies in the little sandy lot down by Snake river as the result of a claim jumping quarrel, and another walks the street to-day with an empty sleeve where a good arm ought to be because he stood between a shot gun and a claim which another man thought he owned.

SCENE NEAR OIL CITY, PA., DURING BOOM

THE ROMANCE OF OIL

By Waldon Fawcett

THE industrial history of the United States has been from its very beginning one long chain of business romances, following each other in rapid succession and each apparently more wonderful than any of its predecessors. In no other part of the globe have men ever accumulated enormous riches with such rapidity or by means of such unique and wonderful methods. The person, however, who takes the trouble to run over, in his mind, the various methods whereby genius has, within the past century, converted the earth's riches into products for everyday use must upon reflection reach the conclusion that none has equalled in picturesque and dramatic features the events which have characterized the development of the oil industry.

Not even the gold excitement in California in 1849 and the mad rush of fortune hunters to the Golden Gate state afforded a parallel to the stirring scenes which followed the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania. "Struck oil" became a term synonymous with an announcement of good fortune, and it continues so to this day. Moreover, we may find to-day in every town and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the land, tangible evidence of the value of the unlocking of the oil wells. Many western gold mines of which tales more wonderful than those of the "Arabian Nights" were told previous to the Civil War are now exhausted, abandoned and all but forgotten; but spreading out from the pioneer oil district in Pennsylvania as spokes from the hub of a wheel there radiates to-day one of the most stupendous business enterprises which the world has ever known.

Unless it be the evolution of iron and steel there is no rival of the processes whereby the countless products of petroleum are manufactured and transported to every corner of the globe. Not only does America occupy a position of supremacy in this important industry by reason of her own resources, but the continuance of this prestige is assured because

the United States is the home of the wealthiest business corporation extant, which, not content with the control of this indispensable product in North America is quietly taking possession of the markets of the world. Nor, indeed, need there be any claim that the era of romance in the oil industry has passed when shares in the most important company interested in its development are selling at five times their par value, and when the dividends on a share of stock in a single year not infrequently almost equal the face value of that prized certificate.

If you would see a district over which a "boom" has passed and left no shattered hopes, but only a harvest of prosperity, go to the "oil country" of the Keystone state. Half a century ago it was little more than a great barren tract sparsely settled by a people who cannot be said to have possessed either business acumen or energy in any remarkable degree. Indeed, it might be noted as a curious commentary on the course of human events that when the gold fever was raging in California many of the poorer inhabitants of what was to become in future the oil belt of Pennsylvania sold their few belongings and joined the great caravan moving westward, little suspecting that they left behind them riches infinitely greater than even the most fortunate of their co-workers would find in the new El Dorado.

A common fallacy is the belief that the history of the oil industry in this country dates from the discovery of the Pennsylvania field, but as a matter of fact a well had been dug in Kentucky full two score years before any prospecting whatever was done in the land of coal and iron, and indeed a well put down in Kentucky almost three-quarters of a century ago is still flowing. The real interest of the story of oil dates, nevertheless, from the opening of the Pennsylvania region, and many wonderful tales are told of happenings during the pioneer days of the industry. Coal oil or kerosene was worth a dollar per gallon in those days and the inhabitants read in the evening by the light of tallow candles. Yet they could not walk in any direction in the day-time

PACKING STOCK WAGON WITH NITRO GLYCERINE FOR SHOOTING AN OIL WELL

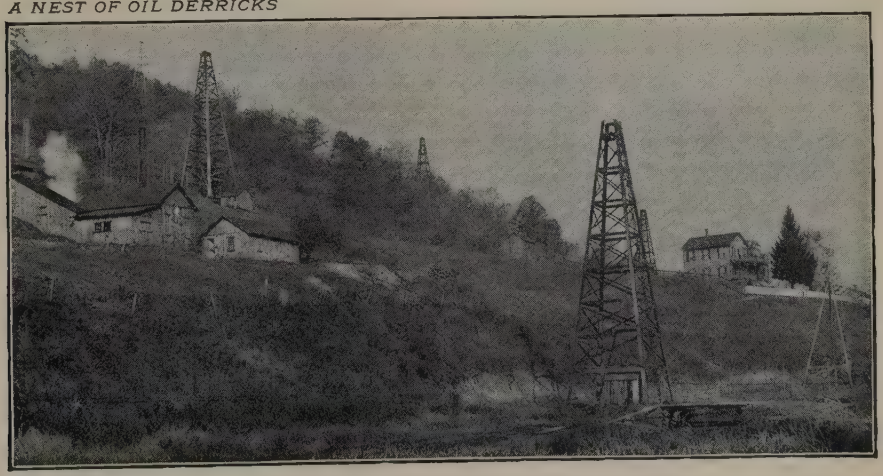
SCENE IN OIL CITY IN 1864. EARLY MEANS OF OIL TRANSPORTATION

without finding shallow pools of the dark-hued liquid. It might have been literally dipped up with buckets, but the dwellers on the crust of earth, which covered the vast storehouses of wealth, lived on in ignorance and apparently never associated the perspiration which nature exuded from every pore of the surface with the kerosene which they considered such a luxury.

Manifestly it was a field which but awaited the harvester in the form of some scientist, and he appeared in the person of Prof. Crosby of Dartmouth College. When Prof. Crosby unfolded his wondrous tale of the possibilities of untold wealth to capitalists in the east, however, he could arouse but a half-hearted enthusiasm. By dint of earnest effort $5,000 in cash was finally gotten together and with this the newly organized Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company secured about eighty acres of land in what afterward became the most productive section of the oil district.

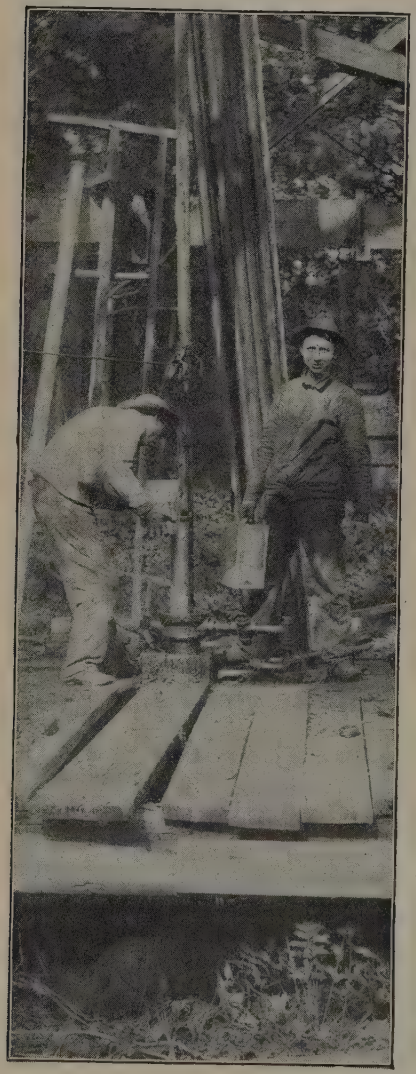
The pioneers were certain that there was oil in quantity on their property, but they had a rather difficult time securing

A NEST OF OIL DERRICKS



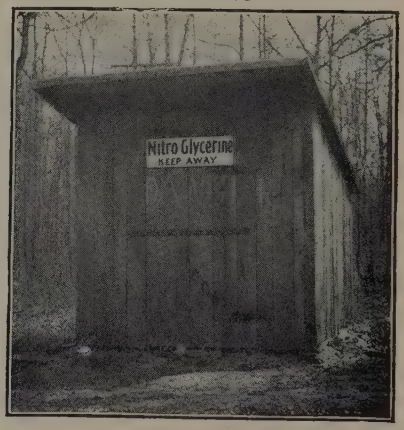
it. At first the only way which presented itself was the provision of huge pits or pools in which there accumulated mixtures of oil and water. Inasmuch as the oil floated on the surface it could be

PREPARING TO DYNAMITE A WELL



skimmed off, but, as may be imagined, this was a tedious and expensive process. Then suddenly, just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, there appeared upon the scene Col. Edwin L. Drake, the Edison of the oil industry. It was he who devised the method of boring for oil, just as a farmer would sink an artesian well, and he

NITRO GLYCERINE STOREHOUSE



not only revolutionized the industry but made possible the tremendous profits of later years.

It was early found to be impracticable to dig a well down to bed rock and start the drill from that point, as had been done

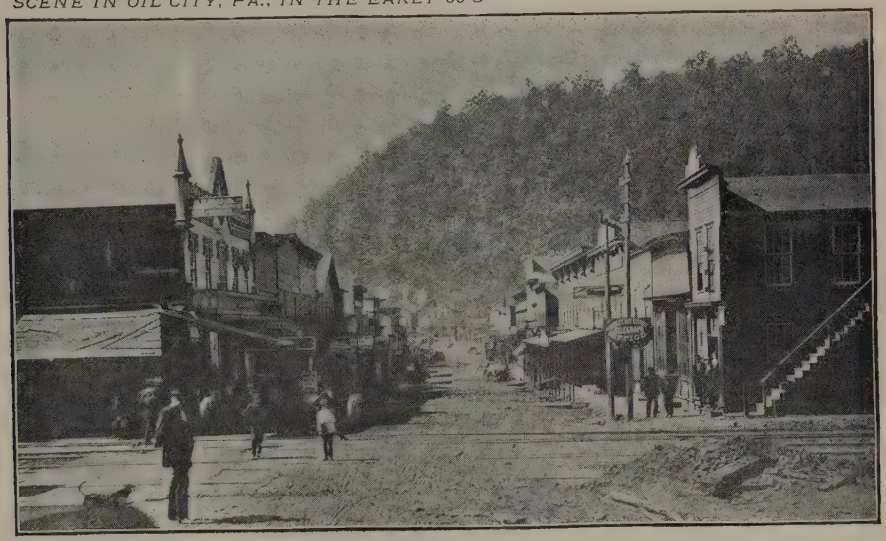
SHOOTING AN OIL WELL

in boring for salt, for the reason that the earth caved in more rapidly than it could be excavated. It was from this necessity that the plan of driving a large iron pipe through the earth to the upper strata of rock was hit upon. To operate the drill through this small iron-lined tunnel was, of course, an easy matter. The drill had gone down into the ground less than seventy feet in this initial well before oil was struck in such quantities that it bubbled up to the surface.

From that moment scenes of the wildest excitement ensued. Crowds of excited people surrounded the well from early morn until far into the night. It was almost impossible to buy land in the vicinity for love or money. Steadily, day in, day out, the magic flow continued. The coopers in the vicinity could not make barrels to store it in with anything like sufficient rapidity, and hurry orders for reserve supplies of barrels were sent to all the larger towns within a radius of fifty miles. The record of the Drake well was duplicated, with minor variations. by a host of others which were sunk post haste in the vicinity.

Not only the oil operators of the country, but the glass manufacturers as well, owe a great debt of gratitude to Col. Drake. When the new oil was first placed on the market it was hailed with enthusiasm by the poorer classes, for the luxury of illumination by means of oil had, up to that time, been enjoyed only by the rich. Their joy was speedily turned to sorrow, however, when they discovered that the new oil could not be used in the metal lamps then in service without serious danger of conflagrations. It was at this juncture that the ingenious and indefatigable Col. Drake threw himself into the breach and evolved the glass lamp with glass chimney. That this form of illumination has lost little of its popularity has perhaps been best attested by the millions of lamp chimneys sold annually.

SCENE IN OIL CITY, PA., IN THE EARLY 60'S



From this point the development of the oil industry went on apace. The territory, originally a tract only a few miles square in Pennsylvania, was extended by exploration until it embraced great sections of Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia, and the production grew in little more than a decade from a few hundred barrels to more than six million barrels annually. The discovery was also made that a far richer yield could be obtained from wells of great depth, and when the subterranean

oil reservoirs were tapped there spouted geysers of oil, which occasionally caught fire and added to the spectacular features of the new wonderland.

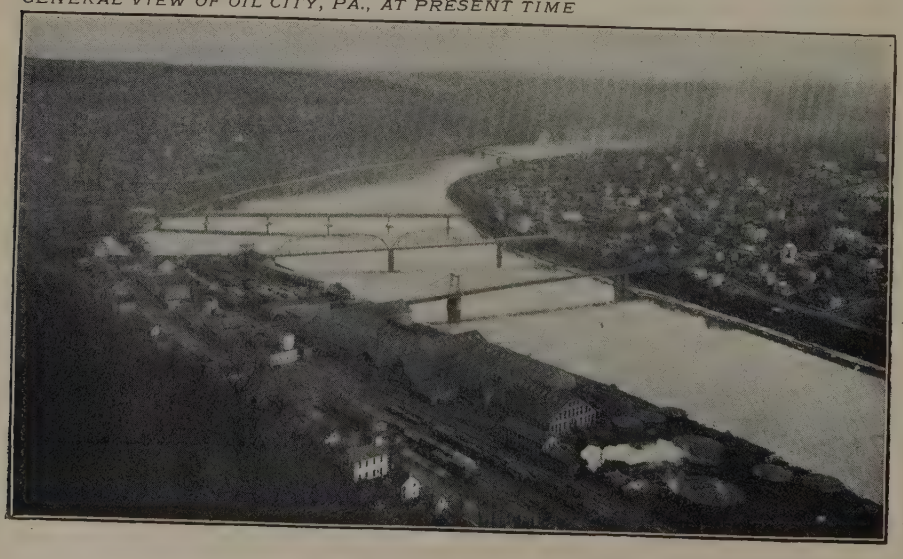
There are now produced in the United States each year billions of gallons of oil and hundreds of millions of gallons of this are shipped to other countries. The product which was once carted in barrels to the river and thence floated on slow-moving barges to Pittsburg is now shipped by rail in thousands of specially constructed cars, each fitted with a huge circular tank. Upwards of half a dozen vessels laden with oil leave the port of New York every day, and for carrying the oil over sea there are provided steamers and barges which are built especially for the purpose and which are nothing more nor less than great floating tanks, so carefully constructed that there is no possibility of leakage.

The method now employed almost exclusively for transporting oil on land, however, is by means of the novel and unique pipe-line system. There are thousands of miles of these pipes, ranging from four to eight inches in thickness, connecting the different oil fields with ports on the Great Lakes and on the Atlantic coast where the petroleum may be placed aboard steamers. Through this vast network millions of gallons of oil are pumped each year by some of the most powerful engines ever constructed. There are lines of pipes connecting the Ohio and Pennsylvania fields with Chicago and New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Under ordinary circumstances relay stations for the purpose of giving fresh impetus to the moving oil are scattered at intervals of twenty-five or fifty miles, but eighty separate stations are required to lift the oil over a mountain at Price's Fork, Va. When the pipe lines become clogged with paraffine or other refuse a metal scraper is sent journeying along the pipe line and at each station it brings in a great mass of dirty wax. It has been estimated that almost 150,000 barrels of oil pass through the pipe lines each day.

Most of the processes for producing useful products from the sluggish yellow or greenish fluid which flows from the wells are comparatively simple. First the temperature is raised and when the vapor which passes off has been condensed there is produced naphtha and benzine. If the crude naphtha be re-distilled gasoline and other useful products may be obtained. Meanwhile the heated oil has been divided into kerosene or illuminating, and lubri-

GENERAL VIEW OF OIL CITY, PA., AT PRESENT TIME



THE OIL EXCHANGE AT OIL CITY, PA.

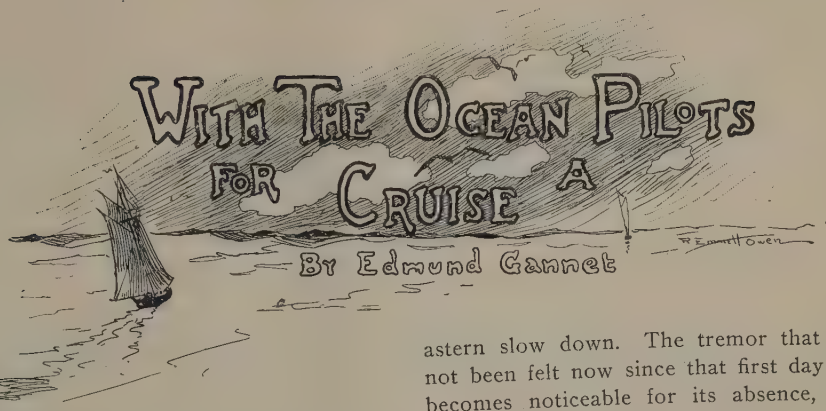
cating oil. The separation is easy, as the former is comparatively light. New improvements are constantly being introduced in every branch of the oil industry, from the drilling of the wells to the methods of manufacturing the various products. Thus we have a transition from wells less than a hundred feet in depth, put down at a cost of a few dollars, to wells several thousand feet in depth, costing for the drilling alone upwards of $10,000. The whole administration of the oil business is on the most systematic basis possible. A private telegraph system makes it possible to record accidents on the pipe lines almost instantaneously, and the wonderful displays afforded by burning oil tanks are far more rare than in the days gone by.

The magical development of the oil industry naturally afforded opportunity for several supplementary flights of fortune which were almost as picturesque as the petroleum romance itself. One of these was the famous "torpedo patent" which gave to the Roberts brothers—two lucky soldiers of fortune—the exclusive right to explode nitro-glycerine in oil wells. The nitro-glycerine was capable of working such wonders by increasing the production of wells that every producer was anxious to use it. The men who were fortunate enough to have the monopoly saw this and they shoved the prices higher and higher and gave the country an exhibition of rapid wealth-getting that is perhaps without a parallel in American history.

There was an exciting phase of the situation also. The handling of the nitro-glycerine was of course dangerous, but the cost of production was small, and when the monopolists finally got prices up to the point where they were making several thousand per cent. profit the producers began to rebel and resorted to "moonlighting," or torpedoing wells clandestinely. The nitro-glycerine people, to prevent this, hired large forces of detectives who were stationed on hill tops commanding a good view of the surrounding country. This was the beginning of a long series of reckless, daring performances on both sides, and not a few miniature pitched battles. Feeling ran high, and the men who controlled the torpedo patents were relentless in the prosecution of infringers upon their rights. It was years before the "feud" died out.

Drawn by Annie T. Colcock

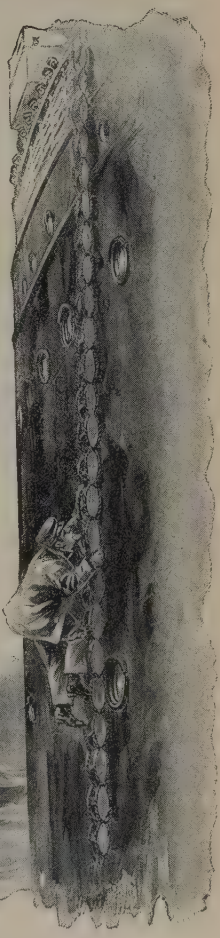
"*A slim little hand was thrust through the grating.*"—See page 453.



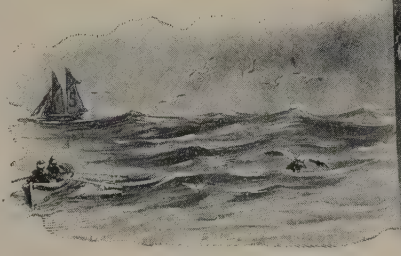
SWISH! Roar-r-r-r! and a streak of yellow flame as from a comet's tail surges up by the open cabin port-holes into the evening sky above! The men about the tables in the smoking room of the leviathan liner turn from their cards in sudden wonder. On deck the crescendo breaks off suddenly into a silence that is as startling as it is unexpected, while all eyes turn in affrighted wonder toward the yellow rocket soaring boldly skyward. The timid heart falters a hurried "danger?" yet all the world knows yellow is not its signal. An instinctive rush takes every pair of sea legs to rail and port-hole, while those whose gait is less certain clutch the arms of their steamer chairs and look helplessly about for their sole comforter, the obliging steward. Then off in the distance, climbing slowly a little way above the crests of the intervening waves, comes an answering gleam from a craft as yet hull-down. Then in its place shines a steady blue light, in the faintness of which can soon be made out a trim schooner-rig vessel, for all the world in nattiness of rig like one of the larger yachts of our leisure class, strayed from the fold of her squadron and signaling, as though in neighborliness, her larger sister passing in the night.

Soon the churning blades astern slow down. The tremor that has not been felt now since that first day out becomes noticeable for its absence, and the throb, throb of the mighty engine slows and slows as the ship comes to merest steerage-way. Then some transatlantique says nonchalantly, "Picking up our pilot unusually far out this trip."

Four hundred miles out at sea, off there within plain view of the crowded rail, tosses a little two-oared boat, manned by three men. Cautiously picking its way through perilously high waves to the protecting lee of the huge



"All on deck when the pilot comes aboard."



steamer, while in the gathering blackness beyond, with faithful persistence, tacking and wearing to work as near its larger companion as safety allows, the blue light of the pilot boat shines. Soon the graceful lines of a hundred-ton schooner yacht, bearing a great number near the peak of her mainsail, can be plainly made out. Those who have interest in the matter,—and this number about every man-Jack and woman-Jill on board,—crowd the lee rail as the ladder is swung through it for the pilot in the cockle shell tossing below. They eagerly lay wagers on which foot touches deck first, or whether he be beardless or not, or on the dozen small matters these six-day ennuyees can turn to account towards quickening the pulse after a long voyage during which each day has seemed distressingly like every other.

"WITH A BUSINESS-LIKE AIR THE PILOT SWINGS TO THE DECK"

At length a firm featured, weather bronzed face shows above the rail, and a man in ordinary clothes rises Neptune-like into view, his only trident a roll of newspapers for which there is a well-bred scramble by those newsmongers who have been shut off from even a Marconi-hint of the world's affairs for a whole week. With a matter-of-fact, business-like air the pilot swings to the deck and lands squarely on both feet—and bets are off. He turns then for an instant to see if his boat-keepers are making safe way to their destination, salutes the captain with a respectful yet confident air and proceeds forward with him.

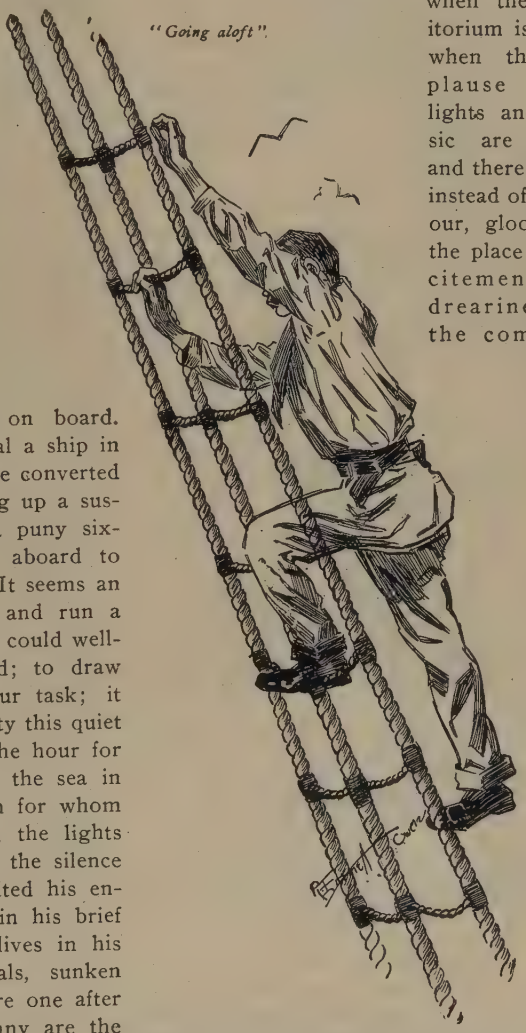
Meanwhile the man to read aloud is found and pushed reluctantly to an auctioneer's rostrum—the seat of a chair—in the centre of an eager-eared crowd. Wars and rumors of wars, fortunes and failures on the street, and the conquests of the golfers absorb the attention of even the languid in the steamer chairs. But let us follow the pilot forward.

We are nearing the high-sea limit and it will soon be time for him to take his stand upon the bridge. As the ship nears the outer lights of the harbor he mounts to the narrow walk, railed off up there high in the air, and cautiously takes his bearings from the lights so well known to him. To the officer on the bridge he gives

his orders from time to time in an unostentatious tone, and until the ship is docked this statue of carefulness and responsibility remains at his post, while the captain, from whose hands the navigation of his ship has been completely lifted, stands on the bridge beside the pilot or paces quietly, containedly to and fro, watching everything yet seeming to see nothing that is not straight ahead, questioning from time to time, suggesting perhaps, but ordering never. The quiet figure up there beside the captain is a stranger to all on board. He wears no insignia of a wealthy company, he receives no tugs at crew forelocks, yet in his democratic garb and quiet fashion he is quite the most important soul of all on board. It seems an easy task to signal a ship in an autocratic manner, like some converted yacht in Cuban waters, holding up a suspicious ocean monster with a puny six-pounder and putting a man aboard to make sure her bill was true. It seems an easy task to stand up there and run a course so oft gone over that it could well-nigh be navigated blindfolded; to draw rich wage for a quiet two-hour task; it seems all too easy. But in reality this quiet figure is that of the man of the hour for those souls who go down to the sea in ships. He is the leading man for whom the stage had been prepared, the lights made ready. The audience in the silence of suppressed excitement awaited his entrance breathlessly, and now in his brief allotted time he holds their lives in his hands while rocks and shoals, sunken hulks, and treacherous bars are one after another passed in safety. Many are the sighs and many are the songs when welcome land is sighted after a sea voyage; but 'tis then that danger lurks the nearest; 'tis then our pilot is most needed.

"Wrecked within sight of shore." On how many hearts, alas, is that scarehead burned in letters of grief. Who guides so often and so well to harbor refuge is pilot indeed.

This dramatic scene is set on every incoming deck and played on every outgoing steamer, yet there is for the pilot, as for us all, that hour behind the scenes when the auditorium is dark, when the applause and lights and music are gone, and there reigns instead of glamour, gloom; in the place of excitement the dreariness of the common-



"Going aloft".

place. There is the dull routine of cruise and docking; of weary weeks while lying at station in the harbor; the long, rainy days in the stuffy cabin tossing in a choppy sea or rolling in a "white ash breeze" under a copper sun; the biting

breath of winter to face when even one's breath freezes to the face and beard; and the boarding vessels in seas that stave in iron sides of ships. There is little of the theatric here.

* * *

It is the usual custom with pilots of our coast cities to own their boats in shares proportionate to the amount invested. Those pilots, however, who, just taken into the service, are without ownership in the fleet are assigned places with the others and participate in earnings after owners' shares are paid.

Unlike the fable, the prize is generally to the swift in this business, and therefore each new boat built represents the newest ideas on speed of well-known designers,

"Sweeps the Horizon"

in so far as weatherly qualities are compatible, for no stauncher craft cut the waves than these typical boats of the pilots. Built on honor and cared for well, they stand the bruising seas for near twenty years on the average. They vary from 100 to 200 feet in length, and from 100 to 200 tons in capacity. They are invariably schooner rigged, this having been proven the speediest and most satisfactory rig for both deep-sea and harbor cruising.

In some ports, notably New York, steam has in part superseded sail, and many pilots join on such craft, profits being as a consequence more nearly equally shared. But in nearly all harbors the sailing boat is the type, as representing far less cost in equipment and running expenses.

On these newer boats built from time to time to replace the old or those unfortunately wrecked, as sometimes, though rarely happens, gather the younger element among the pilots, the young blood that does not mind the blasts of winter, the long cruises, or the trips far out to sea to board vessels before their fellows. The older men cruise back and forth farther in relying upon hopes that in the wider part of the high seas which the younger dogs are roaming many a goodly prize will slip through unobserved and fall to their lot. They are a comfortable looking, well-nourished set of men, and their judgment thus seems well founded.

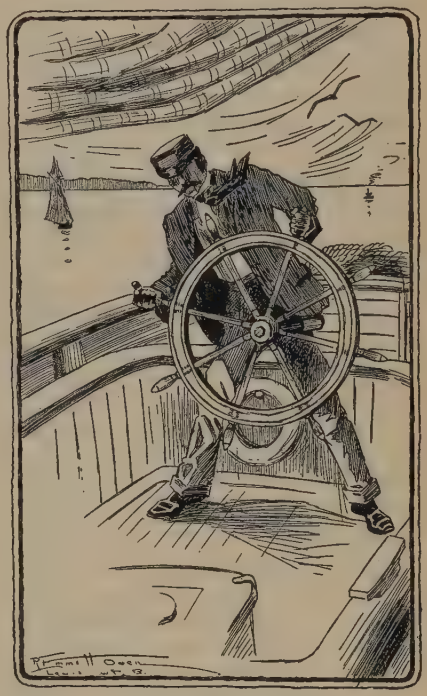
In most states, which, by the way, regulate the pilot laws according to the needs or peculiarities of its harbors, pilotage is compulsory, no ships of given draught or over being allowed to make or leave port unassisted by pilot. From time to time legislatures try to change this old established order of things, but seemingly with ill success, for the ports that are not thus obligated are few. The pilots are licensed by pilot commissioners, appointed for the port, and in many ways resemble the officials of a trust. Indeed, the business is a sort of trust in miniature, for the pilots, through their governing society or association, practically limit the number of men who shall engage in the business. They are under a paltry bond, scarce enough in amount to repair a pinhole in a ship's bottom, but this inconsequence is balanced by the rigor with which proper apprenticeship is required to be served.

Penalties for carelessness or neglect of duty, confined wholly to the manner of piloting ships and not to any decorum otherwise, are meted out by the commis-

sioners in the form of either losing one's position by temporary suspension, reduction in rank from full licensed to branch pilot, or loss of license altogether. Very rarely, however, do we hear of accident due to the carelessness of pilots. Their lesson is well learned. First as boat-keepers or common sailors on the pilot boats until such time as the association of pilots see fit to either fill a vacancy or enlarge the force. They thus learn by chart and great familiarity through experience the channel and its peculiarities. When they are adjudged competent a branch pilot's commission is given them, under the terms of which coastwise and light draught ships of any sort and needing a pilot are given over to his care to pilot up the harbor. After a time he becomes a full licensed pilot and a boat-keeper is again advanced to fill the vacancy. Years ago they were a distinct type of native Yankees, but now five different nations might claim sons in as many boat-keepers, the usual complement of one boat. The preponderance falls still toward natives born, but Swedish, Norwegian and German men are making a bid for precedence of numbers in many ports.

On shore the rendezvous of the men is usually cosey rooms on the pier near to their boat landing—a privilege generally hired of dock owners—when not at home up in the city. The rooms are usually club-like and comfortable. A huge spy-glass trained on the lower bay keeps its unwinking vigil from one of the sea-side windows; charts, magazines and card decks are in evidence on any side and the atmosphere is pleasant with the suggestion of brine struggling through clouds of tobacco smoke. A not uninviting place to spend the hour just before our friend the pilot is to guide some stately Cunarder to the start for her eastern trip, or is waiting for the filling of the larder and tobacco-box on his own pet boat.

Curiosity is often expressed regarding the rates of piloting. They are not uniform in all states. To strike an average would be difficult, yet if we consider that the rate be three to four dollars per foot for piloting in or out a ship drawing 27 to 30 feet of water and over, we shall not be far from a fair average. As draught grows less, rate diminishes, too. The co-operative fashion in which division of earnings takes place, has already been touched upon.



"A Sail in Sight"

Let us cruise with one of them a while. We are promised excellent food and a plentiful lack of excitement, but we find it exciting enough in the end.

With supplies for a month or less below, the boat-keepers and steward, and the four, five or six pilots aboard, the complete crew of a typical pilot boat, the graceful, yacht-like craft with the fine lines and clean white canvas is off from the wharf under mainsail, foresail and jib. If it be her turn "to go to the station," as it is called, she proceeds to the given point, where she either anchors or cruises, ready with her crew complete to take off pilots bringing outward bound ships down the

harbor, or to furnish to any vessel which has eluded the outer fleet like a blockade runner, a pilot to guide her between Scylla and Charybdis to a safe harbor.

There are usually two boats on station, one in the outer bay as well, whose duties are identical with the other. Each boat of the fleet has to serve one week in rotation. This is the time when the unlovely and patience-destroying side of the occupation is in evidence. Cards get to be tiresome, daily papers a week old leave a flat taste in the mouth and even trusty pipes lose their aroma. To the landlubber down the bay for a breath of God's own salt air the panorama of sail and steam, of sunken wreck, of white-winged yachts and racing ocean greyhounds, of even the lumbering ferry-boats plying patiently to and fro across the upper harbor is fascinating. But to these good fellows, these denizens of the very waters all about, it is but commonplace. Conversation falls flat on Tuesday, solitaire loses its potency by Wednesday; by Friday there is a dearth of stories and by Saturday only "fair round belly with capon lined" attracts with its old-time potency. For these chaps certainly must give their steward carte blanche. I remember with inward, savory recollection a few of those creations brought steaming from the toy-sized sanctum sanctorum of our best friend, Sir Steward. His tact saved many a day from staleness, flatness and unprofitableness.

On cruise it is quite another story. Then the occasional zest for quarry is strong enough in its spell to keep the bunks empty. Each has his turn to board ships in reverse order of the previous cruise, and by the etiquette of the fraternity may pilot out again the same ship on her sailing day, if the captain proves satisfied with the services rendered.

The men lie about standing-room and cabin in comfortable flannels and old clothes, while boat-keepers and a pilot or two glue spy-glass to an eye and watch the thin horizon line for that touch of smoke wraith in the sky which makes the whole boat kin.

The prey scented and the scene changes as if by magic! The man whose turn it is to board the incoming vessel hurries through a shave and into a "boiled shirt and dickey" and clothes that have a touch of town about them, while the sailors crowd on the canvas aloft to make the capture sure. The glasses sweep the horizon again, but this time to see if a rival boat has sighted the prize, too. Away to leeward a double white speck grows to the size of a handkerchief, then larger and larger, till, plain to be seen on the mainsail peak the men make out a number,—the number of a fast boat, too! A race! A race! some of the younger cry. Up goes more canvas aloft and down goes the lee rail in answer. How she boils along, with a huge bone in her teeth! Nearer and nearer draw the three ships. We are years older than the shining black hull which essays to pass us in the race, yet our craft holds, aye, lads, draws away from the sleek rival down the wind! No run for Club pennon or America cup could be keener! For this is a race for the Great Bread and Butter Stakes. Our signal is flying! All hands strain eyes for the answer. We win! We win! the answer is sent aloft! Alas, "Pilot aboard!" greets our eyes, and our grand race had been run in vain. The venturesome fellows farther out at sea had played the checkmate!

A DREAM OF RAIN

By J. Gertrude Menard

THE stretch of quarry lies bare and grey on each side of the Sault aux Recollet road. In winter the heavy drifts give the dreary expanse a monotony of appearance indistinguishable from the surrounding landscape, but with the advent of spring a host of jagged peaks begin to prick sharply through the snow and before long the irregular shape and dull hues of the great mass of stone become clearly defined amid the tender colors of the awakening fields.

Along the inner edge of the quarry a number of temporary-looking buildings, constituting the homes of the little population, huddle together in disconsolate groups, and in midsummer the quarry itself shoots forth a colony of tiny structures, consisting of a square of canvas stretched loosely upon four poles, beneath which the laborers ply their heavy hammers during the long, hot days.

It was the fate of Narcisse Cadieux to possess one of each of these shelters, and they were not the best of their kind either. The little four-room dwelling which claimed him as master offered itself impartially to the fiercest winds of winter and the most scorching suns of summer, while the shabby tent which had fallen to his lot upon the scene of his daily toil was pitched in the most uncompromising corner of that most uncompromising area. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks to his comfort, Narcisse never complained. It was a great deal, he philosophized, to have as many as four good rooms for Sidonie and the children, and as for his work, why if the sun did burn through the rag of canvas until his brain seemed on fire, and the white dust fill his nostrils to the point of suffocation, and the big hammer drag at his arm until every muscle ached, there was always a pay-day coming which brought a recompense in the shape of some good dollars.

And so, in this simple and indisputable manner, Narcisse comforted himself and kept a cheery heart and a smiling countenance in spite of his hard lot. But if he refrained from repining, or allowing his thoughts to dwell upon things which never might be his, he still possessed a propensity for day-dreaming which he indulged in frequently, to the detriment of his humble task, and which brought upon him just as frequently the not too gentle reprimand of the big overseer.

The summer of which I speak, however, had been a hard one even for the jovial spirit of poor Narcisse. A drought, prolonged to an unusual length, was parching and withering the Canadian world, while heats of unprecedented fierceness were scorching with fiery breath whatever vegetation was able to push its way through the dust-like soil. On the quarry the little tents grew daily more burnt and shrivelled and the great platform of stone more and more furnace-like as it absorbed day after day the unbroken rays of the brazen sun. The corner from which Narcisse was accustomed to send forth his stentorian carols remained wofully silent now, except for the monotonous clink, clank, clink, clank of the unswerving tool as his arm with pendulum-like regularity swung back and forth through the tedious hours.

On the final day of July the heat seemed to culminate. Narcisse, stepping wearily from his little porch at early morning, after a night of sleeplessness, felt himself gasping for breath as he made the short distance between his house and the quarry. As he seated himself before his block,

he could see the sun gleaming like a ball of fire through the saffron haze which enveloped the earth. Not a breath stirred the heavy air; not a bird twittered in the lifeless trees; only the cicadas, hidden in the tangled grass, sent forth at intervals their sibilant calls, to punctuate, as it were, the oppressive silence.

Narcisse, crouched in his customary uncomfortable position, stirred uneasily and thrust his feet, clad shabbily in their great boots, restlessly across the hot stone. He wondered how it would feel just then, to walk barefoot through cool, wet grass. Yet why should he wonder! Did he not know exactly the deliciousness of that sensation? Was it so long, indeed, since he had trudged barefoot all summer long on the old farm at home? Was it so long since that last great day when the sudden storm had given him a chance to bathe his hot ankles under conditions which had changed the world for him completely?

It had been a dry summer back on the river—hot and dry even as this, but the drought had been good for the hay-making. "One day more," the old pere had said every morning for a week, "and then let the rain come." But the work had dragged somehow, and the end of the week had found the crop yet partly ungathered. It was on the Saturday, then, which was to see the final struggle for victory that the event befell him which even yet lay fresh and alluring in his memory.

He had started earlier than usual for the field where the final cutting lay, his rake and fork rattling jovially on his shoulder, his old straw hat flapping on each side of his face like a pair of battered wings. Here and there along the road, others joined him, bound for their own pastures, and when after a while they reached the Beaujardin place, Sidonie herself came out with her rake in her hand and walked at his side. Poor little Sidonie! How sorry he had felt for her, when he saw how burned her round cheeks were, how brown and blistered the bare ankles showing above the rim of her old sabots. He had been tempted to go back and give Madame Beaujardin, the grasping step-mother, a piece of his mind, for sending Sidonie out to work in the fields for the sake of her pitiful earnings. But the thought that it was his own father who was at present employing the girl had prevented him. He was glad to be able to be near Sidonie, but he knew that no matter what the weather might be she would keep her pace with him and only as a great favor allow him to steal a little rest for her in the shade of some big mow when no one was looking. However, that was more than any one else could do for her, so he resolved to say nothing which might bring her a change of masters.

As they walked now, the whetting of scythes and the smothered whirr of distant mowing machines came to them with a familiar suggestiveness of sound. For weeks they had heard no other music than this dull, monotonous chant; but after a moment, as they plodded silently side by side, a second melody rose shrill and clear upon the heavy air—a rippling, double note of warning and delight that brought them to a standstill with startled faces.

"A cuckoo," Sidonie had whispered, looking at him with wondering eyes, and he had answered back half in awe, as he looked at the fleckless sky, "Yes, a cuckoo, singing up the rain, and that means the storm will come today."

* * *

Morning had worn to noon, and noon to burning afternoon, however, before the prophecy was fulfilled. But for more than an hour Sidonie and he had watched with comprehending eyes a vague, scarcely definable mountain of cloud slowly but surely swelling in the hazy horizon; and while the others had fumed and sweated amid the crackling hay, they had felt in delicious imagination the splash of rain on their hot cheeks and the cool breath of the wind on their foreheads. Yet, in spite of the stimulus of the anticipated relief the final moments of that hour had tried their poor strength to the fainting point. The

old father perceiving at last the breaking of the drought, and too soon, after all, for the salvation of the cutting, had urged, shouting, to fiercer labor. Faster and faster had flashed the forks through the long winrows; faster and faster had risen the great mows across the big field like tents pitched hastily for an oncoming army; but all the time, silently, steadily, ominously, mocking as it were, their petty efforts, the looming cloud-bank had broadened and darkened. Presently the trees at the edge of the field began to rustle and sway with strange, shivering motion; the little ground birds hidden in the thickets rose flutteringly, with piping notes of alarm; a tree-toad, roused by the subtle commotion, sent forth his twanging cry of prediction.

Nearer came the storm, rolling on in great billows now, that allowed of no resistance. The sun, obscured by the gloom, burned no more on the scorched earth. The wind took on a louder voice and then suddenly died. A moment's breathless hush, then a flash, a deep, muttering roar, a swirl of rain cast slantingly from the low-hanging cloud, and the race was over and the storm upon them.

At the first flash, he had taken Sidonie's pitchfork and his own and plunged the sharp prongs deep into the earth lest the shining steel should attract the deadly current. Then they had both run for the nearest hay mow, in the side of which, with the ease born of long practice, he had hollowed out a shelter sufficient for the needs of the moment. Everywhere around them were scurrying figures, burrowing rabbit-like into similar retreats. Just across from them his father, collapsed dejectedly beneath his eave of hay, was denouncing bitterly the ill-luck which had given him weeks of sun only to destroy by one day, the value of the longed-for rain. Mingled with his growlings came the deep roar of the thunder, and the hum of the rain, a combination of sounds that drowned their own voices when at last they found breath to speak. Yet the turmoil was a not unpleasant excitement after the monotony of the week. Neither was afraid of the great peals of thunder which shook the earth beneath them, nor of the blue zigzags of flame splitting the black sky above; neither minded the great drops of rain which coursed in little rivulets down their dusty faces; neither cared that the day's hard labor was lost and would have to be repeated on another sultry day. Sidonie, with her head thrown back against the steaming wall behind her, shouted with laughter at his blurred countenance, and he had not hesitated to jeer at her own begrimed face. Poor little Sidonie! She was not pretty, to be sure; but how good natured and faithful she was, in spite of the step-mother and the dozen little ones who were crowding her out of the old home. Even to him, she never complained, but he knew well enough how hard her life was. Ever since they were babies almost, they had worked and played together (there was more work always, than play), until now Sidonie was sixteen and he was twenty. Yes, they were really quite grown up, man and woman, in fact, although he had never realized it before. Dear little Sidonie! It did not seem possible she was a child no longer. If she only had a home of her own, and some one to take care of her.

* * *

He had not meant to say it, but somehow, when he looked at her little burned hands, her poor tired feet stretched wearily before her into the rain, her hot face pressed patiently against the hay, something had risen smotheringly in his heart —a rush of pity, a throb of tenderness, a desire to protect the neglected child, and he had spoken on the impulse without thought of his words:

"Sidonie, there are too many of you there at the old place. Come with me, little friend, and let me make a home for you; it will not be a fine one, perhaps, but you will be the mistress of it at any rate, and that will be something. As for me, you know what I am, not as smart as

some, but willing to work, and if you take me, maybe you'll not be sorry. Will you try it and see?"

And Sidonie had said "yes" willingly enough, adding only, "But, Narcisse, where will you make the home? There is no room on the farm here, and you have no money to take up another."

The question had staggered him for a moment. Sure enough, where was he to make the home for Sidonie? But after a little the answer had flashed into his dull brain:

"I will go to the city; there is work there for everybody, and the pay is big. I am tired of the farm, anyway, and as soon as the haying is over I shall go to Montreal and look for a place; when I have earned enough for the little menage, you shall come and keep it for me, and that will be better than slaving for the old step-mother, eh?"

How easy and pleasant it had all sounded. Sidonie was delighted with the idea. To leave the country and go to the great city—it was what she had always longed to do. And so they had talked and laughed, while the rain beat in upon them, and the great clouds rolled over their heads with their din of thunder and flare of lightning. Did the storm last one hour—two? They did not know, there was so much to think of and plan. And even when the rain had passed and they had set out for home, their heads bared to the cool breeze, their feet swishing through the dripping grass of the wayside, there were yet a dozen important questions to decide.

* * *

Well, it had all come about, too. Not exactly as they had planned, perhaps, for the work with the big pay had not been so easy to find, and he had at last been glad enough to take the place on the quarry with its small wage; but Sidonie had not been afraid to marry a poor man, and the four-roomed cot had seemed a fine nest at first. Poor Sidonie! she was there now, working as faithfully as ever, and alas, this little home was beginning to be crowded, too, just as the other had been; but Sidonie never complained, Sidonie never—

* * *

"Hey, there, Narcisse Cadieux, what's the matter with you? Do you think you are paid to sit there like a fool, and look at the sky all day long? Get to work or you will be looking for some pay at the end of the week which you won't find."

It was Joe Lafleur, the rough overseer, who spoke, and at his words Narcisse set his idle arm into action, and once more the dreary clink, clank, clink, clank of his big hammer rang out on the heavy air.

A PEAN OF LOVE

TO tell the strength, dear, of my love for thee,
I would that all sweet sounds beneath the sun,
Suddenly meeting, might unite in one
Grand and exultant burst of melody
To chant "I love thee" over land and sea
Till brooks and rivers chimed it as they run,
And echoes with the sound were never done,
And earth resounded with the harmony;
Till babes should prattle it in lightsome tone,
And hearts of men the glad refrain should sing;
Till it would pierce the sky with flashing wing,
And mounting, angelwise, the starry dome,
There, in the golden realms above, would ring
Triumphant where One sits upon His throne.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXV.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans, robs a bank and, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Charlotte Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat, recognizes Griswold and informs the authorities—from whom he escapes, makes an entire change in his appearance and goes to Wahaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Jasper Grierson, a wealthy magnate, has loaned Edward Raymer money with which to extend his Iron Works and notifies him that he must pay a third of his indebtedness on a certain date. Griswold becomes Raymer's partner. Andrew Galbraith, the banker whom Griswold robbed, comes to Wahaska, and Griswold recognizes him. Detective Griffin, on the quest of the bank robber, also comes to Wahaska. The employees of the Iron Works, secretly incited by Grierson, go out on strike. Detective Griffin, left on an island by the drifting away of his boat, is rescued by Griswold. Griffin learns from Miss Farnham of her meeting with Griswold on the "Belle Julie."

XXV.

IN after time Griswold could never satisfactorily account for the impulse which sent him to wander aimlessly through the deserted streets of the town after leaving Doctor Farnham's and parting from the other dinner guests.

But this night the thought of Mrs. Holcomb's and the quiet room was curiously repugnant, and so he roamed like any vagrant, far and wide, drifting at length to the railway crossing and beyond, and coming to some sense of the actualities only when he found himself in the neighborhood of the Iron Works.

At this he would have turned back. Since the closing of the works the plant had been guarded nightly; first by the inner circle of deputies, and later by an outer cordon of the striking workmen. This outer guard had latterly been maintained in reliefs and made continuous, ostensibly to show the good will of the strikers and their readiness to protect the property, but really, as Griswold knew, to forestall any move on the part of himself and Raymer to supply the places of the men with imported labor.

It was a chance collision with this outer guard that brought Griswold alive to the actualities. Two men stepped out of the shadow of a tree and halted him. But at the word, one of them recognized him.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Griswold. Beg pardon, sir, but you see we have to be sort o' careful."

Griswold's smile was openly cynical. "Your carefulness is a good bit overdue, Martin. It should have begun before you made this senseless strike."

Now the man Martin was in some sort a leader among the discontented workmen, and he asked nothing better than a chance to argue the point with one of the bosses.

"There's two sides to that, Mr. Griswold, and you hain't seen but one. You don't know what it means to earn your bread from day to day like we do."

"Don't I?" said Griswold, smiling again, this time without the cynicism. "Perhaps I don't, and again, perhaps I do. You're an older man than I am, Martin, but I'll venture to say that I've gone lacking more meals in a year than you have in your whole lifetime."

The man was silenced for a moment, but presently found tougue again.

"Then what makes you so tarnation hard on us fellows?" he demanded. "If you've known what a bare cupboard means for yourself, I sh'd think you could put yourself in a workin'man's place."

"I can and do; and so does Raymer. But you won't believe anything we say, and that settles it."

"It hain't come to anything like a settlement yet," remarked the man sullenly.

"It has, so far as we are concerned. If we can't be allowed to run our business in our own way, the plant may stand idle. It's ours."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Griswold."

"About what?"

"About the plant bein' yours and Mr. Raymer's. Seems like we fellows that helped earn the money to build it ought to have some little say."

Now this was one of the foundation stones in Griswold's theories—and in his book; that the laborer is entitled, not to a divided share in the product of his labor, but to the entire product. But as yet he was only broad enough to lay down the general principle; he could by no means apply it to the particular personal instance.

"That is nonsense, Martin, and you know it. Whose money built the plant?"

The man took time to think about it, and, as slow men often do, he thought it over to some purpose.

"I s'pose you could say that ain't for me to say, but I'm goin' to say it. Mr. Raymer got his money from the old man, and we, and others like us, helped him earn it. I dunno who helped you earn your money, Mr. Griswold. Maybe you earned it all yourself, but I don't believe it."

At this, Griswold flew into a passion, there being no other retort for such a thrust.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he snapped. "Let me pass."

The man stood aside respectfully enough, and the master crossed the street to the Iron Works side of it. An arc light swinging from its wire in front of the foundry building flung black shadows beneath the trees at the curb line, and for aught a passer-by might see, street and plant were alike deserted. But the quietude was only seeming. As Griswold crossed the roadway there was a blinding flash of white light which seemed to have its focusing point under a tree which shaded the small detached office building. The flash was but momentary, but it served to reveal a knot of men in various attitudes of expectancy at the corner of the office. A glimpse was all Griswold had, and it was followed instantly by a yell of fury, the din and clamor of a fray, and a knot of cursing, struggling men broke out of the tree-shadow. Griswold flung himself promptly into the thick of it, seeing nothing but that a dozen infuriated men were assaulting one.

"For shame!" he cried, shouldering his way into the group. "Stop it and let him go, or I'll prosecute the last one of you in the courts!"

The mellay quieted down, but two of the men kept fast hold of their prisoner. Griswold looked again, and when he recognized the captive had a curious little shock of surprise. The pinioned one was no other than the man whom he had taken from the island in the "Sprite," whose good cigar he had smoked in the lobby of the hotel, and whose occupation and business in Wahaska he had by no means been able to guess until Charlotte had enlightened him.

There was a moment of silence of the portentous kind, and then the leader of the workmen spoke for all.

"You go away, Mr. Griswold. This ain't no funeral o' yours, and it'll be a heap better all 'round if you don't 'tend it."

But Griswold made no move to go away.

"Not a step till you release that man."

A murmur of savage disapproval ran through the group of determined ones and there were muttered imprecations including Griswold.

"'T ain't no use, Mr. Griswold," the spokesman went on. "We ketched him in the very act, and he's goin' to swing if ever' last one of us has to dance on nothin' to pay for it. It's him or us."

"Caught him in the act of what?" demanded Griswold.

The spokesman shuffled with his feet and hung his head. He was the ringleader of the malcontents; a burly molder but lately come to Wahaska, and there had been whispers pointing to a past of his which would not bear the light. Griswold remembered these rumors now, and saw this: that the man's following was a detail from the more desperate section of the strikers.

The pause was brief, but being surcharged with possibilities seemed long. At length the man threw up his head.

"Come here and I'll show ye," he said.

Griswold followed him a step aside, to the office front and to a breach in the palings of the high fence close at hand. Within the breach, and heaped against the wall of the frame office building, was a pile of chips and shavings, and there was a pungent odor of kerosene in the air. The man pointed in silence.

"You mean to say that he was going to burn us out?" asked Griswold.

"Them fixin's speak for theirselves, don't they?"

"But why?" Griswold demanded.

The big man snorted scornfully. "'Tain't no use for you to play innercent that-a-way, Mr. Griswold. You know who he is, and what he is, and what he's here for."

Whereat Griswold lost his patience and swore angrily. "Have done with your mysterious bush-beating and say what's in you," he rapped out. "I don't know the man."

"You don't, eh? Well, he's a cussed Pinkerton, that's what he is; and he's here to make a case against us. S'pose the works takes fire and burns up, and he goes on the stand to swear we done it? Only he ain't never goin' to get the chance. He's goin' to quit right here and now. You go away, Mr. Griswold. There ain't no call for you to be a witness."

Who shall say what fierce and relentless temptation assailed this man who saw his single pursuer thus in the toils? He had but to turn his back and shrug and say it was no concern of his, and this man Griffin, the only man of all men in the world who might send him to wear out his life in a Louisiana chain-gang would go to his account and all danger would be overpast for one Kenneth Griswold.

No one save the victim of such an onfall of devils battling for his soul may know what Griswold endured in that brief moment of hesitation. If Griffin himself suspected, he made no sign; indeed, he had looked on all through the colloquy as if the subject matter of it concerned him not at all. But now he spoke; three words to his accuser, and a dozen to the man whom the devils were assaulting.

"You're a liar," he said coolly to the one; and to the other: "Could you oblige me with a cigar, Mr. Griswold?"

Now, however fiercely the devils of temptation had assaulted, Griswold had beaten them off; that and more; he had a plan of an attempt at a rescue half-formed, and this request of the man about to be hanged chimed in with it—made it possible, in point of fact. He promptly tendered the cigar and the striker who was pinioning Griffin's right arm mechanically loosed his hold that the prisoner might take it.

It was the moment for the attempt, if any there were to be, and there could be no more collusion between rescuer and captive than might be compressed into a single swift eye-glance. But that sufficed. Griffin reached for the cigar, but did not take it. Instead, he converted the movement into a swinging side blow which felled the man at his left, and at the same instant sprang back out of the circle with Griswold to hold the infuriated ones at bay while he did it.

Any diversion Griswold could make was necessarily of the briefest. For some swift-passing second or so he delayed the rush by sheer moral bravado. The storm broke in a yell of rage and no two men might withstand it. Griswold did not try.

"Through that hole in the fence!—in with you!" he said, over his shoulder to the detective; and the thing was done so deftly that the yelling mob was for the moment nonplused. Griswold made good use of the momentary respite.

"Follow me!" he commanded; and a minute later they had entered the darkened office by the back door.

When the door was shut and locked again, Griffin looked about him in the semi-gloom.

"It's out of the frying-pan into the fire, isn't it?" he said. "They'll storm this place in about a minute—and take it."

The augmenting yells in the street told

that the mob was increasing its numbers rapidly, and that the mellay on the sidewalk would presently develop into a riot. Griswold stepped to the telephone, but the call bells were dumb.

"They've cut the wires," he said, coolly. "That means a fight. Are you armed?"

The detective laughed. "I'm like the Texas cowboy who was caught in swimming: my gun is safe enough at the hotel."

Griswold took down a Winchester repeating rifle from its brackets on the wall.

"Perhaps it is just as well. If you should show yourself they would go mad again, and, anyway, in a tangle of this kind one man is sometimes better than two. Get down behind the desk and keep out of sight."

"What for? Hadn't we better try a back-alley bolt for it?"

"No. They have the place surrounded by this time. Do as I tell you."

"But what for? I'm no skulker. What are you going to do?"

Griswold peeped cautiously behind the window shade on the street side.

"They are going to rush the place and smash the window or the door, or both. I shall save them the trouble if you will be good enough to do as I tell you."

The detective stepped behind the high desk and Griswold unlocked and opened the front door, flinging it wide. When the thing was done the foremost rank of the rioters found itself looking straight into the sightless eye of the leveled Winchester. What the man with the gun had to say was said in the moment of surprised silence which ensued, and he said it quietly, as one who has weighed and measured all the possible consequences.

"You needn't trouble to break in, men; the door is open, as you see. But I give you fair warning; you'll have to kill me before you come in, and I'll kill some of you first."

The answer to this was a fierce yell of wrath and defiance, but Griswold held his ground. Then there was a rush surging up from those in the rear, but those in the front ranks held it back in deference to the one determined man in the doorway—the man and the leveled rifle. And so it went for what seemed to Griffin an interminable lifetime; cries, shouts, stones flung, a shot now and then from the outskirts of the crowd; pandemonium let loose in the mob; and fronting it all one man with his wits about him, and a steadfast determination to do or die, or to do and die, if need be, shining in the cool eyes of him.

And in the end the one man got the victory. For some soul-trying minutes, a score of them it might have been, he stood in the doorway in instant peril of his life, but he neither flinched nor spoke again. How long he could have kept the raging mob at bay he was not to know, for in its own leisurely time the alarm spread and help came from the town. A squad of freshly sworn-in deputies poured into the street, fought its way to the great gates and joined forces with the armed guard in the yard, and so the rioters were slowly pressed back and out of the street and dispersed. Then, and not till then, Griswold lowered his weapon and spoke to the man whose life he had saved.

"It is over for this time," he said. "We can make a circuit now and reach the hotel without difficulty, I think."

They went by a roundabout way, and neither of them spoke again till they stood beneath the portico of the St. James. Then Griffin thrust out his hand.

"I owe you another—a good deal bigger one, this time, Mr. Griswold."

Griswold seemed not to see the outstretched hand. "Do you? There shall be no charge in my book, Mr. Griffin."

"It's all right for you to say that; but I happen to be a man like other men, and I keep a set of books of my own."

Griswold was still ignoring the held-out hand. "If you think you owe me anything you can pay it in an answer to a question. You are a detective, as those men said you were?"

"Yes."

"May I ask if you came here on account of this strike?"

"It wouldn't be past belief, would it?"

"No. But in that case who sent you here?"

Griffin boggled at this, but said, finally, "My chief."

"At whose solicitation? Not mine or Raymer's, I am sure."

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"Perhaps there wasn't any request from anybody. Some of us are usually around when there is a labor row on hand."

Griswold's lip curled in undisguised scorn. "Then the stories they tell of you and your fellow-spotters are true: that if you can't find a case you make one."

Griffin started back with an oath which was purely of astoundment.

"Good Lord! And you believed what that fellow said—that I was going to fire the office? And on top of that you saved my life? By the lord Harry, Mr. Griswold! what are you made of, anyway?"

"Of poor clay—like other men. But didn't that fellow Buckmaster tell the truth?"

"Good heavens, no! He laid the fire himself; was in the very act when I took a flash-light snap-shot of him and the whole gang. I did it because—well, because I thought I'd like to do you a good turn. I tried to save the camera in the tangle-up that followed, and that is how they came to down me."

Griswold grasped the hand which had not yet been wholly withdrawn and wrung it heartily.

"I did you a very great injustice, Mr. Griffin, and I'm sorry. That's but a poor amend, but it is all that I can make."

And with that he turned abruptly and left the other standing at the hotel entrance.

XXVI.

There was a somewhat sensational account of the riot at the Iron Works in the newspapers the following morning; rather more sensational than the facts known to the reporters justified, though less startling than it would have been if the Griffin episode had been given its due share in the recountal.

Margery Grierson read the reporters' version of the affair over her cup of coffee brought, a la Francais, to her bedside, and was moved thereby to bestir herself rather earlier than usual. One of Miss Grierson's revenges for an unlovely past was a certain lizard-like basking in the sunshine of affluence, and she was wont to deride the early morning habit of Wahaska, and to let her own morning begin in the middle of the Wahaskan forenoon.

But on this occasion she broke her rule, surprising her father by tripping airily into his private office a few minutes after the bank doors had been opened. At that hour the president was alone and disengaged; an incidental happening which was favorable to Margery's purpose; and to make sure of uninterruption she snapped the catch of the night latch as she closed the door behind her.

There was a great straight-backed chair at the end of the president's desk; a chair with high arms and uncomfortable angles designed to seize and hold a suppliant visitor to the end that he might be ill at ease and so more easily amenable to reason—Jasper Grierson's reason. Margery was far enough above such purely adventitious hindrances, but this morning she avoided the chair, going to perch in one of the deep-bayed window seats.

Jasper Grierson swung slowly in his big pivot-chair, fanned a rift in the nimbus of cigar smoke with which he had surrounded himself, looked at his daughter with half-closed eyes and said: "Well?"

"I came to tell you it is time to quit," she said slowly, meeting his gaze with level eyes.

"Time to quit what?"

"You know well enough. You have made all the trouble you need to for Mr. Raymer."

Jasper Grierson tilted his chair to a more comfortable angle and laughed; a slow gurgling laugh that spread from lip to eye and thence abroad through his great frame till he shook like a giant in mirth.

"Good Lord, Madge, have you just got around to that?" he said, chuckling again. "Why, I'd clean forgot all about your share o' stock in that deal, long ago: been buying it in on my own account for I don't know how long."

"I'm sorry you forgot. It's time to remember, now."

"What am I to remember?"

"That you were to turn around and help him when I gave the word."

"Oh, no; I guess not. It's business, now, and no social tea-fight of yours."

She was tapping the toe of her boot with her riding whip and she looked up suddenly.

"Does that mean that you intend going on till you have ruined him?" she asked.

"I'm going to break him, and that other fool friend of yours, if that's what you want to know."

For a swift instant there was a flash of sullen lightning in her eyes, but it went out suddenly as if at the bidding of a will stronger than any upflash of passion.

"Please!" she said, beseechingly.

"Please what?"

"Please ruin somebody else, and let Mr. —let these two go."

The president laughed again, and this time there was a scornful tang to it.

"So you're caught at last, are you, my lady? I wondered if you would n't come out of that pool with the hook in your mouth. But you may as well pull loose, even if it hurts a little. These two fellows have got to come under. They've declared war, and by——they shall have war."

She looked across at him steadily and the glow of rising passion came and went in her eyes. And yet she spoke softly.

"That is your last word, is it?"

"You can call it anything you like. I'm not on the quitting hand just now. I've shut 'em down, and they're going to stay shut down till their plant is a worthless rust heap."

"Then it is true what they are saying: that you are responsible for this strike?"

Jasper Grierson wagged his head as one who knows a thing and will not admit it in so many words. "There's more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with lumps of butter," he said sententiously.

"Answer me: is it true?"

"Oh, you go off and don't bother your head about these business affairs. You run your tea-parties, and I'll run mine."

"Then it is true?" she persisted.

"What if it is?—mind, I'm not admitting it, but I say, what if it is?"

She slipped down from her perch in the window seat, crossed the room and stood before him, with her hands behind her gripping the riding whip.

"You have had pretty good luck here in Wahaska, have n't you?" she said, still speaking softly. "It has been a sort of triumph for you from the very first, and nobody has been able to stand against you or to outwit you. All that is going to be changed now."

"Why, Madge, girl, what do you mean?"

"I mean to give you your choice. You can make your peace with Mr. Raymer, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or I shall go over to the enemy. You have n't found anybody in this little, one-horse town who can match you, but I can match you."

"Why, good Lord, Madge, daughter! You don't know what you're saying!"

"Yes, I do. And, as God lives, I'll do it."

"No, you won't."

"I will."

"I say you won't. You can't turn on your old daddy that way."

"Can't I? I'll give you till to-morrow to think about it. If by to-morrow night nothing has been done to help the Iron Works people out of their trouble, I shall know what to do, and you must take the consequences."

"Bah! You can't do anything."

"You have had your warning," she said; and with that she snapped the catch of the night latch and was gone.

[*To be continued.*]

MISTRESS DORIS

By William McLeod Raine

I.

DORIS DEANE was an aggressive little rebel as none had better reason to know than Captain Harry Standish of the Berkshire Buffs. "Tyrant" and "Oppressor" were the best names she had given him for many a month, and all because he held His Majesty's commission at a time when relations between England and the colonies were strained to the point of breaking.

His eyes dwelt on her now as she went through the simple figures of the cotillion with childish earnestness. The young Englishman was wondering what constituted her chief charm for him. At the time it seemed to him that it lay in her serious interest manifested for so many things. He knew just how her deep eyes rested on her partner, and how her whole mind was on the business of the moment. But when a minute later her glance fell on him moping in the corner, and lit up suddenly with derisive merriment, he decided it was the witching mockery of her face he loved the best.

The young Englishman had always dreamed of stately beauties with classic repose of manner after the approved English pattern, but Doris Deane was petite and of bewitching impulsiveness, and the Captain found himself compelled to revise his canons of lovableness. The more he studied her the more she seemed to defy analysis. He no sooner had her classified than she seemed to take delight in showing him another side of her curiously mobile character. And if he adored her perfect little ears, her daring, untender eyes, her mocking mouth with pouting scarlet lips, and the every evanescent poise of her lithe figure, how could he tell what it was in particular had attracted him? He found no doubt of the fact at least.

The simple-minded young fellow reflected ruefully that it was more to the point that he seemed to antagonize her instead of attracting. The young colonials had it all their own way—especially Wentworth. It was like a woman, he thought, that she could not, or would not, separate him in her mind from the cause he represented. Yet she amused him, too. She was so openly his enemy. Whenever their glances met across the room, as they frequently did, on her part at least it was like the crossing of rapiers. Her eyes flashed a defiance at him which set Standish biting his lip to keep back the smile that would come.

"The child is such an arrant little rebel she would punish all who are loyal, and I love her better for her hot head," he sighed.

He did not know that she punished him the more because she liked him well, and that she was harder on him to satisfy her conscience.

And indeed he was a man to win liking. He had the fine coloring, the frank face, and the light blue eyes of the English, and in his ball dress made a handsome and gallant figure. He wore a light blue coat with high collar and broad lapels, a Marseilles double-breasted vest, nankeen-colored breeches, with white silk stockings and shining pumps. He looked a soldier and a gentleman, sans peur et sans reproche. Certainly he succeeded in accomplishing his difficult task of watching and repressing the colonists with rare tact and without diminishing his personal popularity.

Presently he made his way over to Mis-

tress Doris to beg the pleasure of the minuet. She affected surprise.

"What! Dance the minuet with poor me, Captain Standish? And the room filled with Tory dames. Fie, to dance it with a rebel!"

Her mobile face was alight with raillery.

"If His Majesty himself were here to see he would be the first to say I stand excused," said Standish gallantly, with his hand on his heart.

"I wish he were. I would tell him some things he needs to know," cried the girl impetuously.

"Faith! I think you would," answered the Englishman with a laugh. "If he could but hear you plead your side—if the colonies would but send colonial dames to champion their cause, it were already won."

She flashed an angry look at him.

"The English treat the colonies as you do me, sir—like an unreasonable child who is to be petted and laughed at by turns. 'Tis the justice of our cause you ought to grant, and to which we trust."

"Indeed, then, if your cause is less than perfect the pleader is divine," he granted with mock gravity.

She stamped her pretty foot with rage.

"'Tis always so you answer me, with empty compliments and nonsense. Tell me, is not our cause just?"

"If you ask me, I think yes; and in time out of doubt your wrongs will be righted," he answered gravely.

"And in the meantime you serve the oppressor," she cried.

"I am a soldier, not a politician. Mine to obey orders, not to inquire into causes."

"And if the order be to trample on the liberties of another—what then?"

Her voice rang clear and low, vibrating with the passion of a scorn which yet was not contempt nor akin to it.

"If every subordinate were to follow his private judgment where would be our army discipline?" he asks.

"But you serve a tyrant—"

"I serve His Majesty King George—your King and mine," cried Standish sternly. "God save the King."

"From his foolish advisers. Amen to that," flings back the irrepressible young patriot. "May perdition seize them."

Standish smiled in spite of himself.

"I fear you are an arrant little rebel."

She spanned her white throat with her little fingers.

"Will you have me hanged, Captain Standish?" she asked demurely.

He watched the pulse throbbing in her throat a moment before he answered laughingly.

"So fair a throat as that disfigured; not I."

"Better think twice. I promise you that when the colonies do rise you redcoats will all be shot," she mocked.

"What! All of us? Even your friends, Miss Doris?"

"I shall have no friends among you then."

"But if I come to your door, a hunted man, in danger of my life, will you not lift a finger?" he implored, laughing down at her.

"Yes, to call the soldiers to take you—not a finger to save."

"You will equal the Roman matrons who gave their all to their country—but the minuet?" he asked hurriedly, for he saw Wentworth, the young colonial lawyer, making across to her.

"'Tis promised. Your overtures are too late, sir—like those of my Lord North," she cried mockingly.

Whereupon she swept him a deep curtsey, gave him her shoulder—and Wentworth the minuet.

"Another victory for the colonies," smiled Standish, with a bow to Wentworth; then betook himself elsewhere.

II.

On a spring day Doris Deane went out to take the air. The British had evacuated the city some months before, and the army of General Washington was now quartered there. The winter had been a hard one, and the army of the patriots was all the more glad to get away from the scant fare which had been their portion for many months and the flimsy tents through which

"Three hours later he sat on a log by the road within the British lines and read what she had written."

the fierce cold bit remorselessly into general and private alike, to the city where good food and shelter were to be had in plenty.

Doris thought it good to see the plain, homely suits of the continental officers after having had her surfeit of the many-colored uniforms which had filled the city for so long. It was a rest to her patriotic eye to see no longer the red coats of the soldiers or the blue navy uniforms of the King's sailors, to be quit of the gold lace, the clinking spur, the blue and yellow facing of the British officers, not to speak of their cool condescension and the scarcely veiled insolence of their admiration.

But there was one she missed—one who had shown the greatest consideration for her and hers at all times and in many ways; one to whom she had been neither considerate nor kind, but whom she had made the scapegoat of all the sins of his fellow-officers and his country, although he had shown himself a friend to her cause in so far as he could with honor. She could see him now wincing beneath her savage thrusts, too sensitive to be careless of them, yet too just to defend the wrong and too proud to clear himself from the odium which rested on his country by declaring that in himself lay no part of the blame.

Doris passed down High street walking briskly. She was still some way from the river when she came on a crowd listening to a vendor of some Indian remedy "warranted to cure rheumaticks, vapours, megrims, ague, all throat troubles save that caused by a hempen rope, as well as sundry and divers other diseases."

The crowd almost blocked the way, and Doris stopped for a moment to consider whether she had better turn back or slip quickly through. She felt a pair of eyes steadily fixed on her, and turned to see a gawky countryman devouring her with his gaze. A presage of fear knocked at her heart, and she trembled through one moment of recognition.

Stepping up to him, she said:

"I am going home at once. I should be obliged if you would follow me there."

From that moment she never turned her head till she reached the grounds of her home. The man followed her, a few paces to the rear. Once safe in the summer house of the garden she turned on him suddenly.

"Captain Standish, I congratulate you on your choice of occupations. 'Tis the last in the world in which I should have looked to see you," she cried in a low voice, bitter with scorn and not far from tears.

"If you mean—"

She stamped her foot. "I mean that I had to see to believe. They might have cried it on the streets till doomsday that Captain Standish was a spy and I would not have been persuaded that it was true; but seeing is believing."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders in a troubled way.

"I am a spy fast enough, but there is no discredit in it. 'Tis as honorable as aught else in war—within limitations. There is —"

"Indeed! I had supposed—; but no matter. You will say—and rightly—that 'tis no affair of mine. I cannot betray you, sir, but I pray you to relieve me of your presence so soon as may be."

The Englishman's face and voice grew hard.

"You are unjust; you judge me—"

"I do not judge you, sir. Your actions judge you, not I," she cried with a sob.

"Will you hear me out?" he demanded coldly.

She played a tattoo on the floor with her foot, but deigned no other answer.

"To worm oneself into the confidence of another, and then to spy, is dishonorable; to spy when on parole is dishonorable; but if a man takes his life in his hands for a cause, risks an ignominious death for the gain of others and without hope of reward, violates no confidence and deceives no friend, he does that which is neither vile nor dishonorable. Your own General Washington would be the first to admit this. I bid you a good day."

He spoke coldly and a little wearily, as if he had been explaining something to a naughty child. When he had finished he bowed and turned on his heel. Doris fell at once to compunction and cried out to him.

"I am too quick to judge others, Captain Standish, and if you find it in your heart to forgive my tantrums I pray you pardon me my tongue. It runs away with me prodigiously at times. I should have known you better, after you have been to us all that is kind. I would have you believe, sir, that I have seemed less grateful than I am."

She spoke with a proud humility that quite won the young soldier. He moved a step toward her; then stopped, for he heard a crisp, sharp tread on the gravel walk outside which gave him pause. It was the young lawyer Wentworth striding toward the house. He was captain of the company of colonials in which James Deane was a lieutenant. Through the lattice work he caught a glimpse of a familiar skirt and turned aside to the summer house.

Wentworth looked from the girl to the man, and back again, in surprise. He wondered what she was doing here with this chaw-bacon. Then his eyes fastened on the face of the countryman. Neither spoke for a moment, though Standish knew that the keen eyes of his rival had penetrated his disguise and torn it to shreds. Wentworth's face grew set and hard as the day of judgment. The vision of a gallows lined about with unfriendly faces flitted before the mind of Standish, and a moment later was succeeded by that of a sweet-faced mother in far away rural England waiting for the son she never more would see. Doris felt her heart stand still with terror. It was a long minute before Wentworth made up his mind. He did not deceive himself for a moment. He knew that Doris loved the Englishman, and that it lay with him to say whether it should be life or death.

In that instant of decision he gave up his love forever, and stepped aside in favor of the man whose life he spared.

"Miss Deane, is your brother at home?" he asked.

"I—I think not," murmured the girl.

Wentworth appeared to consider for a time.

"Ah! I wished to see him. It seems that someone was admitted through the lines this morning on a stolen passport. The fraud has been discovered and our company is to be sent immediately to double the sentries and guard the river more closely so that the spy may not escape. In an hour we shall have him probably. If he is in the city at that time he is as good as a dead man."

He spoke to Doris, but his eyes were fixed on Standish, who faced him without apparent concern.

"May I ask if you have a passport, my friend?" inquired Wentworth of the Englishman.

Standish fumbled in a pocket and drew out a lot of old letters, but decided not to produce the stolen passport.

"I fear I have had the misfortune to lose it," he answered at last.

"A passport is not a lucky thing to lose, my friend," continued Wentworth dryly. "I have known men hang for it. You are in luck that I happen to have a blank one in my pocket. I shall fill it out in your name—if Miss Deane can vouch for you."

He turned suddenly on her; but that young woman stood torn betwixt the passions of love and loyalty. It was one thing not to betray her lover; it was quite another to send him out of the city with papers and notes of importance in his possession which would be used against the cause which she loved. The colonial gave a little laugh and turned to Standish.

"Perhaps you can answer for yourself. I must exact a pledge from you to forget anything you may have seen while in the city. All things are possible in these days; for all I know you may be an officer on the other side."

There was a gibing mockery in his voice, as if he were scorning himself for the part fate had given him to play. Stand-

ish recognized that his mission had been checkmated and did the one thing possible. He gave his word of honor to tell or write nothing to the British of what he might have seen while in the city.

"Just so. In that case if you will come with me to the house I shall fill in your name to the passport. Shall I find ink and quill in your brother's room, Miss Deane?"

Doris found herself alone, and immediately sank into a seat. Now that the strain of anxiety was somewhat past she felt weak and faint. Her eyes fell on a paper lying before her on the ground. It was a pen and ink sketch of herself. She remembered that Standish had a talent for drawing, and knew he must have dropped it from among his pile of letters. Beneath the drawing the words "My Queen" were written. On the other side of the sheet were some verses.

Queen of my heart without strife,
Born in the purple I vow,
Queen by the grace of her life;
Gladly I hasten to bow.

Soon will they wither and fade—
Splendor of flower and of sky;
Love of a man for a maid—
Never the glory shall die.

Eyes that are honest and blue,
Lips that are lovely to see,
Heart to the lightest vow true—
Surely my lover is she.

Her eyes burnt with pride and happiness, and the roses were in her cheeks. What could she do to show him that she too loved? In a minute he would be gone. Perhaps he might be taken and—treated as a spy. Then he would never know that she cared. On the impulse of the moment she seized her little silver pencil and scribbled a fourth stanza beneath the others. Then she hurried out to intercept the two captains.

Wentworth wore a sardonic smile on his face. He was thinking of the curious position in which he had managed to place the Englishman, and what his general would say when he turned up without any information to impart. Perhaps he also thought of the dead hopes he had nursed so long.

"I have to thank you for a very gracious kindness, sir. Believe me, I shall not abuse it and shall never forget your courtesy," Standish was saying, forgetful of the yokel's part he played.

Wentworth lifted his eyes as in surprise.

"You make too much of it, my good man," he drawled. "I am delighted to serve a friend of my friend."

Standish bowed low to him as the colonial turned away and strode down the street to issue orders for the doubling of the sentries.

Doris handed the drawing to the Englishman.

"I think this is yours, sir. I did not know you were a poet. The verses are prodigious pretty, but they are somewhat suddenly ended. I have taken the liberty of completing them. When you are quite out of danger you will read my conclusion, and you may write and tell me how you like the end."

Standish blushed to the roots of his hair as he thrust the paper in his pocket. Three hours later he sat on a log by the road within the British lines and read what she had written. They were only four lines, but they made his heart beat fast with joy.

Strong in the cause of the weak,
Gallant and loyal and free,
Braver I never would seek—
Surely my lover is he.

Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

CUBANS AT HARVARD COLLEGE

PROBABLY never before in the history of that university town did Cambridge present the picturesque appearance it has this past summer, owing to the influx of the Latin race plainly evidenced at every corner or other social spot adjacent to the buildings of Harvard College.

When moving about among the graceful Cubans gathered together there for educational purposes one immediately receives two unexpected impressions: First, that these Cubans are remarkable for the acute intelligence of their facial expression, and for the energy of their movements in walking; second, that in all probability none of these students ever before had so thoroughly good a time socially as they are enjoying in Cambridge, along with the opportunity offered for study of modern educational methods.

Before seeing the Cuban teachers it had come in my way to receive certain ideas prejudicial to the native Cuban intelligence from a Spanish cosmopolite, who explained to me the primitive elementary educational methods prevailing in the common schools of both Spain and Cuba. After once conceiving their plan for imparting history or geography (from sixty to one hundred children read aloud in unison from text books the facts under discussion) any one would naturally be astonished to see in the faces of people educated after such primitive methods an alert intelligence devoid of any sluggish intent or retarded growth.

The Catholics, with their never-failing understanding of the human heart, at once, upon the arrival of the Cubans, began the pursuit of the one unfailing policy where either the religious or patriotic friendship of a people are concerned—they afforded the strangers a hearty social welcome, and every means towards personal enjoyment of the educational experiment. Immediately bi-weekly dances were instituted under the auspices of the Catholics for the entertainment of the Cubans, and President Eliot also entertained the strangers cordially, resulting in a general satisfaction of even more political importance than the sowing of an educational seed, which, judging by all historical experience, cannot be nurtured other than slowly and patiently.

The Cuban teachers are surprisingly young; many of them looking to be hardly out of their teens; and in this fact lies distinct encouragement for those interested in this philanthropy.

Immaturity is excellent soil in which to grow new crops, and there seems no good reason to doubt after observing these bright-faced lads wearing great, baggy trousers, broad, graceful hats, and coats fitting slightly in at the waist, that twenty years hence they will be pedagogues of the most advanced school of learning. The education both Cuban men and women are receiving in America is not confined to text books. This opportunity to see something of life detached from the apron-strings of conventionality will graft upon

the minds of these people a great variety of new ideas, than which no better education could be offered any race, even if some of the impressions gained prove dangerous at first, as a little learning is apt to do before receiving the baptism of experience.

COMPARATIVE FAMILY LIFE

WHEN one reads of the communal life that existed among the prehistoric races of New Mexico and South America, where a family meant a community of several hundred people residing under one roof, which sheltered a thousand or more rooms, one pauses in amazement to question the condition of mind involved in such an arrangement. Comparing the domestic infelicity of numerous modern families made up of a mere handful of humanity with a system which must have compelled law and order or it could not have existed, a conclusion springs up arguing favorably in behalf of now extinct social conditions modified to suit prevailing conditions.

Probably a thousand relatives under one roof could be disciplined in the way Buffalo Bill controls his traveling caravansary, by enforcing the dominance of one governing mind.

It is seldom one sees a head of a family at the present time, because were a parent to reign as chief the offspring would thereby be deprived of all originality—something treasured by the modern mind, apparently, far beyond mansions in the skies.

In an Aztec family conversation was undoubtedly more improving than is the case in nineteenth century families, for discipline universally acts as a curb upon the tongue, and wherever a diversity of minds are gathered together personal conversation is got rid of, to the advantage of all concerned.

The habit of discussing nothing but family affairs around the board is fatal to happiness and digestion, and when misfortune overtakes one of our modern communities of kin the members are likely to be of small consolation to each other, for the reason that their conversational habit is pernicious; they do not know how to divert one another by discussion of general topics, but must dwell upon the disagreeable subject of mutual tribulations or remain silent.

A mother could find no better mission or profession on this earth than that of Instructor in Conversation to her growing family. Husbands and wives grow more closely knit with every year spent together when they are thriving upon a basis of mental companionship encouraged by intelligent conversation relating to all topics of general interest. The monotony of family life, except when interrupted by discourtesy induced by too great familiarity, is what drives many a son and daughter away, bearing along unpleasant recollections of the place which of all other should call up kind and wholesome thoughts.

KILLING TIME

IN passing along the streets, elbow to elbow with crowds of hurrying people, there are few expressions heard more currently than those relating to time-killing. Some one explains with a laugh to a companion, "Oh, yes, it was a stupid thing to do, I admit—but I was only killing time"; another says less gayly, "I read it to kill time"; another, "He's the sort of man one kills time with."

All of this presents Time as a tiresome old gentleman made only to be killed—unless he kills you first; but the idea rings false from any lips to the ears of busy people who find time sadly youthful and abbreviated wherever they turn. On suburban trains men who present an appearance of average intelligence may be seen industriously reading the woman's column in the daily newspaper in order to kill time until they can reach their business. This borders on tragedy if not imbecility, for if the woman's column is enough to induce paresis in the feminine brain, what may be expected of it when brought to bear upon the masculine mind?

Day after day novels are read in which there is no character development, no purpose and apparently no entertainment, judging from the yawns of the idle readers who are here again engaged in the unprofitable employment of killing time. Is the average intelligence becoming so lax, so stringy, so incompetent, that it ceases to operate except when engaged upon its specialized occupation in life? Must the business man turn to the latest intelligence relating to corsets by way of mental diversion, or sit in a mental blank when he has twenty spare minutes which might be utilized to his own enjoyment did he but know it?

The modern mind in this respect gives the effect of childish immaturity; it runs from one place to another and back again without purpose or result from a nervous desire to be constantly doing something—no matter what. The more people read and are supposed to learn the less they appear to think. In the public schools, children's brains are crowded with education until they know nothing, because no time is given them for mental digestion—commonly known as thought. A phonograph could be educated in identically the same way, but who aspires to be a phonograph?

Every blow dealt time by unthoughtful humanity he returns with a well-aimed shot at its grey matter, whose strength he scatters right and left, leaving small capacity for enjoyment of idle moments—a just revenge.

THE ATLANTIC LINER

OVER the seas with the stride of a giant—
Rushing, plunging, crashing her way.
Looming at night, lights ablaze, strength defiant;
Grandeur and beauty—majestic by day.

The power of a city, compressed in her vitals,
Unceasingly hurls her along on the course.
Thunder her engines, the hand work of mortals,—
God the Almighty gives to them their force.

In calm or through storm, the speed never falters,
The knots fly behind her,—On with the race!
Thousands of horse power tear open green waters
For a hull which, though pond'rous, is noble with grace.

Into the harbor, resplendent with glory;
Records of ages by her made to fall.
O'er all the nation, fast hasten the story.
Liner magnificent! Homage, of all.

Frederick H. Siegfried

Labor Day a holiday;
That is pretty thin.
Labor Day, it seems to me,
Is when Schools begin.

THE CRITICISM OF THE CRITIC

THE curtain had risen four times upon the last tableau of the last act. The star had appeared with the more prominent members of her company; then with the most prominent members; then with the leading man. Still the delighted audience continued to applaud; and the star appeared alone. She bowed, and smiled, with a faintly perceptible pleasure in her own triumph, that, to those persons in the audience who saw and understood, was of all her charms, the most appealing.

She had many charms. She was very young; and most delicately, most exquisitely pretty. She had reached her height through careful and unceasing labor, through no bitterness, no failure, no disappointment. Sometimes she had been tired, but never had she been hurt; never had she been crushed. Because she was like a lily, the absence of iron-like experience had been happily adapted to her unfolding. She was faintly sweet and ethereal.

Her quaint costume of dull green satin, garlands of pearls, and unexpected touches of white lace and black velvet, was peculiarly becoming to her. It merely emphasized her.

She held a fold of her gown in one hand, and lifted her eyes, as she stood smiling before the fascinated men and women who crowded the theatre. The critic, who sat in the balcony, that she might not see him, suddenly left his seat, and went rapidly down the wide stairs, and behind the scenes.

He waited at the door of the star's dressing room, his lips very firmly closed. The star, still holding a fold of her gown, came lightly from the stage. She still smiled with parted lips, and still kept herself in her role.

When she saw the critic, she started, with a pretty little gesture of surprise. "Who is this that I see before me?" she said with dainty playfulness.

The critic looked not unlike the pictures of St. Anthony. Some persons might, from his appearance, have expected to find him before the altar, in a dim chapel, not before the door of the star's dressing room, in a fashionable theatre.

"Do you wish me to make a few remarks—about how frightened I was just before I made my first appearance? I wasn't—not a bit. I never get frightened until I am in the last act. But you needn't put that in. What have you said about me? Do tell me!" She smiled winningly at the critic, not altogether unaware of her charm.

The critic took her hand. "No, I have something personal to say to you. Please come out of your part, and be yourself now."

The star laughed. "What is myself?" she said, musingly. She led the way into

her dressing room; and dismissed her maid.

"Well?" she said, toying with her garlands of pearls.

The critic gazed at her thoughtfully.

"Well, it's nothing new. I just ask you again to marry me. Why won't you, Myrtle? You needn't give up anything."

"Why do you ask me again now?" said the star. "I told you that I didn't love you. Isn't that enough reason?"

The critic looked into her bright face. He wondered when she would again be herself, as she had not been since she had become a star—nay, the remote possibility of a star.

"No, it isn't enough. I know that it can't be all the reason. It never is; the reason is always the other—thing loved."

The star seemed absently to listen. "Yes, the other thing loved is always the reason—almost always," she said, slowly.

"Why don't you ask me who—you meant who—it is?" she asked with sudden gaiety.

"Then she covered her face with her hands and wept genuine tears."

"I try not to presume," said the critic gravely.

"Then," said the star, with a warmth that she was certain left in the critic's mind no doubt of its sincerity, "then, I will tell you. I love my life, my work, my—my little part, more than you. Yes," as the critic stared, "I do. I love to play my part; I love to get into the soul of my part, and be it. I am so many persons all in one; I like to take turns being them. I even like to dress up; I like to see myself in photographs, as Juliet, as Parthenia—as —as I am now."

"But you could keep on," began the critic.

"No," said the star, "I couldn't—really. My mind would be turned aside. I would neither be doing it, nor giving it up. I love it, I tell you, and nothing shall come between me and it. The love of it is in my veins. And then, because I love it—and because I feel so many persons, I can do it. And because I can, I must. Don't you see? We must be the largest thing, the realest thing we can be. We have no right to waste our gifts, to waste ourselves. I can act and so I must act. It's the responsibility of being able to do it. If I can sing, I have no right not to sing. Don't you see? I love all this—and it's my life. It must be. I can't—I can't divide my affection."

The critic who looked like the pictures of St. Anthony, gazed at the star with increasing wonder and grave respect. He did not apparently remember that in a published short story of his, the heroine, in all seriousness, had given expression to similar sentiments, under similar circumstances. The star remembered; she had not admired the story. She usually did not admire the critic's stories; they were too uniformly heroic. She finished her speech with a grave smile.

The critic went to her and put his hands upon her head. 'Myrtle," he said, solemnly, "I did not know that you felt all this. Forgive me, I never again shall disturb you." He kissed her forehead, and left the room, not even turning to look at her.

When the door had closed upon him,

the star burst into a laugh, both joyous and sad.

"Yes, I can act," she said, "and he couldn't see me through it!—and he is a dramatic critic—and he thinks that he loves me! No, I couldn't divide my affection, but I could take it all from—from this, and give it all to him—and he didn't even ask me! I couldn't marry a man who couldn't see me, through all my acting; who didn't know how much I can—care—and do; how much I am." Then she covered her face with her hands, and wept genuine tears.

Suddenly her hands were seized by a much stronger pair of hands, and taken away from her face. She looked up, startled, into the critic's eyes.

"You can act," he said with a smile, "I always said so; but you can't act as well as you think you can."

Georgia Lee

IN THE FISHING LINE

THE Young Person and I sat side by side on the trunk of a tree conveniently close to the water's edge. She was fishing—eagerly—in the way that means no fish. I told her so.

She looked at me from under the pink sunbonnet my sister Louisa loaned her to wear fishing. It's strange how differently a pink sunbonnet looks on different people.

"You know all about fishing, I suppose," she said.

"Yes," I admitted weakly, "I fished in this creek when I was a boy."

"And you are sure you haven't forgotten how?" she added impertinently.

"Oh no," I said, "I can remember a short time back just as well as a long one. I can even remember what you said to Jack Stanley last night."

This is carrying the war into the enemies' quarters. She moved her fly to another position.

"You told him," I pursued, tilting my hat brim to avoid a pertinacious sunbeam, "that I was a 'brilliantly stupid man.'"

"How do you know I did?"

"I heard you. I was smoking under the window."

"Ah!"

"I didn't hear anything else," I cried reassuringly.

She looked suspiciously at me, but I returned her look calmly. Her color rose—or the pink sunbonnet cast a deep shadow.

"There wasn't anything else," she said sharply.

"I didn't say there was," I declared meekly, "I said I didn't hear anything else."

"Jack," I pursued after a small silence which the Young Person did not break, "is a very bright young fellow. I have really, now and then, felt a wish to change places with him."

The Young Person fished industriously.

"I suppose you agree with me about Jack?" I paused for an answer.

"How?"

"That he's a very pretty fellow."

"Certainly not."

"I will change it if you wish. Shall we say he would do very well if he were as handsome as he looks?"

"I think he is quite as handsome as he looks," she said decidedly.

"Ah," I said, I felt I was making a mess of things. "Jack is a lucky fellow," I added, looking at the nervous way she held her rod. "Excuse me, but you will never catch a fish that way. You must be perfectly careless, apparently, but really alert—ready to take advantage. When they nibble give them time—they'll hang themselves, you know."

"You know all about it," she said petulantly, giving me a flash of dark eyes from the sunbonnet. "Why don't you fish some?"

"I would rather tell you how to do it. I am quite unselfish, you know."

"As I am having all the practice, perhaps I could tell you," she suggested.

"Oh no, I'd rather you told me about Jack Stanley."

"What about him?"

"What you said to him last night."

"Really!" said she and she looked at me, not agreeably.

"Well then, what he said to you," I said reasonably.

She grew busy with the line and gave it a pull. It caught in something.

"Why did'nt you do it then?" she said, tossing dowu her rod on the bank.

"I've caught a fish!" she cried excitedly.

"Don't pull," I advised calmly, "you might break your line and lose your temper."

"You are very insulting," she said magnificently. "I never lose my temper."

"Not when you are fishing," I said unkindly.

"You think I am bad tempered?"

"Oh no! You wouldn't keep anything bad, I know. Jack told me you wouldn't keep—"

"What?"

"After all, I won't repeat what he said. It was in confidence, you know."

"Do you mean to tell me—"

"Oh no," I interrupted diplomatically. "I wouldn't for the world. I'm sure Jack wouldn't like it at all."

"I don't see what he has got to do with it."

"He thought he had a good deal," I said mildly.

She gave an ineffectual jerk at the line.

"I think the line is caught in something," I said, "let me get it loose."

"It is a fish," she said coldly.

"I think not. If it is, it's a monster."

The line broke.

"I told you so," I said, "you should have let me help you."

"Why didn't you do it then," she said, throwing down her rod on the bank, and rising to her five foot three, "instead of being so malicious?"

"You didn't seem to want help," I said unwisely.

"If you had any—chivalry—you wouldn't have waited for me to ask you."

There was a choky sound from the pink sunbonnet. It vanquished me, but I remembered just in time what she had said to Jack.

"You see I am so stupid," I said stiffly, "that I am even brilliant in it."

The pink sunbonnet was turned away. She was apparently looking down stream. The sunbonnet looked meditative. Perhaps she was thinking of the fish she hadn't caught.

"I am thinking of setting up a sort of bureau of stupidity," I went on. "People need a little now and then, to make contrast for their brilliant flashes, for everybody doesn't burn a steady light."

"Some people do," she said distinctly, "they burn out."

"Eh?—oh yes! Jack is steady—but hardly ever—light, you know."

"I didn't say anything about him."

"I thought you implied him," I insisted politely.

"I hate you!" she said suddenly.

I paused—just a moment—and then pushed back the sunbonnet boldly. It fell on the grass.

"A woman always contradicts herself,"

I asserted without hesitation. "A man says what he means; and I say—I love you."

I had my arm around her waist and she couldn't get away—unless she tried. Her face was near my shoulder and it was pink, but not from the sunbonnet.

"You are so stupid," she said indistinctly.

"But I caught my fish," I said, "so you see I am brilliant, too."

She looked up at me mischievously. "After all," she said, "I know a great deal about fishing."

And really, I believe she did.

May Harris

DR. PERCIVAL'S CURE

DR. ORVILLE PERCIVAL and his guest were discussing a mint julep in the dining room of his old fashioned country home in Kentucky, when the former's man servant opened the door and announced:

"Mistah Hemway done come foh you, Marse Orville."

"Tell him to be off!" thundered the doctor.

Champ retreated an inch or two before he added:

"He say his wife done tuk pow'ful bad, and his feared she'll die befo' mahnin'."

"Say I'll call to-morrow, Champ," growled the doctor. "That woman," he said, turning to his amused guest, "has been dying for three years and hasn't died yet."

"But she's a-dyin' shore this time, doc. You kin hear her screamin' a mile off."

The speaker, a little, clay colored man in shabby clothes, had pushed past the negro and stood looking at the doctor with such an agony of appeal in his eyes that the physician, who was remarkably soft hearted under his rough exterior, could not resist him.

"Go on, Hemway, I'll follow at once," he said gently. When the door closed he turned to his guest and said: "The man really thinks his wife is in danger. Now, I know it's nothing but a case of supreme laziness, mixed with hysteria and a morbid imagination. They've been tenants of mine for three years and she's been in bed all that time.

"The place is a regular eyesore to me. It's fast falling into decay, but I cannot have any repairs made because Mrs. Hemway is always too nervous to stand the noise. I can't get them out, for the woman says she's 'too porely' to be moved. Hemway has to wait on her half the time and neglects the farm terribly."

He paused for lack of breath and his friend asked:

"Why do you visit her, then?"

The doctor beat his big fist on the table. "Hang it all," he exploded, "I simply cannot help it. When that poor fool comes to me, and begs me to go to her, with tears in his eyes, I always give in. But I'm tired of her whims, and I'll get rid of her to-night." With this vague threat, which was merely the outcome of a momentary irritation of spirit, he picked up his saddle-bags, bade good-bye to his guest, and started out.

As he approached the Hemway house, the doctor heard the woman's hysterical cries, which increased in volume as he entered.

"Well, madam, your lungs are pretty strong for a dying woman's," he said, as he seated himself by her bedside.

He felt her pulse and commanded her to put out her tongue. Mrs. Hemway reluctantly obeyed his order, stuck out her tongue, and necessarily ceased her outcries. The doctor took advantage of the situation, and under pretence of carefully examining the unruly member, kept it out until a revulsion occurred and the patient had calmed down.

"Tongue somewhat coated," he remarked, as he at length released it.

"Ain't I dyin' this time?" moaned the woman feebly.

"Not much! You take the pills I leave, one every two hours, and you'll be well in a fortnight," he answered, and placing a box of the most nauseous pills in his stock beside her, abruptly left the room.

As he went out her cries began again, the louder for the short cessation. Hemway followed him, anxiously plucking at his sleeve.

"You ain't deceivin' us, air you, doc?" he quavered piteously. "Air you shore she ain't goin' off?"

"Going off!" ejaculated Doctor Percival, impatiently. "No. If some unforeseen occurrence should compel her to get up, she could do it as well as you or I. Yes," he repeated, "if some unforeseen occurrence—" he stopped to light his cigar, and the match falling at his feet kindled a dry wisp of grass into a momentary blaze. As he watched it an idea rushed into his mind with startling velocity.

"Say!" he exclaimed excitedly, "I'm going to burn this house and she'll have to get up."

"Oh, lawdy, doc," screamed Hemway in terror, "you dassent! You'd burn my pore wife up, and it's agin the law besides."

"I won't burn anything but this confounded old rattle-trap; it's mine and I can do what I please with it," said Doctor Percival, already busily gathering up inflammable material and laying it against the house. He gave the trembling Hemway a gentle push.

"Go in," he said, stooping to light the heap, "and when the smoke creeps in the house you yell 'fire' and start for the door. If your wife don't jump up and follow I'm mightily mistaken. If she don't, go back and pick her up, and I'll help get her to Maynard's." Maynard, the next tenant, lived half a mile distant.

Terrified, but afraid to rebel, Hemway went into the house, and even as he entered a little jet of flame shot up and began greedily to lick the side of the house. In a moment Hemway yelled: "Fire," and ran out. Then Mrs. Hemway's voice shrilly joined in. The two men waited a scant breathing space, when the door was thrown violently open and Mrs. Hemway stood upon the threshold. For a moment she stood with arms outstretched, like a huge bird poised for flight, then with an ear-piercing shriek, she leaped into the yard and ran, with surprising agility, in the direction of Maynard's.

Close in her wake her husband followed, his poor brain in a ferment. He now saw that he had been the dupe of a cunning, lazy woman, and the look on his clay-colored features boded ill for any attempts at invalidism in the future.

Dr. Percival galloped up the road and looked back. The woman was still running, her white robe fluttering in the soft breeze, her voice still sharply cleaving the air in a succession of shrieks.

Suddenly Orville Percival doubled up with laughter. His voice woke the slumbering echoes of the woodland and roused the birds in their nests.

"The most wonderful cure on record!" gasped the doctor. "A woman who has lain in bed for three years, is raised after ten minutes' treatment by a country doctor."

Caroline S. Valentine

AT TWILIGHT TIME

OH they're drifting down the River of Rest
Into the Bay of Sleep;
A little maid in my arms close pressed,
And the fair haired laddie we tremble lest
Will slip into the Deep.

They passed the meadows of Storyland
An hour or two ago,
And then they glided hand in hand
To Drowsy Town; caught by the sand,
I rocked to let them go.

They are floating gently away, away,
From the happy land of Joy,
From pretty flowers in fields of play,
Which they gladly left—tho' they longed to stay,
Dear little girl and boy!

I am the boatman; they have no fear
To ask for one more song,
Tho' the price they pay is very *dear*,
At least to the willing gondolier,
A kiss both sweet and long.

Maude DeVere Krake

Ernest Seton-Thompson, Artist-Author

"Wolf-Thompson," he was for a long time called, on account of his fame as a wolf-hunter and wolf-painter previous to 1894, when the King-wolf, Lobo, and his band (operating against the cattle of the Carrumpaw region of old New Mexico), had been conquered by this accomplished naturalist. Somebody asked Thompson, "what are you, anyhow, —artist, naturalist, scientist, writer, or what?" "Don't know and don't care," replied Thompson. "I long since gave up trying to find out. I go quietly along my borderland way, giving to the world the best I can produce without troubling myself to classify or name it."

TWO OF ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON'S ENTERTAINING CHARACTERS

Mr. Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known" gave him a high rank in literature; and his "Trail of the Sandhill Stag" and "The Biography of a Grizzly," also illustrated by himself, have confirmed his position. He was born in South Shields, England, August 14, 1860, lived in Canada from 1866 to 1870; studied art in Paris under Henry Mosler, Bonguereasi, Gerome and Ferrier; made over 1000 drawings for the Century Dictionary; and married in June, 1896, Miss Grace Gallitin, a writer herself, as "perfect music unto noble words."

* * *

A Book of Peculiar Value

During all "Wolf-Thompson's" wanderings, he contrived to keep a journal. The Century Company, New York, are his publishers; but this book does not bear their imprint. "There it is now," he said, pointing to a curious, bulky, leather-covered book; "all battered and blotted; stained with the blood and grease of innumerable victims offered up at the altar of knowledge-hunger; smudged with powder-grimed fingers; burnt into holes by stray sparks from camp-fires; full of poor sketches and worse writing—a bookseller wouldn't give a cent for it, and I wouldn't sell it for a kingdom." But McCance, Boston bookseller, would give several cents for a book like that, and so would plenty of book-cranks we could mention.

* * *

"Looping the Loop" in Boston

Living in the Hub of the Universe of late has its share of excitement, though of a rather more peaceful nature, of course, than in either Pretoria, Iloilo, or Tien-Tsin. Electric cars have quite a habit of

telescoping each other with a too-playful regularity, for example. An ingenious mentality, not content with these little pleasantries, has invented a unique device of tracks, cars and scaffolding on a roller-coaster plan, by means of which "coasters," desiring surcease from ennui, may find themselves in a truly novel and exciting position. The inventor naively puts it thus:

"At the base of a steep descent a huge iron circle has been constructed, and through this circle or loop the cars, bearing their occupants are sent. As the car mounts the top of the loop the occupants are actually hanging head downward. The coaster has been constructed so that those persons who do not desire to take the flying, head-downward trip through the loop may ride over the coaster.

"The coaster track is one-third of a mile long, and along the entire length the rider has a splendid view of the beach and the surrounding country. The coaster at its highest point is 40 feet above the ground. This is where the cars are sent from. Already hundreds of people have tried this great invention."

* * *

Tubular Insurance

Oh Novelty! The crimes that are committed in thy name! God made man in his own image. Earth and sea-beach created He them, but He certainly intended the latter should be viewed with heads up, not hanging head downward like the bats in the chimney. It is said that we are soon (though this is still in its experimental stage), to be shot home from daily toil in pneumatic tubes thrust through the bowels of the earth; but it is understood that the State legislative bodies, guardians of public safety, will refuse to permit this innovation until Back-bay occultism is far enough advanced to prevent suffering in a simple and effective manner. This is to be done, when collision and wrecks occur, by mere thought transference, at once putting the wounded sound and in good health at home or at business again, no matter where the purely superficial flesh may be loitering. The portrait of the inventor was not secured in time for this issue of "The National Magazine."

* * *

The Year's Greatest "Study in Temptation"

Born in Western Ohio, the writer of "The Redemption of David Corson," seems to have struck a popular note with

DR. GOSS

his really remarkable book, which is now in its twelfth edition, according to the handsome poster just received from the Bowen-Merrill Company, his Indianapolis publishers. "He sees men with the insight of a Hawthorne and the eyes of Victor Hugo," says Dr. E. C. Ray, secretary of the Presbyterian Board in Chicago. "His visions lead one into a larger world. . . . He sees the spirits that are behind the great movements of our time, and embodies them for us. Some of his characters are creations, all of them human. A scholar, a poet, a mystic, most of all a typical man from whom nothing human is alien, loving good and pitying where he cannot commend, he will fascinate all but the "uncou guid" who are above, or below, ordinary humanity. He is needed and will be welcomed."

One on "Captain" Charles King

Genial "Jack" Taylor, Boston "Globe's" Philippine correspondent, sends this hitherto unpublished and recent incident about one of America's literary idols, as told with great gusto by King himself, now Brigadier-General in the regular service. King was on duty at a small station out on the line of the Daguan railroad, and finding it necessary to pay an official visit to the Commander-in-chief at Manila, donned his full, new, general's regalia (for the first time in this particular canton), and started down the plaza to take the train. Passing the sentry, a recent acquisition from the Emerald Isle, he was somewhat surprised at receiving no recognition from the impassive soldier. Wheeling sharply, he rather forcefully asked the sentry if he had never been taught to salute his superior officers. Instantly the Son of Erin, six footer that he was, made the regulation salute, in a brogue as rich as Kerry butter exclaiming: "Oi axes yer pardin, sor! Shure I thought ye was the chafe uv the town foire department!" The "Captain," who carried just barely enough of a moustache to hide an inclination to laugh, forgave his subordinate on the spot.

* * *

A True Painter of Life on the Plains

E. Hough, who so admirably wrote "The Story of The Cowboy," is author of a new and striking story called "The Girl at the Half Way House," called by many "unexcelled in epic quality," and possessing "freshness, vividness, and absorbing interest." It will do no harm to have some true pictures of life on the Western plains. There's a growing impression abroad that we have had none too many. The white-topped emigrant wagons, the hunting of buffalo, the strange days of early land booms, the cowboy at home, the day of the range cattle, and the establishment of that unique factor in Western life, the prairie home, all are described by one who can speak with the fullest possible knowledge. No book of the many the Appleton Company have published about the West equals this veritable "voice from the wilderness."

E. HOUGH.

* * *

"Prophets of the 19th Century"

Carlyle, Ruskin, Tolstoi: a trio of names linked indissolubly together in their labor as social reformers, says May Alden Ward, in her volume of delightful essays. Each man's life, his personality, and his relation to the development of our fast dying century is laid before the reader with a sympathetic insight, and in a style charming and direct. Such essays are a veritable treasure-house of information. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

* * *

"Love in a Cloud"

Prof. Bates' new novel of Boston life is piquant and very amusing. There is a sprightliness about his most superficial characters that is really fascinating. Clever, indeed, are his strictures on society and human nature: now sarcastic, now playful. The criss-cross love affairs all straighten themselves out and it is indeed a delight in these days of "problem" or "melancholy" fiction to find a tale in which "they all lived happily ever after." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

* * *

"The Monk and the Dancer"

By Arthur Coslett Smith is an unusually effective short story. The other tales which make up an extremely attractive volume are entertaining. One especially, entitled "Some Old Families" being very unique. Mr. Smith's style is vivid, his descriptions picturesque, and his construction of sentence and plot exceptionally good. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

"The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill"

Comprises a volume of papers and letters collected after the untimely death of this gifted young writer. The letters are perhaps a bit disappointing, but the essays are wholly delightful and remind one of Stevenson's "Virginbus Puerisque" by their quaint playfulness and a touch of something deeper. Especially good are the "Left-Over Expression of Countenance," "The Keeper-In and The Blurter-Out," "Should a College Educate?" and "Management of the Mind." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

* * *

"The Voice of the People"

By Ellen Glasgow, is one of the best romances ever written of American life. Laid in the sunny South, the story breathes an aroma of the old cavalier days, mingled with modern progress and its problems. The pitiful longing of poor Nick Burr for knowledge: his childish wish that he might "go to Heaven so as to see Thomas Jefferson"; his dreary struggle with distasteful work, his unsuccessful love affair, and the ultimate rise to a noble, successful manhood, crowned by a death when doing his official duty, makes a story of absorbing interest. Not often does one find a novel which seems to insist that it must be truth rather than fiction, as does this one. The plot is carefully developed; and Miss Glasgow's style is strong yet rich. Certainly no novel of modern life running the gamut of poverty, class distinction, love, politics, worldly success, and the philosophy of everyday, human existence could be more interesting than this one, which seems to embrace all. (Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y.)

* * *

"Toomey and Others"

Is a collection of clever stories of New York East-side life by Robert Shackleton. Not since the publication of Julian Ralph's "People We Pass" has there appeared more entertaining accounts of the myriads of the metropolis. Some of the tales are funny, others pathetic. Mr. Shackleton's style is finished and forcible, and he shows great promise in this volume. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

* * *

"The Judge's Cave"

By Margaret Sidney is an exciting romance of the Regicides, most appropriately dedicated to the citizens of New Haven. The book is one of rare power, fully sustaining the author's enviable reputation. (Lothrop & Co., Boston.)

* * *

"The Sea Farers"

Announced as a first book by her publishers, Miss Mary Gray Morrison is to be congratulated on the success of her dramatic and well written story. Dealing with the days just before and just after the close of the Civil War, the narrative is brisk and entertaining, and the style charming. (Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y.)

* * *

"At the World's Mercy"

"At the World's Mercy" and other stories, by Maxwell Gray, hardly comes up to the standard set by that author's earlier novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Perhaps the temperance, or rather abstinence, question is not so easy to write of in an absorbing fashion, as the problem of unfaithful love and friendship. Some of the lesser stories are in a lighter vein and divert or amuse the reader; but the one which gives the book its title savors too strongly of the tragics—or a temperance tract, to satisfy those who recall their breathless interest in "Dean Maitland." (Appleton & Co., N. Y.)

* * *

"Senator Worth"

By Gertrude Atherton is an interesting tale of Washington life, social and official; the scene occasionally shifting to the Adirondacks. Mrs. Atherton is a keen observer. The problem of the unfortunate half-breed (negro and white) is discussed very fairly. The Spanish-American war and the American Congress occupy a large share of the reader's attention. (John Lane, New York.)

PUBLISHER'S LET'S TALK IT OVER DEPARTMENT.

THE BOY—what of the up-to-date, wide-awake boy about us? We must believe in the boys of to-day, because they are to mould the destinies of tomorrow. Yes, even those "young barbarians all at play," who love the hideous din of slamming doors and concussions of any kind, from a firecracker to thunder and earthquakes—these boys are to influence the future of the country. When the love and respect of boys is won they are a force in the world that must be reckoned with. When we hear elderly gentlemen lament that boys are not as self-reliant and honest as they used to be "when we were boys," we sympathize with them. But this sighing for the good old days and the good old—or rather young boys that used to be, is largely delusive. The world is better than it ever was in spite of the worship of "the good old days." These same critics would not endure the environments and inconveniences of the "good old days" without unceasing protest, nor would they wipe out the progress of the past fifty years and forego the conveniences which are the necessities of today but were luxuries in the "good old days."

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It is the boy we are talking about, and the boy of today is required to know more than the average man of years ago. He must do it to keep in the race. He usually has more business sense at sixteen and more hard sense than he is often given credit for, especially if he resists the insidious curse of the cigarette mania. He must not be kept in kilts and curls and cuddled like a baby, or kicked into a corner or thrown out upon the streets. Make companions of the boys of today and you will find in them little gentlemen who can entertain and inform you of many things you never knew or had forgotten. A personal experience with boys for over ten years past has taught us that they are the best allies and workers that can be secured in business, and there is always a fresh, genuine confidence and enthusiasm that is infectious and inspiring. Now we will get to the point. We are going to appoint boy agents for "The National Magazine," in every city, village or hamlet in the United States where a bright boy lives (and that is in every community). The American boy is a natural born hustler and trader. He will deliver the magazine or take subscriptions and have them come through the mail when he has the authority from this office. Besides his regular commission, a cash prize of $50 will be paid each month for special success in this line. There will be a chance to have all legitimate expenses paid for one year at any prominent university, college or military school for some one boy or girl, and hundreds of other things in the premium list. There are a party of boys now enjoying a tour through Europe earned by securing subscriptions to "The National Magazine." Of course, we must have the right boys, vouched for by some reliable person, preferably their school teachers, and ready to work enthusiasti-

cally. "The National Magazine" has secured regular contributions from many of the most famous writers for boys in the world. We want the best for the best boys because we want the best from them. Now if you know of a bright, likely, ambitious, energetic boy, have him write to us at once for the fall subscription campaign will soon begin and it will be a vigorous one from start to finish. Now, boys, do not delay in registering your application.

The large number of letters received during the past month in response to the questions propounded in the August issue, are indeed an inspiration. It shows that the old-time joke about "the man who wanted to run the paper" has at least a basis of truth. The one thing above all else that has inspired us is the cordial appreciation of much already published in "The National Magazine" and in addition, the criticisms and suggestions which are indicative of a comprehensive analysis of what the average American desires to read in a magazine.

Some of our correspondents will find their hints appreciated and acted upon in the near future. These letters have brought us in still closer touch with our widely expanding constituency. After all, it is personalities which awakens human interest, and therefore we desire, above all else, to be to every reader just what we really are, without pretense or assumption. After coming in personal contact with celebrities like Ruskin, Gladstone, Bismark and scores of others of world-wide fame, the conviction is impressed upon me that it is the simple individual in his intensely marked personal characteristics that constitutes chiefly what is called greatness.

The letters were also full of a hearty appreciation of the newsy spirit of the times—American to its tiniest atom—and yet refusing to be cramped within geographical boundaries. We regret that we could not print a score of these letters. They are as interesting human documents, reflecting the thought and activities of the times, as has ever been collected, demonstrating that the readers of "The National Magazine" are, in a high degree, intelligent and keen observers of men and events, not a purely intellectual clientele, seeking a fad, or a momentary diversion, but those rugged, sterling, purposeful classes that make up the real strength of the republic.

The series of articles on Progressive American cities inaugurated in "The National Magazine" is a feature that has attracted widespread attention. These articles will later appear in book form and will be a work of interest to future historians in clearly reflecting the spirit of the age and the evolution of modern cities. A large number of these articles will appear during the year, and we hope to have at least one city in every state and territory awakening the patriotic municipal spirit which is fundamental in a broader and large national patriotism. A city that keeps to the fore in these racing days of commercial activities must keep in touch with the moving methods of commercial conquest and make itself known. The census figures, with their hopes and disappointments, will determine the ultimate status of a majority of the American cities for a decade to come, as the American real estate boom epidemic occurs at intervals of ten to thirty years, so that the next census is likely to find American cities in a more settled groove than for a quarter-century past.

During the past month we have received a check of $50 for subscription to "The National Magazine." A receipt was promptly mailed to the distinguished friend of the magazine, now in Paris, with a sincere desire that he may live to enjoy his fifty years' subscription to "the leading American magazine." With this check came a letter of appreciation that was an inspiration worth many times the value of the check. It is these kind personal expressions that are prized beyond the affairs of every day life. It is such touches of

confidence that are treasured in appreciating that "The National Magazine" stands for something more than "a dollar a year." If we cannot give something more than the mere monetary measure, we will have failed in purposes. We have started out to keep pace with the newer and more aggressive American spirit of the times, and we look ahead fifty years instead of living in the last half century. "The National Magazine" is a national institution, and we shall be pleased to enter up any other fifty-year subscriptions that may be sent us.

The panel on the cover of "The National Magazine" for this number and for some months to come, will be the portrait of an American girl. In casting about for an attractive adornment for the cover of "The National Magazine" we could find nothing more appropriate, for the American girl is certainly a vital factor in our national life. These portraits we desire to secure from various states in the union and will not be titled—their beauty and character will be title enough. The representatives of American beauty are not all on the stage, although it must be confessed that stage beauty has been emphatically conspicuous in popular magazine illustration for some years past. Now, let us have the beauty that blooms in the pure atmosphere of the American homes.

A man of strong executive ability is one who can distribute work and accomplish results through others. He is one who knows how to inspire a spirit of responsibility, although this is sometimes accomplished through widely different methods. The power of concentrated effort and the faculty of making the right friends and the right moves at the right time is a comprehensive statement of the secret of great success. And yet we must confess to the belief that the abnormal tales of how millionaires started in on 40 cents per day and relate their experiences as an incentive for young men to become rich in the same way, is a false teaching. Collis P. Huntington died the past month —a man of remarkable talent in one way —but what a satire on a boasted self-made man to know that his greatest act of generosity was in the building for himself of a beautiful mausoleum where he will soon be forgotten. And where is the American boy of spirit and lofty ideals who would desire to emulate Huntington, little respected, cordially forgotten?

THE LATEST WORD FROM PETER MacQUEEN

To the Editor "National Magazine:"

I read in the newspapers here, under date of a telegram from London, that the Rev. Peter McQueen had been arrested by the British military authorities in Pretoria, but had made his escape.

I may say that Mr. McQueen was attached to my command (the American scouts), for observation, and having arrived from South Africa only a few days ago, I am in a position to correct this. The truth is as follows: Mr. McQueen, who informed me that he was your correspondent, on his arrival in Pretoria, decided, of his own accord, to stay in the town for the purpose of taking snap-shots of the British entry. Having taken all the views he wanted, he simply placed a red-cross band around his arm, and in the company of a couple of new acquaintances, passed out through the British lines and made his way to the Boers.

Enclosed is a card from Mr. McQueen, requesting my corporal, James, to hand over a certain bag to Hart. The bag, which contained films, for your use, was saved, and which you may kindly inform Mr. McQ., when opportunity occurs, is in the possession of Lieutenant Fraser.

Yours faithfully,

John A. Hassett, Capt.

Late American Scouts, Boer Forces.

MONTH by month the number of personal letters to "The National Magazine" have increased until they have reached such proportions that it requires the exclusive attention of one of the National staff. Far from wishing to discourage this practice among our subscribers, we solicit more correspondence of this kind. The letters are of so varied a nature and evidence such sincere purpose and excellent spirit and purpose, that we have placed this entire department in the hands of Mrs. Mary Worthington. It is hoped that correspondents will not abuse her courtesy with frivolous or idly curious letters. If you are honestly seeking information on any subject, write her freely and frankly, knowing that your confidence in her will be reciprocated. When it comes to sound, sympathizing and keenly accurate advice, who can excel a woman who has met and conquered the trials of life, whose words are always so kindly, and yet so honestly given direct from the heart? Mrs. Worthington will answer some of the many letters received in her department in the October issue of "The National Magazine," and our readers will soon grow to love and respect her as deeply as the hundreds whom she has already kindly advised and assisted in deep perplexities, and an honest quest for information.

WITH contributors numbered by the thousand, and with the power of using only a fraction of the manuscripts each month, the situation is one of the aggravations of editorial existence. The formula "not available," has no more terrors for contributor than editor, and necessitates patience all around. Now, a word as to what our readers seem to prefer: American stories, full of action and our own free atmosphere, of strength of bone sinew, mind and purpose, and full of life, life that is life, and of human interest. There is a wealth of material—use it. Give us now and then a relief from Lord Vernon and Lady Genevieve in the old castle—and write American stories for "The National Magazine." We are proud of being the only American periodical that has in the twelve volumes of its existence published nothing but the work of American authors and American stories. "The National Magazine" is the product of the new era in the new nation which is to-day asserting its right to a literature and art, distinct of itself, and not a frayed remnant of European dilettanteism. Thousands of letters from critical readers convince us that the American nation is to be a world-power in literature and art, as well as in commerce and manufactures, and "The National Magazine" is gratified to be first of its class among the pioneers who have aided in awakening the latent powers of American authors.

BLOOD-STAINED indeed are the annals of the present time. The war cloud has spread from Africa and the East Indies to Cathay. The predictions of Peter McQueen in "The National Magazine" made some months ago, are significant in the light of recent events, but we trust that results may not verify the full calamity of his dire predictions. A crimson flood of human blood ensanguines the annals of each day's events. It seems as if it were fated that periodical epidemics of war should decimate the human race at stated intervals. There are millions of aching hearts praying for peace, and peace will yet come in the dawn of the century.

Every foreigner soon after arrival learns to break forth in broken English eloquence, "Tze American women—zay bootiful," and I think possibly the American men agree with them. But this American beauty is not monopolized by the "swell set," the officially favored ones or the footlight celebrities. These classifications do not include all the beautiful American women. They are found in every place where a true American home exists, and the United States as a nation owes much more to its American women than is realized.

sheared side whiskers, streaked with gray, dark hair, parted in the middle, and keen, penetrating dark eyes—a typical, contented English bachelor. The romance—another time if you please. In the hall, in a glass case, was his favorite dog, "Musical James," who had been preserved, in form at least, by the taxidermist. On the grand piano was a metronome (an instrument for measuring time) and scattered about were sheets of manuscript music. I daresay that on that piano were some of the original scores of "A Rose of Persia." He does not fancy Americans as a rule—music publishers especially, but was quite pronounced in his admiration of American prima donnas. In fact, he wrote his opera "Ivanhoe," for Madame Nordica.

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"A Rose of Persia" has charming bits in a musical way and grows better as the opera proceeds. The drinking song is a jolly bit, but the plot of the opera has so much oriental stupidity and such cheap tour de force, that it is difficult to imagine how Sir Arthur could abase his musical talents to such a theme. The music alone, with none of the cheap, tinselatic operatic accessories would be much more endurable and truly enjoyable to a sincere admirer of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

THE European tour of "The National Magazine" party was a splendid success as indicated by the letters sent us by members of the party. Five hundred new subscribers will entitle any gentleman or lady to join the party leaving Boston next July, with all expenses paid for a 32 days' tour. Now is the time to begin work and find out if you have five hundred friends whom you can do a favor and help yourself at the same time.

PARDON the modest blushes when "The National Magazine" is voted the most aggressive and enterprising American magazine published. Our readers are given the best that can be secured on the living, stirring events of the times. The photographs and article from Galveston were the first to cross the bridgeless channel between the stricken city and the main land, and no better nor more vivid account could be secured than that written by Mr. Clarence Ousley. The article by Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, is one of special importance in this connection. Besides being the first popular priced magazine to handle the subject, it has been treated in a way which will make this number of special value to preserve as an historical record of the most appalling tragedy of the century. "The National Magazine" believes in the American way of doing things, and advance orders have quite exhausted the first edition—but never mind—our presses are furnishing more.

NOW is the time to make up your mind to become a regular subscriber of "The National Magazine," if your name is not already on our books. Over 1000 new subscribers were received in one day, September 5th, and we do not mind saying that this was the banner day of the year. What we would like would be about six banner days every week for twelve months. Every name you are instrumental in adding to the subscription list is an active factor in making "The National Magazine" what it aims to be, a successful and useful American Magazine, printing the writings of American authors, illustrated by American artists, and giving to American topics, new and old, that pre-eminence which has so long been withheld. A large proportion of the younger American authors—now prominent in popular periodicals—made their debut in "The National Magazine."

JUST a moment please! The up-to-date magazine reader of today always looks over the advertisements, because there is quite as much of interest offered in that department as in any other. Now, gentle and patient reader, write the advertisers in "The National Magazine," and mention this periodical. This is important, because the advertisers in "The National Magazine" mean business, and want your trade.

Also write us what you think to be the best advertisement in the October issue for obtaining business; the author of the best answer will receive a bound volume free, and the most popular advertisement in these replies secures duplicate space in the November issue free. So you see by reading and answering the advertisements, you will help yourself, the advertiser, and "The National Magazine." We want results for advertisers. Every advertisement purposes to save money for you by giving you better value therefor. Answer the "ads." Again we say write every advertiser in "The National Magazine" who has anything to sell which you ought to buy. And then—and then—this is italicized—*mention* "The National Magazine"—in red letters if you like.

DURING the past year many subscribers from all parts of the country have sent to "The National Magazine" asking us to purchase various articles in Boston. This has been so much appreciated that we have evolved a plan by which this can be made general. On another page read the particulars of "Our Universal Premium List," in which our subscribers can open a shopping account in Boston, New York or Chicago, by sending in subscriptions to "The National Magazine." It is a simple case of division. Every dollar subscription sent in entitles you to ONE HALF THE AMOUNT to be applied to the purchase of any article you desire to secure in Boston, New York or Chicago. Do not fail to reckon in postage if you want the goods sent by mail. No correspondence will be answered in reference to this department except when goods are desired and subscriptions sent in, unless post paid envelopes are enclosed. There is no margin of profit to pay for even a postage stamp.

This plan is simply following out the evolution in trade, inaugurated by the department stores where large sales and small profits are the prime factors. Any subscriber, even in the remotest part of the country, is given the advantage of shopping in the large cities. We will also be pleased to apply this credit amount on purchases of anything advertised in "The National Magazine." Now is the time to secure a little money for Christmas gifts. Send in orders with subscriptions if possible, as our clerical force will be taxed.

A CASH prize of $100 will be paid to the individual sending in the largest number of subscriptions to "The National Magazine" before November 15th. This amount is paid in addition to the regular commissions. The splendid success achieved by those soliciting subscriptions for "The National Magazine" has suggested making these cash prizes each month a regular feature. Any energetic person can accomplish wonderful results in securing subscriptions for "The National Magazine" if they are thoroughly acquainted with the periodical and are enthusiastic and in touch with its purpose. Don't hesitate. Go right ahead and you will be surprised to find how much you can accomplish.

THE Pilgrim Exposition in 1920 in Boston is one of the things "The National Magazine" looks forward to with a great deal of interest. Boston's splendid park system furnishes ideally picturesque rides replete with significant historic interest. The landing of the Pilgrim fathers is an event of direct significance to Americans, and the 300th anniversary ought to be celebrated in a way worthy of the nation. Then, too, by taking up the matter in time, the buildings and general effect could be made permanent, and we propose something on the Twentieth Century plan, artistic, beautiful and permanent. The enterprise is a gigantic undertaking—Congress must be interested and every state enthused, but where is there a state, or when has there been a Congress that would not be interested in commemorating the 300th anniversary of an event that is the very source of our national history? Anyhow, we have satisfaction of knowing that we started in time,

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